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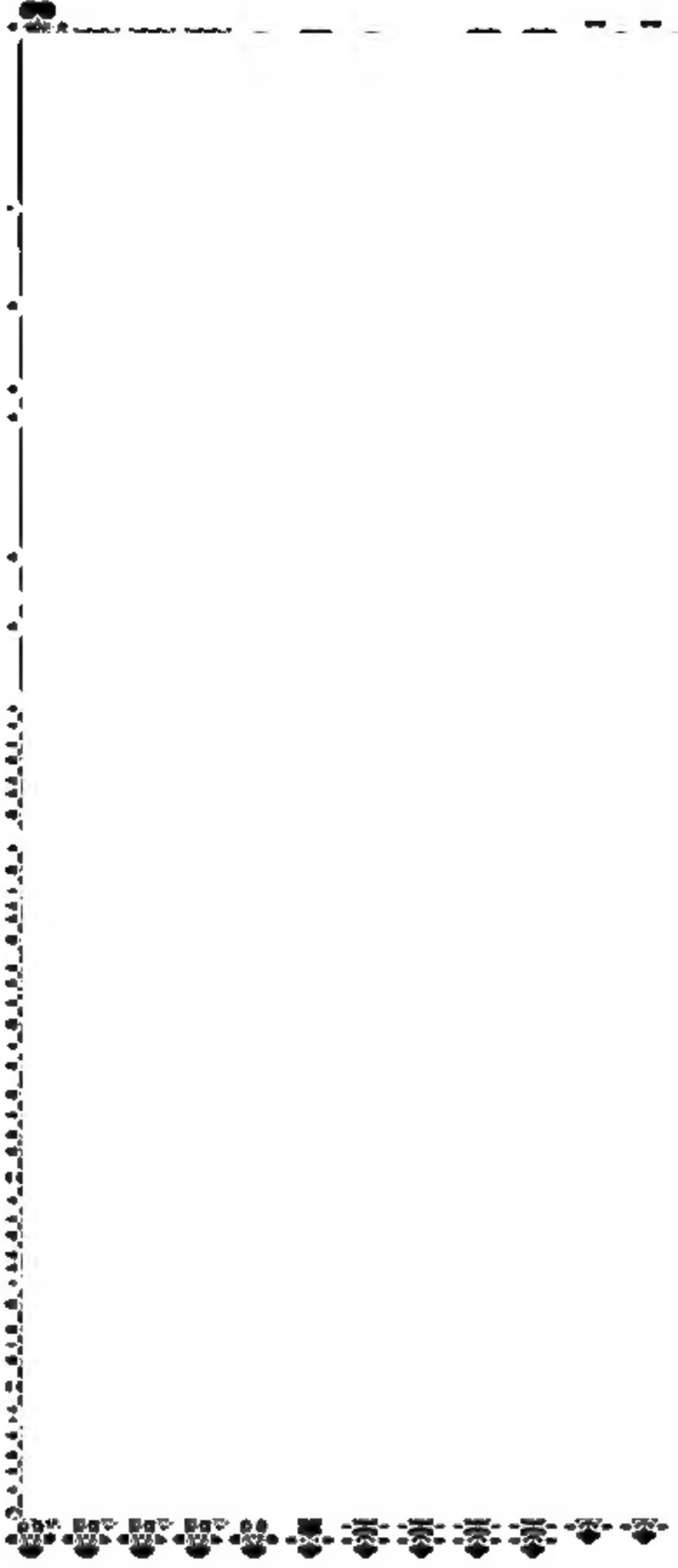
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PEONS' QUARTERS. WITH EUCALYPTUS TREES, ON AN ARGENTINE ESTANCIA.

IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL
IN SOUTH AMERICA
AND WESTERN EUROPE

By JOSEPH E. WING

AUTHOR OF
"MEADOWS AND PASTURES,"
"ALFALFA IN AMERICA,"
"SHEEP FARMING IN AMERICA,"
AND STAFF CORRESPONDENT
OF THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE



CHICAGO:
THE BREEDER'S GAZETTE
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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

In presenting this volume of sketches of foreign travel by Mr. Wing, it may be stated that it embodies the author's personal observations on various subjects, as reflected by a diary kept throughout a long journey undertaken in behalf of the United States Government in connection with the Tariff Board's study of comparative wool-production costs at home and abroad.

The author sailed in the spring of 1911 from New York to Buenos Aires—touching at Brazilian ports—thence to Punta Arenas on the Straits of Magellan; explored parts of Patagonia and the Southern Provinces of Argentina; returning to the Rio de la Plata and investigating farming and ranch conditions in Northern Argentina and Uruguay. Ordered thence to Europe, he visited important pastoral districts in England, Scotland, France and Germany; returning to New York in the fall, and filing with the Board an extended and most illuminating account of flock husbandry as carried on in the countries visited.

It will of course be understood that in this volume he has not incorporated the valuable data of a practical character gathered for and turned over to the authorities at Washington.



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IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Foreign travel ought no doubt to be undertaken deliberately, after due thought and much preparation. I had no such opportunity. I was an employe of our Uncle Samuel, engaged in studying the production of sheep and wool. I was in Colorado when I received a telegram asking me if I could sail for Argentina on a very near day. Five minutes' reflection convinced me that I could make the boat. There would be nearly a month on board ship—ample time in which to learn the Spanish language, for I could already say “bueno” and “Si, Señor,” the rest would be easy. I wired to Uncle Sam that I would be ready.

Just to show how easy it is after all to go anywhere, I stopped in Chicago and bought some rough clothes, not too rough, for shipboard, a suit of white flannels for the tropics, a pair of deck shoes with rubber soles, and an extra number of shirts and collars, for on a long voyage one can only get rough laundry work done. In three hours then I was ready, after a fashion. It is well on shipboard to have along a dinner coat or Tuxedo for evening wear, but I, being a farmer, forgot this; afterward I should have been happier with it.

From Chicago I went home, for a flying visit of only a few hours, while my wife between smiles and tears packed my things for the journey; then on to Washington I went to get instructions and have a word from President Taft. I find in my note book this reference to the President:

“He was very busy, and I was dismayed to see the lot of men who were waiting to see him. Surely there ought to be a way of avoiding this waste of a President’s time. He impresses me as being a splendid type of American, big of body, mind and heart. He was very kind and took such interest in my prospective journey. We talked of Canadian reciprocity; he asking my opinion of how it would affect the American farmer, and told me that he hoped by reciprocity to head off the proposed Canadian preferential tariff with England, as well as to cement commercially at least the Canadian and the American people. He is a great, strong man; to know him is to honor and love him.”

In New York I spent a night, and the next morning found the Steamer Verdi docked over in Brooklyn. She did not appear to be a large boat, but trim and seaworthy. The docks were fragrant with coffee spilled in unloading, and already one felt that he was in a foreign atmosphere. Pleasant English stewards received me and carried my traps to my little cabin; the purser came to welcome me and the head steward had letters for me—those inexpressibly precious steamer letters from friends and dear ones.

It was Jan. 20, 1911, and a fine winter's day.

The Verdi was a beauty, all white and green, almost like a yacht. The passengers numbered perhaps 125 persons, and looked interesting. The fateful time arrived; the gang plank was drawn ashore; the lines cast off; our little tug drew us slowly out into the harbor; our own engines began their throbbing, easy at first, then bolder and stronger; we steamed down the bay; the air blew damp and chill from off the salt sea; New York with its towers of Babel sunk lower and lower;—we were off.

Then began the making of acquaintances, the getting used to one's cabin, the re-reading of letters, the going to meals, the walking of the deck for exercise—all the things that make up life on ship-board. I am never ill on ship, so I did not miss a meal, although I long ago learned that one can eat ten times as much as is good for him on a ship. The meals are ample and tempting and one usually is hungry.

From my journal I quote:

“Jan. 21: Near lunch time. There is a little mist of rain and some sea, although the sun has shone this morning and it has been fine. We have been sitting on deck wrapped in our rugs talking. While we sat there two ships came up mistily before us and soon afterward disappeared in the smothery haze. Ships have a provoking way of keeping apart from one another; our captain tells me that he considers a mile and a half a safe distance between two vessels! The waves are rather fine. Our ship

begins to get up a vigorous pitching motion. The thing to do if one at first feels the motion is to go to his berth and lie down.

“3:20 p. m.: What a splendid sight outside! Tremendous swells; wet with rain; the sun occasionally shining through in the west; too rough to walk the deck. Not many passengers to lunch. Merciful heavens! How she does roll! I have to hold my typewriter with one hand, else it would slide off the end of my suit case, on which it rests.

“Jan. 22: How fine it is! Still a good deal of sea and the wind fresh, but no storm. The second officer and I had the table to ourselves last night at dinner, and only four passengers came down. There is a delightful girl from Denver, going to marry an old comrade, an American young man in Buenos Aires. I am sorry to say it but the bride-to-be looks decidedly wan and pale this morning, and I think longs for the dry land of Denver, or any other good dry land. Very few this morning at breakfast. There is an old Brazilian—Señor Da Silva—on board; he speaks fairly good English and is a Presbyterian! He is interesting and very courteous; I love to walk and talk with him. Why is it, I wonder, that we Americans are the least courteous people on earth? It is warm, warm already. There is now no need of steamer rugs. We are about as far south as Charleston and we feel the Gulf Stream. The bugle calls us to church; the service is the Episcopal, the same on all English and most American ships. It is almost warm enough to shed one's waistcoat.

“Jan. 23: The sea is calm this morning; everyone is on deck and happy. I go to my bath at 6, soak a little while in hot water and then spray in cold; it is a great luxury. At our table curiously enough are three captains of industry: a Mr. G. of California, a Mr. S. of Missouri and Mr. M. of Boston. Of the four of us, three are millionaires. G. is a great cattleman of California and Arizona; he is going down to Brazil to look the land over with the thought of investment. I am interested and amused to learn that the wealthy Bostonian began his career by cutting marsh hay in New Jersey for 25 cents a day, with mosquitoes thrown in. Mr. S., the banker, began as a grocer's clerk in Missouri at \$100 a year, and G. as a ranch hand at \$25 per month. Now G. owns his private yacht in California. These men saved their money and worked hard; they are typical Americans. Now they have more money, perhaps, than is good for them, but they are splendid, interesting men for all that. The background of success is work.

“Afternoon: I had a nap, as usual, after lunch. It is a good habit and the American people would be saner and live longer if they would adopt it. We played that deck game, shuffleboard. It is a fine game. I cannot forget that in my white suit is tucked away a note from my dear wife, which she forbids my reading until the weather is hot enough for me to wear the suit. I have the clothes hung out now where I can see them, and I feel lovingly of the thin little letter in the coat pocket, but I don't

read it yet. What a few days since I left home and yet how long it seems, and how far away I feel!

“Da Silva, my Brazilian friend, helps me to read Spanish. I have a book that absolutely teaches the language in one lesson, or is it three? .

“Jan. 25: A perfect day, lovely and warm. So soon do we leave the latitudes of snows, frosts, chilblains and coal fires. This morning the First Officer came down all in white—a signal to the rest of us—and I was glad and made haste to don my white suit—the one holding the precious letter. That letter was about the finest bit of literature that I have ever read. My day is passed like this: a walk on deck at sunrise; then work on a revision of Sheep Farming in America (somehow it does me good to think of bleating flocks on green hillsides); breakfast; afterward games or work, or simply loafing in my steamer chair and talking with people. The time passes swiftly. My old Brazilian friend comes often to talk with me. Capt. Byrnes is a fine study—a very serious man with a broad face that he can set smiling and go away and leave it on duty. It is amusing, for he is supposed to be a ladies’ man and to be gay at table. I see him smiling and pretending to take interest in what is going on around him, when I know full well that he is really thinking of the port engine that is not acting right, or of the chart, or of the firemen who seem an obstreperous lot, mostly Spaniards from various ports in South America.

“On the forward deck we now have arranged a

canvas swimming tank and each afternoon we go out and swim. It is really curious; the motion of the ship sends the water surging from one end of the tank to the other; you have only to keep afloat and you will get all the swimming you want."

We crossed the Tropic of Cancer on Jan. 25. The weather was lovely—not too warm, not stormy; long swells lifted the ship, and there was a gentle breeze. It seemed to be almost a deserted ocean. We were yet within wireless touch with the United States. Strolling aft to where the second and third-cabin passengers hold sway, I was amazed to see evidently a sure-enough cowboy from the West, and some other western boys. They proved to be three lads from the Montana Agricultural College, and one sure-enough cowpuncher from Wyoming, all bound for Argentina, land of promise. They were fine boys, full of quiet fun, too, and of good, sound muscle. They had a working knowledge of soils and hoped to get positions under the Argentine Government. They had all of them herded cattle, ridden bucking bronchos and slept many a night out under the stars, but they had never ridden the waves before nor been out from under the American flag.

There was a young Englishman too, a mining engineer, back in the second cabin; an intelligent fellow who worked all the way down on a book he was writing. Also there was an old Padre from Lima, Peru, on his way home from a journey around the world. I was aghast when the college boys con-

fessed to me how little cash they had brought with them. It was just like boys, trusting to luck to bring them through. We promptly organized a Spanish language class; the old Padre would read to us and correct our pronunciation. Thus like children we whiled away many hours, imagining that we were very industrious and accomplishing much that would be helpful to us later.

Our Spanish lesson book proved to be a curiosity. It contained a story of "tres viajantes"—three travelers, who found a treasure in the road—"tres viajantes hallaron un tesoro en el camino." Then these travelers sent one of their number to buy something to eat ("comprar algo por comer") and he decided sagely to poison ("envenenar") the meat so that he could enjoy the "tesoro" all by his "solo." The book has endless questions and variations, which we ask one another—"who were on the road?" "The three travelers." "What found they?" "One treasure." "Where found they this treasure?" "In the road" ("en el camino"), and so on endlessly. I am amused and shocked to remember that all the Spanish I have acquired thus far relates to poisoning meat and finding treasures, but the word "camino" will be useful, and so will "carne!"

Flocks of little flying fish enlivened the waters in these latitudes. Men said they did not really fly but jumped and soared. I could not agree; I am sure that they keep in the air too long to be simply soaring; they must fly some. They tell that it is

the sharks, or other large fish in the sea, that startle them into action and make them leave the sea for the air for a time.

Games began, all sorts of games, to make merri-ment for the passengers and to make the voyage pass swiftly. One day we had rifle shooting, and I was amazed to be adjudged the champion of the ship. I had not used a rifle for more than twenty years—not since my ranching days in fact, but like swimming the art seems to hang to one.

At night the decks were lighted and the young folks danced. Our little group of people seemed almost like a family party, after a time, though as usual they divided somewhat into cliques and there were some heartburnings, as there always are on shipboard. The saddest man of us all seemed to be a Count Somebody from southern Europe, a spoiled boy who had had too much money and done too many things, so that life held no novelty for him. He mourned that he had left his valet behind and feared lest he should get acquainted with the wrong people on board! Love-making went on; sometimes between young people who had never seen one another before, and sometimes, thank God, between husband and wife, who had time now to be much to each other.

Up on the upper deck was the tiny cabin of the wireless operator; he was a mere boy, as delicate and lovely as a girl, but he knew his work well and it was a keen pleasure to walk with him and talk with him. Boy-like, he resented the petting by the

women, and their insistence that he take better care of himself. There is something about the work of the wireless operator that is very trying on the nerves.

So the life went on, as in a dream. When the nights were close and hot I would take my army blanket and sleep deliciously on deck, and sometimes other young men would join me. One old Brazilian traveler told me that always on the Amazon people slept on deck, so warm and sultry were the nights. Flying fish increased until they were no longer a novelty; one of them flew onto our deck, at least twenty-five feet high. We came into the region of showers and they were very frequent, sometimes fine and misty, sometimes very hard indeed. We were nearing the Equator. What a shipless ocean it was! We would be days out of sight of anything but sea and sky and water. Day by day with the old Padre and the Montana boys the Spanish lessons progressed; we had interminable dialogues that, translated meant, "is the book on the chair?" "No, the book is under the table." "Did one man go out?" "One man went out." "Did he poison the meat?" "Who poisoned the meat?" and so on, until we were weary. I can not now remember that we learned one word that was afterwards useful to us in South America, but we, poor deluded innocents, trusting to the wisdom of books, supposed we were bravely doing our duties! If I had time I would like to make a lesson book for beginners in Spanish. It would contain such simple

but helpful phrases as, "Where is the hotel?" "Where is the post office?" "When will dinner be ready?" "At what time does the train leave for Rosario?" I would omit the poisoning of meat.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

There is always a great time when the ship crosses "the line," as they call the Equator, and all who have not before crossed it must pay tribute to Father Neptune. The ship's stewards worked hard getting ready for this; there was a great tank rigged on the after deck and filled about four feet deep with salt water. We were ordered to report at nine and most of us appeared in our pajamas. There were the Devil, in fine guise, old Father Neptune, in correct beard and costume, and a lot of other characters, among them a gorilla, admirably imitated. These English lads are certainly bright and painstaking. First there was a parade of the characters, then the bugle called us all aft to the tank, where Neptune had his throne. The women were called first, one by one, and Father Neptune received them very graciously, putting a few courteous questions to them, then turning them over to the doctor, who proceeded to take their temperatures. His thermometer was made of one of the glass boiler tubes, and was open at each end and filled with salt water. As the woman took it in her mouth it was raised and the water went where it would do the most good! One bright lady managed to stop the end of the tube with her tongue, and

then to blow hard and deliver the sea water in the doctor's face. After the temperature was thus taken each was given a tonic from a huge bottle, then the faces were lathered with a huge brush and carefully shaved with a wooden razor about two feet long, and then the victims were discharged.

We men went through a similar proceeding, only we were told to be seated on the edge of the tank, and after we were shaved we were suddenly cap-sized backward into the tank, a pleasant enough finish for one who could swim. Unluckily some one went in on top of me, so that I was down at the bottom of the tank quite a long time, but I did not swallow any water, and came out all right. Some of the men resisted and one was so fearfully strong that it took all of the stewards to put him in; when they did get him over they all piled in on top of him, then some one turned a hose with a two-inch stream of water on the struggling, screaming mob, and, afterward turned it on a dense mass of Italian third-class passengers who were watching the play. I do not suppose that the water hurt them any. Afterward we were given certificates that we had been presented at the court of King Neptune.

It was characteristic of the good ship Verdi and her men that something was doing nearly all the time, some entertainment for all of us except the second and third-class people, and even they were allowed shuffleboard sets. So many Americans go to Argentina by way of England (the fare being the same either way) that no doubt the shipowners

make it their policy to make the direct voyage down as pleasant as possible. Indeed I can see no use in going by Europe; it takes longer and about the only advantage is that one finds bigger boats and more people on them, but one has also to deliver up double sets of tips to stewards, so it costs more in time and money, and one could hardly have more fun than we had on the Verdi.

LAND IN SIGHT.

On the tenth day we sighted cape St. Roque, in Brazil, the first land we had seen. The cape lay low down on the horizon and was dimly seen. Curiously enough it did not awaken in us the least emotion and only so much interest as would lead us to ascertain whether the ship was really on the course that the chart indicated. Why were we not interested? I have puzzled over this. On voyages to England one is thrilled and excited at the sight of land. It must be that it was because at cape St. Roque we knew that there was "nothing doing" there for us. Then the heat, the humidity, the feeling that were we to land at the place we would find a tropical jungle, prevented our imaginations drawing any pleasing picture of St. Roque; we were glad lazily to steam onward. We made about 290 to 300 miles a day. One can very easily run as fast as that, for a short time. I used to try it, running along the deck toward the stern and keeping abreast of a wave, or some object dropped overboard. And yet, slow as it seems, the boat arrives

somewhere. Evidently there is something in keeping steadily at a task.

When at the Equator it had become "good and hot," I discovered a little nook out forward, where, under shelter, was a great chest full of rockets and other fireworks. No one walked there and I used to take my mattress there and an army blanket and pillow and sleep. There was always a breeze, sometimes a strong one, and sleeping there was indescribably delicious. When I would awaken I would see the bright and glorious stars, among them the beautiful and mysterious southern cross, which hangs over the south pole much as our north star hangs over the north. Why should the heavens be different under the tropics? Be sure that they are different, by night and by day. Have you ever heard of a liquid moon? Well, the new moon used to glow, the dark part of it, with soft, liquid light, and the crescent of it very, very brilliant and the shining path of it across the sea was beautiful indeed. Near me the bells struck the hours and forward in the crow's nest on the mast the watch called out his "all's well" at intervals; but nothing disturbed me; I was happy whether awake or asleep. My one lack was the company of dear ones from home.

LANDING AT BAHIA.

On the morning of Feb. 3, we were going into the bay of Bahia Todos Santos. To our left were white sandhills, with some touches of greenness. The air was hot in the sun, delicious in the shade.



As we approached Bahia we saw an enchanting view—a high ridge of land back a little way from the beach, and fields or pastures on the slopes, possibly cane fields, with masses of palms and other trees. Fine houses were on the heights, and in a red hot-looking huddle by the water, Bahia. There was a fine breeze with very gay waves. Past us flew little sailing crafts, going out after fish (whales men assured me), the dark-skinned boatmen standing on the gunwales and leaning far out to windward to keep their little craft from capsizing. Amazing boatmen they appeared to me, but then the water was warm.

From my journal: “The green of palms and trees so very, very green, the tiled roofs so red, the walls so white and yellow, the water so very blue—a great combination of colors. What a lot of church towers—more than I had ever seen before. They say that they mark many periods of deep despair, times when yellow fever ravaged and men vowed to give a church if they lived, or one was given as a memorial if they died. Those were the days when prayers were thought better than sanitation. Now they say yellow fever does not come because they have cleaned up the place and understand the mosquito and its tricks.”

Our Brazilian passengers were as happy as children at the sight of familiar scenes. It is easy to understand and how, after that wealth of warmth and color, our shores must seem cheerless to them. Fine fellows, our Brazilian passengers—much the most

courteous and well-bred of any of us, I regret to say.

There are no piers or docks at Bahia; the place is only about 400 years old, but docks are building. We anchored a mile or more from shore and immediately there swarmed around us boatmen of all sorts, clamoring to sell us things, or to take us ashore. Through kind old Da Silva we bargained to be taken ashore in a boat manned by two boatmen, and soon we set off. There were right good swells on, and a stiff wind blew; the boatmen pulled and pulled, as best they could, and that was quite well, it seemed to me, but they made small headway, and the shore a mile away. Then we took down an awning that sheltered us from the sun and also caught too much wind; after this we got along better and finally came to land. I had been told the place was very dirty; I was therefore agreeably astonished to find the streets cleaner than any that I had ever seen in North America. The cleaning up of Bahia is comparatively recent. The streets were narrow; the stone buildings very old; little mules looking underfed toiled with carts laden with hides and other merchandise to the docks; business men walked about with umbrellas raised as a protection from the sun. They were small men, these Bahians, as though the climate had been a little too much for them, though possibly lack of oats in their diet had something to do with that. They were intelligent-looking little brown people mostly Portuguese or of that descent. Naturally

negroes abounded, many of them well saturated with repose.

Here I had taste of the peculiar quality of the tropics and its powerful sun. While we were in the shade, or on the shady side of streets, we did not feel the heat to be at all oppressive, but when we walked or climbed a hill a little way on the sunny side of the street, unprovided with umbrellas, a curious feeling came over us; there was something else happening to us than mere warmth; it oppressed and almost frightened us. It was no doubt the influence of the actinic rays of the sun that are more powerful here than in northern climes.

It is curious how men take with them wherever they go their habits and customs. The Portuguese had built their homes much as they would have built them in Portugal, which has a mild and even cool climate, with no especial protection from the sun. There is a high ridge or plateau here, and the town is built on two levels perhaps 300 feet apart. The bank that separates the levels is a mass of bananas, bamboos and palms, as lovely as can well be imagined. There is a trolley system, as near to falling apart as can be and run. We rode through the narrow streets, seeing into the shops and homes, and stopping now and then to let some mule pass where the street was only wide enough for a mule or a tiny trolley car.

At one such stop our car windows were just opposite and near to the windows of a dwelling, and a young mother held her two-year baby up to see the

sights. It was a very pretty baby, dressed in a sweet smile. "Oh, how I would like a picture of that child!" exclaimed one of our party. "Well," I replied; "why do you not make it?"

"Why, the mother would not like it; it is not dressed," said the would-be photographer. "She will be honored and pleased," I assured him. I was right. When the camera was leveled on the child the fond mother lifted it completely into view and stood it on the stone window sill in all its babyish charms. Evidently clothing for children is one expense that these people escape.

We went then to some very curious markets and wondered at the new fruits and vegetables; then to a great tower in which is an elevator that reaches from the lower level to the upper one. The fare in the elevator is the same as on a trolley car, but few persons except negroes climb the street that leads from one level to the other. The upper town was immaculately clean and pretty in places:

Bahia has about 375,000 people. It is the chief city of the state of Bahia, a large state, nearly four times as large as our state of Ohio. Judging from external signs it is not at present very thickly settled nor very productive. The population is not quite one-half that of Ohio and the volume of trade of less importance, probably, than that of the one town of Dayton in Ohio. Why not? Well, there are several reasons, no doubt. The climate is warm, and there is not the need of stern endeavor that there is in the United States. As we have seen,

clothes are worn more as evidence of conformity than for the comfort they give. Then I can imagine that it would be difficult to train men to regular and strenuous labor such as has built Ohio, when banana bunches hang ripening over every hut and bungalow.

The interior is reached by railways; there is rain in plenty; there is fertility next to the coast; it is dry in the interior. There are mountain ranges and forests. I longed to explore the interior and long yet to do it. Sugar, cotton and hides I take it are the chief articles of export, and from Bahia comes our fine navel seedless orange.

We found the United States Consul up on the heights, and he escorted us to some lovely parks and residence streets. Speaking of the climate, he had been there a year and this was the hottest day that he remembered. It was merely a July day for Ohio, all but the penetrating heat of the sun's direct rays. I had never before felt that the true tropics would support fine civilization, and people of our kind. I changed my mind here, as I was profoundly impressed that if only people knew how to live, how to banish the mosquito with the consequent malaria and yellow fever, they could live in comfort and happiness in such a climate as that of Bahia; but they would assuredly need men of darker skin than their own to do much of the manual labor in the sun. The pigment of the Indian and the Negro was given as a protection from the sun's actinic rays; we, poor unfortunates, children of the cold North, are

without dark skins, so we suffer most when transplanted too near the equator.

I quote again from my note book: "I took a long trolley ride and saw many pretty homes and gardens; flowers, very vivid in their colors; waste places carpeted densely with Bermuda grass; goats and children playing on the commons; banks of bananas almost as high as trees; groves of oranges big and green and many, many happy, well-looking children. It was not a hot day in the shade—not in the least what one would imagine the tropics to be like. The señors wore black, thin coats and straw hats, no sun helmets nor anything suggesting African or Indian pictures. It was all delicious—the air, in the evening and the sights. Of course there was enough to criticise, if one wished to do that, but Bahia has had so many sorrows from yellow fever in the past that it should be forgiven much. Now is no doubt the dawn of a new era."

We passed a pretty house with a big European lawn, only so much greener a lawn than I ever saw in Europe, and on it some German people playing lawn tennis in the evening and happy, healthy-looking children playing about. The thought came: "Why, here one could have a farm, with meadows, pastures, corn, sugar, bananas and many things." After all it would be a poor place for hay-making, for it rains every day, they say, and why would one want any hay? I saw donkeys laden with very long green grass, Guinea grass, I imagine. I fear the country is settled up with the wrong kind of people

for progress; there is a great deal of African blood. Bahia once was a center of a great slave trade.

We took on at Bahia, great green-colored oranges that are said never to turn yellow, (delicious they are, too), and mangoes. A mango is a cross between a peach and a pomegranate, as big as a duck's egg, with a flavor like a peach tinged with turpentine. One eats them best in a bath tub, undressed, but they are very delicious, once you get used to them.

We must remember that the Verdi sailed at 6 o'clock. Three of us missed our boat and had to bargain with a swarthy pirate to take us out, which he did for double price; it was an anxious moment or two, as we wondered whether we would reach the Verdi in time, but we did; all was well and we were happy. We had had an adventure; we had achieved something, and so we were happy. Then we bore away to Rio Janeiro.

Next day we were under the vertical sun. We passed Brazilian coasting steamers, not very big or comfortable looking, and we wondered what life as the Brazilians live it was like. We felt very sure, now, that we were really in South America, and it seemed to a North American a far stranger land than Europe.

IMPRESSIONS OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

On Feb. 6, we came into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro or the "River of January." It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and some of the girls sat up

till that time, to see the sight. I did not sit up. It takes a lot of enthusiasm, or something, to make a man of fifty sit up so late as that. I got up, however, as we came through the gateway to the harbor, and looked out at the marvelous scene. High, very, very steep mountains rose on either side, very brilliant stars shone overhead and soon as we neared the city, stealing in at half-speed, the city lay before us with all its electric lights glittering down next the bay. There is a boulevard down by the waterside twenty miles long, in a horseshoe curve along the shore, and all the way it is brilliantly lighted by electricity. It was like fairyland as we came in that morning and when daylight came it was just as lovely, for the shores had rows of stately royal palms, the mountains were incredibly deep-green, the houses of the city white and yellow in plaster, the roofs always of red tiles, and near at hand little islands covered with ornamental buildings, as though dropped down from some world's fair. I think one of the fine buildings on an island was a palace for the late Emperor; one of his places. What the others were does not now matter; all were built to please the eye and to finish the landscape. A fort on one island had been perforated a few weeks before by the mutinous crews of the fleet, when the navy had gone into revolution.

Many important looking men came aboard, finely arrayed in uniform, often of white; then swarms of laborers to unload part of our cargo. As at Bahia, there were no docks; we unloaded on

lighters, which is the way seamen prefer, but passengers do not. We went dancing ashore over the blue waves in a steam launch and passing on the way ferry boats laden with gay people bound for other enchanted shores. We found a bright Italian boy who had lived in Connecticut and engaged him for a guide. For the day he charged us \$3, which was cheaper than to ramble aimlessly about. I will not tell much about Rio because there is so much to tell. Rio de Janeiro, in its setting, is the most marvelously beautiful city in the world. These South Americans place beauty and harmony of plan first in their schemes of civic improvement. Maybe it is because they are not a manufacturing people, but I could not but consider how differently it would have all looked had it been in North America. Think that in all that twenty miles of boulevard surrounding the harbor there was not one junk shop or fertilizer factory, nor hideous manufacturing plant of any sort. These things are put back out of sight, hemmed in behind high white walls, and all the loveliness of the bay enhanced by boulevards, rows of palms, and slightly white stuccoed buildings.

The main part of the city is interesting but not fine; it has narrow clean streets that are almost horseless. In them go about fine, fat little mules, with brown stripes across their shoulders. They are not the lean mules of Bahia, so I guess that even mules do not relish work too near to the equator. There were fine automobiles, chiefly of European make, in the streets, and many elegantly

dressed people. There has been cut straight through the city a fine avenue, lined with shops, hotels, restaurants and theaters. There must have been destroyed thousands of old buildings in order to give room for this fine avenue, now the pride of the city.

The town climbs up on the hillsides, in fact up the very mountains, for it is a large city. Getting a little way from the crowded center, we saw gardens and trees and a few flowers of the gayest colors; but I was told that here roses do not thrive, nor many of the common, plain little loved flowers of the temperate climes. We went by trolley to the wonderful botanic garden, then by trolley up into the mountains. The whole ride was full of marvels for us. The sides of the hills were covered with rather scrubby but interesting trees; the gardens were full of bananas and other interesting growths that seemed as though they were in a greenhouse; the white cottages and bungalows looked cool and comfortable, perched often on the hillsides far above the narrow mountain valley up which we rode. We caught glimpses of blue harbor and the guarding mountains, steep and green, and the city was like fairyland in its mingled white and greenery.

It puzzles a North American to know what so many inhabitants of Rio do for a living. One sees few factories. No doubt many go there to live who own plantations and farms in the interior and no doubt the climate is so fine that the poor live more easily than they would in New York. There is

doubtless much poverty in Rio, as there is in every city in the tropics for that matter. The easier the conditions the more poverty seems always to be the rule.

At 1,300 feet up in a little mountain valley our trolley line ended and I walked a distance along what seemed a country road. Bamboos as thick as one's leg arched high over our heads—a lovely screen from the too ardent sun. Neatly kept places were on either side, suburban in their nature, yet having gardens and even some coffee trees. The road was splendidly kept. A brown-skinned native came down the road with an ox and cart—a big ox with a soft gray coat and a great hump on his back. He was a zebu, which is an East India type of cattle that thrives in Brazil. He was gentle and the man led him with a small cord about his neck, but he was willful and wayward and his driver maintained a running fire of reproaches as he trotted at the side of the great, mellow beast. The cart was laden with green forage, of some coarse but nutritious grass, going down to the city. I aired my Spanish on the Portuguese driver, and as the languages are similar he understood me and smilingly replied to my questions. "Yes, he is a good ox and easy to keep fat. He is well behaved only he is of a playful spirit. It is a very fine day, but the country needs rain." Thus did two farmers meet, the one from the North, the other of the South, compare notes, and find much thought in common, for even Ohio often needs rain.

It was February, which is to them what August is to us, and the day was too warm for comfort, if one walked fast, yet it was deliciously cool at the higher altitude. In July, which is mid-winter with them, I was in Rio again and the weather was ideal; one needed a warm coat but no fire; in fact, I presume there is no such thing as a fire for warming mankind in Rio. The cooking is done almost altogether by use of charcoal. Steadily the population grows. Now that they have discovered the relation of the mosquito to disease, it is a healthy city, and is destined perhaps to be the third city of importance in the New World, New York and Buenos Aires only surpassing it.

From my note book I quote:

“I dropped into the cathedral for a few minutes; it was rather bare and gaudy. The city is the cleanest and brightest that I have ever seen, far exceeding Paris, and the people are well dressed and intelligent looking. Prices in the shop windows seem enormous; a man's hat 6,000 to 10,000 reis, an apple 100 reis. To go up the trolley ride cost me, for our party of three, 5,000 reis, but it was worth it. My simple meal in a restaurant cost me 2,500 reis. It is all terrifying until one learns that it takes about 1,000 reis to equal 35 cents of United States money.”

We left at Rio a negro from Seattle, a big, black and intelligent man who hoped to win a home and a banana-shaded backyard in Rio, meaning to take his family a little later. I have often wondered what happened to him. He spoke not one word of the

Portuguese language. It is not a good place to get stranded. I was told of an American who found himself penniless in Rio. He was a man of education and used to good living. One night, having no other bed and the night being fine, he lay down to sleep in the park. In the morning some one had taken his shoes.

When we returned to the ship I found my Montana college boys, all animation and joy. Some of us had managed to interest the Brazilian Minister of Agriculture in them and, presto! they were all hired to go to various experiment stations, at what it seemed to us then, very good wages. They were all dressed to go ashore and, with their trunks on deck, only waiting to tell us the good news and to say "good bye." Fine, brave, intelligent, manly boys they were. I wonder whether Brazil knew what a precious treasure it was absorbing into its body politic. Let not this adventure lead any boys who may happen to read it to try to "go and do likewise." A man should take to a foreign land a knowledge of its language, if possible, and money enough to keep him for three months and then take him home. It was almost miraculous that these lads did not get stranded in South America, and lightning does not often strike twice in the same place.

I quote again from my note book:

"The Brazilians have as bright minds as any on shipboard; and have been more kindly, courteous and lovable than any others. How often our impressions are wrong. Before coming here I held

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RAZIL

Brazil and Brazilians in light esteem. These folk can show us some things. Their love of order and beauty is wonderful. Education is said to be universal and school attendance compulsory. We are coasting below Rio and passing high, bold rocky islets, wooded to their crests and uninhabited. What a place to come and play pirate, or hermit, as one's fancy led. I should want no better fun, and if piracy got a bit slow there would be the bananas overhanging the hut.

THE PORT OF SANTOS.

“Immensely pleased and interested, we bore away southwestward to the port of Santos, which we found a hot mountain-girt hole with marshy surroundings, a city full of ships, docks, warehouses and little else to interest. No one lives at Santos, I assume, if he can live elsewhere; it is the great coffee port of Brazil, the greatest in the world, and an outlet for the State of Sao Paulo, (Saint Paul).”

A little party of us decided to occupy the time while the steamer was discharging cargo by going into the interior a little way, to the city of Sao Paulo. There was little to see at Santos, which is a city of typical one-story Spanish houses, flush with the sidewalks of the narrow, roughly paved streets—a city evidently given over to stern matters of business and not to pleasure. In the past, fevers have devastated this town, but it may some day be beautiful, although always hot in summer.

We found the railway station a fine, large, modern one, much in the English style. Our train stood made up, the cars spick-and-span, light, airy and pretty but not so large or heavy as ours, with seats arranged as in our cars. Seeing one car half empty and the passengers within appearing "first-class," we essayed to enter, but were politely restrained by an official, because we had no season tickets. It seems that each seat in this car is rented for the season by some person living up at Sao Paulo. Thus the seat-owner is always sure of his seat, even if he arrives at the last moment. We found seats, however, in the next car, and the train moved off. I quote from my note book:

"The car was filled with the most daintily dressed people I have ever seen on a railway journey; many of the young men were in spotless white, their hair and mustaches very black and the mustaches beautifully curled. Some of the men were a bit pale, as though they carefully avoided the sun, though they looked vigorous enough. The young women were also quite generally dressed in white, and I must say they were handsome, always with black hair, always with fine teeth, bright eyes and enough color in their cheeks. It was pleasant to observe their gentle manners and courtesy."

ON THE WAY TO SAO PAULO.

Our way led first out through marshy land and then by great fields of bananas, mostly of a dwarf-growing variety, not more than six feet high; then

we entered a cove in the mountains and headed for the heights. But how would we surmount those steep, green ramparts, their crests 3,000 feet above us—and so near us? We stopped at the foot of the mountain and our train was divided; a small but clean and shining locomotive took three of our cars and pushed us forward; we were then attached to one strand of an endless cable; it moved and we began our climb of 3,000 feet to the plateau of Sao Paulo. We moved up easily, our tiny engine accompanying us but not pushing much. Presently down on the parallel track came three laden freight cars, attached to the other strand of our cable. Evidently we were going up as coffee came down, and coffee was chiefly the power that moved us. There are power houses at the upper end of each cable loop of course, and I assume that we would have been drawn up even had there been no cars to come down, but, as a matter of fact, cars always balanced us on each stage of the climb. There were several, perhaps ten, stages of the journey, each one having its own cable and thus, step by step, we climbed. Our locomotive was meant to shove us across the level track that joined the inclines, when we had let go of one cable and were reaching for another.

This is one of the finest bits of railway in the world. It is maintained in admirable condition. There were places where the mountain-side above us was laid in solid masonry and cement for acres and acres, to prevent landslides no doubt. The entire system is in duplicate, so if aught goes wrong

with one the other is in readiness. The way up afforded us one constant succession of marvelous views of mountainside, cañyon and far distant vistas. The mountains were densely wooded, but I was astonished to see that there were not many large trees, and usually they were gnarled and crooked. Some of them were aflame with big pink and red blossoms. I longed to stop and examine these closely.

THE PLATEAU OF SAO PAULO.

We emerged at the summit onto a rolling tableland, about 3,000 feet above the sea, and here the waters flow westward and do not come down to the sea before they join the Rio Parana, which flows into the Rio de la Plata and comes down by Buenos Aires. There is always a feeling of excited expectation as one emerges from a cañyon on to a mountaintop; and with this feeling there is another—relief. Here we saw before us only rolling country, once heavily timbered. The timber has been cut away for making charcoal, and there are miles of grassland and brushy land, with no signs of fence or cultivation. At the huts of the railway laborers we saw gardens, looking well indeed, and one tiny field of perhaps six acres of maize had a rich, dark green appearance that reminded me of the best corn of Ohio. This is about the same distance below the equator as Cuba is above it; the altitude of 3,000 feet makes the climate delightful. Why then is there not thick settlement and much cultivation along the

railway? I was told later that the land is owned in large tracts and that settlement has not been encouraged. To me it would seem an ideal place to plant a colony of northern farmers, with pastures, meadows, corn, dairies, pigs, oranges, lemons and apples—all the pleasant things that one can call to mind, they would all grow here.

A ride of perhaps twenty miles over the plateau brought us in the dusk of the evening to the city of Sao Paulo, and a carriage deposited us at the "Hotel Sportsman" with nothing English about it but the name. It was a damp, plain and out-of-date old hotel, but the waiters brought us a dinner that would be hard to equal. I was amused when they brought at the close a great basket of fruit—the best grapes I have ever eaten—peaches, oranges, several fruits that I do not know, figs, and apples. I asked especially whence came the apples, and learned that they came from Australia. The rest of the fruit I think came from Brazil and most of it from the nearby environs of Sao Paulo.

When we had eaten what fruit we desired, the waiter took to the manager what was left, the manager made a mental calculation of what sum to add to our bill, which was sufficiently large. I slept that night in a tiny closet of a room, for which next morning I paid in full, for room, the land it rested on and all. Since then new hotels have arisen in Sao Paulo and bedrooms are no doubt better, but commend me to that waiter and that cook at the Sportsman.

THE CITY OF SAO PAULO.

Very early in the morning I was astir, eager to see the sights. The architecture is interesting, all in stucco, like some world's fair taken root, with roofs all of red tiles, but what I recall with most interest and pleasure is the great ravine or narrow valley through the center of the town. A stone viaduct takes one over the ravine and one can stand on the bridge and look down on the valley perhaps 200 feet below. You know well what you would see in a North American town, were you to gaze off into such a place in the midst of it; you would look down on piles of garbage, a waste of old barrels and tin cans, some coal piles, some shacks, a disorder of rotting weeds, a scene of neglect and despair. In Sao Paulo one sees instead a lovely garden, almost like a park, with figs, grapes, flowers, a tiny irrigating canal, neatly kept, some charming red tiled cottages, each apparently planned with thought of how it would look to the viewer from above. Just how this was accomplished, whether it is instinctive to the Brazilians to make everything possible beautiful, or whether municipal law steps in to direct, I do not know. Assuredly it is a striking lesson to us at home.

I am aware that these Latin cities have certain advantages that we do not; their freedom from foundries, coal bins and large factories makes it easier to have a city beautiful, yet I think that the root of the difference lies in the nature of those people. They have the artistic sense more highly

developed than we; they live for beauty more than we; they will not permit others to deface and make hideous places on which their eyes must rest, and we assert that a man has a right to do as he pleases with what is his own. We are too busy, or think we are, to take much interest in things that merely concern appearances. I wonder whether a Puritan training away back, or a Quaker influence, had something to do with our disregard for mere beauty.

Well, I stood on the bridge and rejoiced that I was alive. One cannot feel that when he is looking down at an ash dump or a disfiguring mass of billboards. There was in our party a little woman, Mrs. Y., who had a lively appreciation developed in her, and just then she appeared. She had decided to take an early morning walk, and together we exclaimed and enraptured and appreciated, and then went with good appetites to our breakfast.

Now the South Americans have not the United States breakfast habit; in fact, I know of no other nation that has. Our breakfast consisted of fruits, a roll with butter from Denmark, and that delicious coffee that the Brazilians keep at home. It was eaten in a charming palm-shaded patio, where little tables were set about anywhere that one might desire. Perhaps every one has had days when he was completely happy. This was one of those days for me. Every muscle, every nerve and fiber of the body and all the little happiness cells of the mind were tingling with delight. One was grateful for being alive, and had a lively expectation of further good

things about to occur. Confidentially, I think that Brazilian coffee had a little to do with this state, but chiefly it was the beauty of the scene, the glorious air and sun, the joy of being on dry land after so many days at sea.

As soon as we had finished breakfast, a great automobile appeared with Señor Braga, one of our fellow-passengers who lived at Sao Paulo. Having reached home he was eager to show us its beauties. We had not much time, but he whirled us out to the suburbs and over superb streets and roads. We rode many miles. I do not know whether it is prettier than Pasadena, California, or not; it is like that town in its way of putting bungalows in great gardens filled with palms and oranges and all manner of flowers. The Brazilians build after the Portuguese manner, with gabled roofs of red tiles on walls of white, or blue stucco, and they set the houses in beautiful gardens whenever they can do so, in contrast with Spanish cities that usually are built with one-storied, flat-roofed houses set flush with the sidewalk and having their little gardens in their courts or patios in the center of the houses.

Sao Paulo, founded in 1533, is growing with amazing rapidity, increasing in twenty years from 80,000 to 400,000. It is extending its suburbs far, following our custom. No doubt the advent of the American trolley car has much to do with this getting of the people to the suburbs—that and the advent of the automobile.

It was February, which would be the same as

August with us, yet the day was not uncomfortably warm. I have an idea that the climate of this plateau is as fine as one could find anywhere, although they tell me it is cold enough for fires in winter, and Señor Braga said he would prefer to live in Rio, despite the summer heats there, because he does not like cool weather. We went to his suburban home, a great comfortable, elegant house set in a big space full of trees and flowers. The señor wished most to have us see his garden, so we went therein and picked ripe strawberries, green lemons, green apples and a bewildering assortment of other fruits, the names of which I have forgotten. Then we motored rapidly to the railway station, took a train down to Santos and went to the Verdi. Santos seemed a fiery furnace, after Sao Paulo, and some of the passengers were covered with ugly looking mosquito bites, having left their portholes open during the night, as, indeed, they must.

The Verdi continued to discharge cargo for a few hours after we reached her, and during that time an Italian passenger steamer came into port, calling enroute to Buenos Aires. She had on board about 4,000 passengers, mainly of the third-class; she was black with masses of people eager for a glimpse of the new world to which they had come. This gave me an idea of the great world-movement, the transplantation of Latin people and Latin civilizations to the vacant spaces of South America. Señor Braga had told us that labor in Brazil was cheap, costing he said no more than

half what it costs in the United States. Let no Yankee laborer go southbound expecting to work with his hands; the field is occupied by men with customs, ideals and standards unlike his own. I think, however, that there should be room near Sao Paulo on those cool highlands for dairy farms and that they ought to pay if carried on in the northern style. We did not see much of the agriculture of the region; it lies farther inland, and in this state consists mostly of coffee-growing. We marveled greatly at the enterprise and courage of the Brazilians when we learned that the state of Sao Paulo had borrowed in Europe so many millions of pounds that I dare not state the number—this in order to enable them to hold their surplus coffee and maintain the price by judicious marketing. This artificial boosting of coffee has given a great stimulus to the growth and development of the state and city, but the thought comes, “What will be the end of it all? Can the state forever pile coffee in warehouses and dictate the price that it shall bring?”

That is about all that I saw of Brazil. It is, I am sure, a land of great opportunities and advantages, laboring, however, often under the disadvantages of too much warmth, too many insects and inferior labor. The Brazilians, however, have quite generally keen minds and enterprising dispositions, and we will hear from Brazil; great things are due to happen in its development in the near future. Think how vast is its territory, nearly equaling that of the United States, count-

ing Alaska, although it has nowhere the cool, temperate, man-breeding plains that make North America promise to continue its dominating course in the world's commercial progress.

These things I learned of the opportunities of Brazil: that there are in the south vast plains that grow good grasses and good cattle; that the cattle are often of inferior type, of much the same character as the old Mexican and Texas cattle, although they are being considerably improved by use of sires from Argentina and recently from Texas. It is a land where the Hereford thrives, and I was told that there is room for thousands of good United States Hereford sires, but they must be born south of the tick line, which means that all of Brazil is a tick-infested region, where Texas fever must be reckoned with when cattle are newly introduced. Considerable of the zebu blood has been used, and the results of cross-breeding with these cattle, themselves native to the tropics, has been good.

The Brazilian government, seeing the great development of Argentina, is ambitious to emulate it and is offering many inducements to men of capital to come and develop its rich and nearly virgin fields. Brazil is not the place for the American farmer to go—the man, that is, of moderate means. Nor is it the place for the American laborer; he must there compete with labor that is content with far a much smaller wage than is current in the United States.

ARGENTINA.

We slipped down the coast past the southern ports of Brazil, which are not deep enough for call by large steamers, towards the great river La Plata, and Argentina, the land of my destination. Nothing especial happened on our way down excepting a magnificent blow, with very huge seas through which the good ship Verdi plunged with spectacular effects. We were by this time so seaworthy that the motion of the ship did not affect us, and we enjoyed the stupendous waves, the clouds of spray, the wonder of the ship that drove ever straight on and on.

It was the 13th of February when we came into yellow, muddy water, coming from the fresh-water rivers of the South American continent. We approached a point of land, a low mountain stood up behind; we came in sight of an ancient stone-built city, Montevideo, in Uruguay. A great masonry breakwater makes a safe though shallow harbor there. We entered and landed. Montevideo is a pleasant city, bright, clean and enterprising, with no unusual picturesqueness, although it has some neat, pretty little plazas and a few greater parks of considerable beauty. This little republic is one of the leaders in thought and action in South America. We made but a short call and steamed away for Buenos Aires, the city of "good airs." As we coasted along the Uruguayan shores, we saw fields of yellow stubble, fairly thick set with wheat shocks. We were well within the river now; many

crafts were in sight, and the interest increased every minute. All night we went slowly up the stream. When early morning dawned I was astir, full of wonder and of half-dread of what unknown things awaited us.

ON THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

Morning found us in the yellow flood of Rio de La Plata, the "river of silver." It was so wide that one shore was barely visible and the other shore quite lost to view. One would at first hastily declare it was no river at all, but merely a bay. However, the fact that it had a strong current and brought enough sand to keep a number of government dredges busy all the time, shows it to be a river. It is, indeed, one of the marvelous rivers of the world, carrying, I should say, far more water than our Mississippi. Some 800 miles up, above the point of several important tributaries, I crossed it again and found it miles wide there, with a strong current.

Ships lay at anchor, many of them, mostly tramp steamers. We counted more than a hundred of them. Why were they idle? They were waiting their chance to get to docks to load, or unload, cargo. They had come bringing materials for building railways, or machinery for the harvest fields, or any thing one can imagine that civilized and half-civilized people need, for there is, as yet, not much manufactured in South America. The ships were waiting to carry home cargoes of corn (maize),

wheat, hides, quebracho wood (used for its tanning powers), or possibly they were some of them equipped to carry home frozen or chilled beef or mutton. Certainly many of them would carry home wool. The port of Buenos Aires is too small; the development of the interior country has proceeded too rapidly for the plans of the port authorities, hence the congestion. Passenger steamers can of course always get into their docks, but freight steamers must wait their turn.

Steaming slowly along parallel with the shore we reached finally the entrance to the dredged canal, and turned towards the city, our pathway marked with buoys. Giant dredges creaked and complained as they ceaselessly scooped up sand from this channel, the sand brought by the river from its upper reaches. Some eight miles long is the dredged channel. One gets an idea of the difficulties in the way of making a great port at a place like Buenos Aires, where once in the shallow river ox-carts came far out to land passengers. As we glided slowly in, the city spread out before us, a vast city, putting a good front before us. Presently we landed, and a carriage took us through a really beautiful park that separates the city proper from the harbor, to the entrance of a very wonderful wide street, the Avenida de Mayo, an avenue lined with what appeared to be palaces of cut stone—really a street of handsome shops, fine hotels and restaurants. Then I was installed in my hotel and the South American voyage was over.

BUENOS AIRES.

Buenos Aires is a very large city with usually narrow streets and houses for the most part in the Spanish fashion, that is, coming flush on the sidewalk and having inside patios where there are flowers and often trees. The Avenida is new, the result of a decree of widening. Other streets are being widened in similar manner. The streets are difficult to get through rapidly, because of the narrow sidewalks and the crowds of people on them. Few hurry in South America. The newer architecture is admirable, of the latest European design. There are beautiful little plazas and parks and a wonderful great park at Palermo. Buenos Aires has a temperate climate, so that palms thrive in the formal parks. The Canary Islands date palm makes a brave show. The eucalypts are here commonly seen in the larger parks, with pepper trees and most of the things seen in California. A feature of Buenos Aires worth imitating with us is that the city owns and cares for the shade trees, pruning and caring for them. The European sycamore or plane tree is much seen. The paving of the Avenida and some other streets is perfect, although when wet it is too slippery for horses; the paving in the unimportant streets is rough.

There is a lesson for us in the way these gorgeous palaces are built. I often watched the work, first came brick layers and hastily laid up very rough brick, making a very rude wall. This is only the skeleton; now comes the flesh that clothes it

in beauty—Portland cement plaster, put on by Italian workmen. When they have finished with the originally rude, crude walls they are good imitations of the finest creations in cut stone—such things as we would not dare attempt excepting perhaps in our best public buildings. One must look more than once to see that they are merely of plaster. Nor does the cement often peel off or give trouble.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMP.

Buenos Aires has little of a South American flavor, if one does not see the parks, and even they are nearly counterparts of what one sees in southern Europe; but one feature impresses, namely, after all the city is based on the fields, the “camps.” As one walks along a fine street one sees a sign, perhaps “Bullrich & Co.,” and a great entrance; peering in one sees an exhibition building filled with pens of sheep, with perhaps a few splendid horses and some cattle. These are kept to be seen and to be sold. As one examines the sheep one is struck with their fine quality. Lincolns or Romneys, fresh from England’s pastures, usually filled the pens. They are in the pink of condition, magnificent creatures that cost at home perhaps from \$500 to \$5,000 each. Then there are displays of all sorts of fascinating things for the “camp,” as the country here always is called; fence posts of woods nearly as heavy and durable as iron; fence ratchets better than any that I ever have seen at home; powerful gates; great wagons, and light American

sulkies and carts, and even enormous house wagons in which one could live in comfort, be he where he might.

These displays are quite apart from the warehouses of the agricultural implement men. All of our leading manufacturers have here enormous warehouses and stocks of machines, while English manufacturers are not far behind us and, moreover, are crowding us hard.

I landed Feb. 14. It was a hot day. It was easy to get in touch with the Minister of Agriculture and through him with the Division of Ganaderia or live stock. With their aid I planned a campaign. It was necessary to go south, clear to the Straits of Magellan, where are many and great "estancias," as the ranches are called. Drs. Suarez and Paz helped me willingly and smilingly. I secured a letter of introduction from the Chilean minister to the governor of the territory of Magellanes on the Straits. It was hot in the north; it would soon be cold in the south, so without going here afield, I again took ship headed for Punta Arenas.

AGAIN SOUTHWARD BOUND.

We embarked from the port of Montevideo on the Oriana, an English ship of the Pacific Line, running from Liverpool to the Brazilian ports, Montevideo and the west coast of South America. She was a big comfortable ship. On her decks were many large pens, each containing half a dozen splendid Romney rams, which had come from New

Zealand to Montevideo and were now being re-shipped to Punta Arenas, a port on the Straits of Magellan. What good ones they were—thick, sturdy, hardy-looking and woolly. I spent much time studying them. They had stood the voyage perfectly, as it was all the way through a cold climate, and curiously enough they had once passed in sight of the island of Tierra del Fuego, to which they were now returning. There were many Englishmen on the ship, interesting and strange men that they are, and the time passed happily. One of the passengers was Alec. Robertson, a young Scot who had ridden a great deal in Patagonia. He told me of the difficulties, the short, thin grass, the cold winds, the need of twelve horses—six for his own riding and six for a guide. Another Englishman showed me, to my astonishment, a map of southern Patagonia, showing that it is nearly all divided into rectangular tracts, apportioned to sheep-ranchers or estancieros and fenced with good wire fences. I had expected here to find things pretty wild, about as nature made them, in fact, so this was quite a surprise.

The hot weather disappeared soon after we left Montevideo; in a day or two I was wearing a fur-lined coat on deck—the coat that I had so often reviled, as it hung so warm-looking in my stateroom coming down by Brazil. The sun was far in the north, and it seemed natural to see it thus. We sighted no land until we reached the entrance to the straits. Early in the morning we came in; the

shores were rather close, barren, treeless and showing yellow grass. However, on the slopes and here and there were a few buildings, a woolshed, maybe, or shearing shed, with corrals and house, all set down in some sheltered valley, secure from the prevailing hard winds. It reminded me of the rougher part of the range country of Wyoming, but there was less grass than in Wyoming, and no trees. The shores of Tierra del Fuego were lower and yellow with grass, and in the distant southwest mountains glistened with eternal snow. We were in the heart of the best sheep country in South America, nearly 1,500 miles south of Buenos Aires and nearly 2,000 miles south of Corrientes, the northernmost point that I was destined to reach.

We were not so near the south pole as I had fancied; we were only as far south of the equator as Yorkshire is north of it, and in the latitude of the southern part of Hudson's Bay. However, these southern latitudes are colder than the corresponding ones in the north, and we were below the line of successful cultivation of farm crops. In my notebook I find this:

"Hello! It is cold! We are nearing Punta Arenas town; the white caps are dashing up finely; back from the coast a little way are high, rough hills and on their sheltered sides are the remains of ancient forests; they tell me of beech, but they look to be mostly dead from fires. The land looks grassy, though, and some sheep can be seen from the ship."

SHEEP IN CHILIAN TERRITORY.

Punta Arenas is a most interesting city, the farthest south of any town in the world, if we except Ushuaia in Tierra del Fuego. The city is solidly built of stone, for the greater part, with paved streets of stones as large as peck measures. There are good shops where one can buy almost anything in the way of personal needs at moderate prices, as it is a free port. Some of the residences are pretty, with one or two aspiring to grandeur. It has its plaza with flowers and a tree fully eight feet tall. It also is one of the windy places of the earth. Punta Arenas is in Chilian territory, as Chili owns the land along both shores of the straits and a little more than half the island of Tierra del Fuego; in fact, the territory of Magellanes, as this Chilian land is called, is a region about as large as the state of Ohio, roughly speaking. Much of it is water; some of it is high, rough mountains, but a great area is good grass-covered land, both of hill country and of plain. It is a wonderful country for sheep. That seems all that it is suited for, however, being too cold for agriculture, and rather too thinly grassed for beef cattle.

I had a happy time of a few days at Punta Arenas. Kind old Consul John E. Rowen had a snug cottage there with a garden in which grew currants, gooseberries, strawberries and hardy flowers. He had also a fire beside which I sat in the evenings with satisfaction. It was a live town. There were German and English wool merchants;

their great warehouses were filled with wool, and men busily assorting it. I saw no Yankees. It was a delight to go into the great wool lofts and see the piles of delightfully clean, strong, soft, wool, all of uniform quality. The German wool merchants were glad to give me information. This was the home of the Romney sheep. The original sheep had been more of a Lincoln or Leicester type, coming from the Falkland Islands. The Romneys proved hardier and better suited to the cold, bleak surroundings; so they were being used more and more largely, and by cross-breeding were supplanting the other breeds.

I longed exceedingly to cross the straits to the island of Tierra del Fuego, said to be the best sheep country in South America, but circumstances were against me. In the first place that enormous territory is leased from Chili by one great company, the Sociedad Explotadora. The terms of this lease are very favorable to the company, and the lease was about to expire. Further, the company owned the little steamers that ply these waters and at that time it was not desirable that an inquisitive Yankee should be spying around over their sheep-runs. The men were kind and courteous to me, but they did not make it possible for me to see their sheep farms on the island. I did not wonder at this. The company gave me all the facts that I required, with a full report of its operations. It does a great business and is managed splendidly by New Zealanders.

The land is divided into great runs, each one

in charge of an expert pastoralist. They have both cattle and sheep; their lands are on both sides of the straits and they own as much land as would make a fair-sized state and lease the rest. They had about 1,200,000 good sheep, which were intelligently managed. Seeking to know what the production of wool cost them, I learned that it cost them nothing at all, as the sales of mutton, tallow and pelts more than paid all expenses. They have their own freezing works and plants for rendering out tallow from sheep too old or too big for the English market. I was told that on the island Lincoln sheep grew as large sometimes as yearling calves and were then not liked in England. They were therefore boiled down for their tallow, or more likely these days, were canned. Now the company is importing many Romney and Corriedale rams, finding them better suited to their needs than any others.

There is a considerable popular outcry against the Sociedad Explotadora because of its having a monopoly of the best sheep lands—in fact, of nearly all the lands in that region; yet, after all, it is not a world-loss. It is like what we call a big trust, intelligently managed. The pastures are conserved and improved; the maximum amount of wool and mutton is taken from the soil at the lowest cost, and it is put on the market of the world as cheaply as is possible, so there is no world-loss. Further, from what I saw of the native population (not Indian), about Punta Arenas, I think it as well that

the land is not open to settlement in homesteads or small lots, as is our public land in North America. And yet there were intelligent Englishmen dispossessed to make room for this giant company. It is true that they were bought out, but they had to sell. The Falkland islanders brought sheep to these lands. At first there was trouble with the Indians, who would raid the sheep, driving off whole flocks and killing them out of mere wantonness, or bogging them in morasses. Now the Indians are nearly extinct; a few are being "civilized" and are dying of tuberculosis.

I called on His Excellency the Governor of the territory, Señor Chaigneon, who received me with kind courtesy. Alas, my new-found Spanish words, learned with so much care on shipboard, seemed to be none of them applicable to the case, so I had to use an interpreter, and that robbed an interview of much. In pursuit of information I put these questions:

LAND LAWS OF CHILI.

"Your Excellency, I wish to know about the land laws of Chili. Can I get a copy of them from you?"

"Señor, there are no land laws in Chili at all like yours of North America," was the smiling response.

"Then, Your Excellency, if I wish to buy land here in your territory, how may I secure it?"

"You apply to me for a grant of it," was his reply.

“And that settles the matter?”

“Yes, only my grant must be confirmed by the President at Santiago.”

I am not a calumniator of a foreign people's government, but I confess that I came away smiling and saying to myself, “Well, we protest in the United States if there is some little irregularity in the administration of our land laws, but our worst sins against the people would look white compared with what might happen down here.”

Later I conceived a motto that might with propriety be placed over the entrance to the Government house at Punta Arenas: “We protect the rich; God will look after the poor.” That motto might very likely be placed over the entrance to the Government houses of more than one South American republic.

All the land near the straits is taken, fenced and occupied; there is no chance of any increase in the number of sheep here; indeed a hard winter might thin them considerably. There is no farming done, although oats are sown for hay to feed the horses of Punta Arenas. The crop is cut green and brought often to town in ox carts, drawn by huge gaunt oxen. Potatoes will mature sometimes. Drouth, high wind and frost are serious drawbacks to agriculture. Far in the back country, near the Andes, there is yet a little unoccupied land, but it was being stocked at the time of my visit, and it is unsafe land when severe winters come with much snow. Sometimes all the sheep then perish.

What is sheep-farming like down here? It is the simplest process possible. The pastures are carefully fenced; the flocks are turned into them; once or twice a year the sheep are dipped; scab exists in the flocks on some estancias. The lambs are marked, the sheep are shorn, and some driven away and sold. Often they are taken to the frigorificos (freezing works) by small steamers that ply along the coast and penetrate the maze of water passages that intersect the land. Men never feed the sheep; there is no possibility of that. There are no wolves. Wild dogs once abounded and are still occasionally seen. The puma or mountain lion is uncommon, but it is destructive when it does appear. Many Scottish shepherds are employed as also are Scottish, English and New Zealand managers. Native people of Spanish blood who own estancias quite generally employ English managers. The native labor is "Chilleno," a mixture of Spanish and Indian—a small, muscular, dark-skinned people who work well when mixed in with other and good men. I confess that these Chillenos did not appeal to me as a class, though their efficiency as plainsmen and ox-drivers bringing wool down from far distant estancias is first-class. There are men whom I, unarmed at night, had rather meet.

The Argentine Government sent here to meet me Dr. Juan Richelet, a veterinarian and inspector of the southern provinces. He was an educated, cultured Uruguayan, and a genial companion. I think that he did not understand my liking for long walks

over sheep pastures, my climbing hills just to gaze from their tops, or my wandering to places alone.

The pastures spread quite down to the town of Punta Arenas; they are covered with a thick, close sod, almost like our Kentucky bluegrass, but the herbage is of a different species. It is a shorter and finer grass. Nowhere else in South America did I see such excellent pasturage, although I was told that it was yet finer on the island. I walked long distances over these pastures, studying the grasses, the shrubs and flowers. Fire had killed nearly all the forest trees in that region; there had been but two species—a beech and a “robley.” They would never be reproduced, but fine, thick grass occupied their places. However, the blackened trunks looked dismal in a land where trees are so rare. Some of the trees had trunks three feet thick. There are saw mills near by, and fair lumber is made, competing with our wood from the United States, which also comes to Punta Arenas. I admired much the fine-bodied sheep, full of Romney blood, their appearance of perfect health and the lusty lambs, weighing then often as much as 125 pounds. There were in the pastures too those great-framed gaunt oxen that are so able to draw heavy loads.

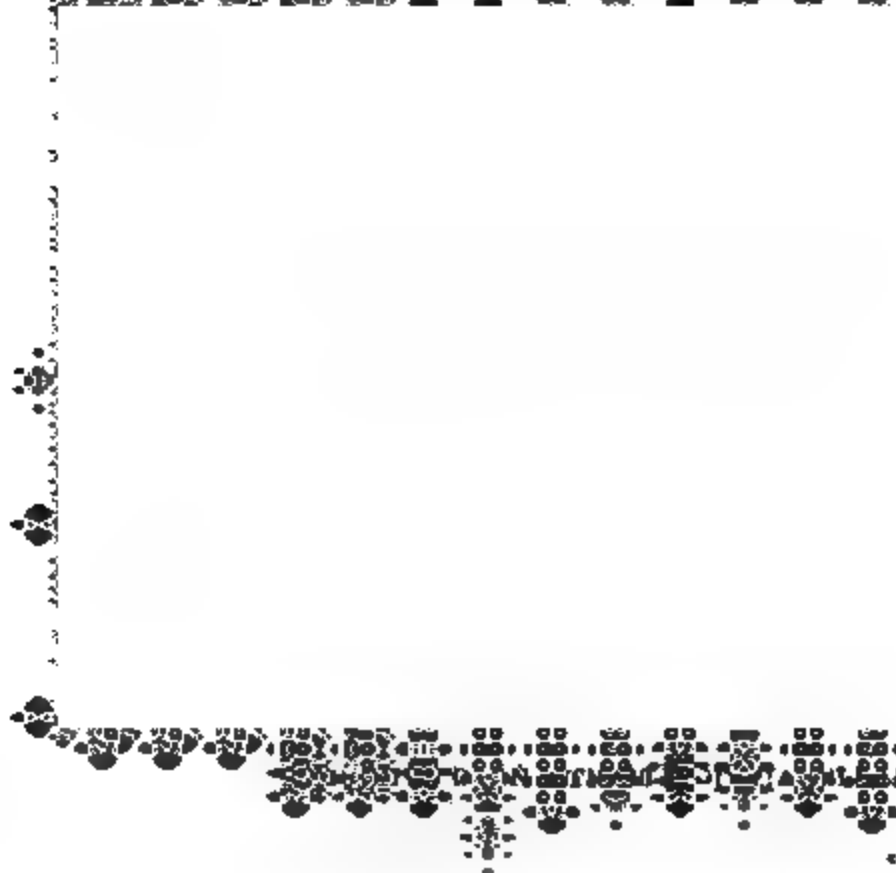
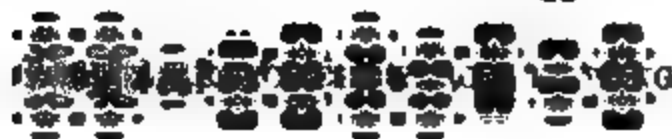
A “FRIGORIFICO.”

One day we drove to Rio Seco, where there is a great establishment for freezing mutton for export to Europe. Down by the water's edge was the plant; the offal was thrown into the water, where

it was devoured by thousands of gulls. I suspect that it is now made into fertilizer, as is being done in other similar establishments near by. We saw the lambs enter the chutes and emerge frozen as hard as icicles, ready to be shipped to European markets. The work was well and cleanly done, and the Englishman who eats the mutton will have no reason to complain; the lambs are prime as they go in and should reach English shores in good condition.

I spent an hour searching for traces of parasitism in the carcasses, but found none. There are no traces of our hateful and fatal nodular disease, or stomach worms. Either these diseases have not been introduced, which seems incredible, or the dryness and cold are fatal to their propagation. This then is the one absolute paradise for sheep that I have found. It has no internal parasites or wild beasts and not too much snow in winter or heat in summer and it has abundance of sweet grass. Would it be a good place for mankind of our sort? I think so. What makes me feel so is that I saw a tiny garden sheltered from the wind by a fence, and in that garden the finest pansies that I have ever seen were in bloom, and back of it the yellow Scotch broom was a blaze of yellow. But let no one go there to farm; it is far too cold, too boisterous and the land is now all owned and held too at relatively high prices.

The land is measured in square leagues of 2,500 hectares or nearly 6,250 acres. On the best lands



one can carry 3,000 or more sheep to the league in summer and winter.

At the frigorifico they paid \$2 to \$2.25 each for superior lambs. Wool at Punta Arenas was worth about twenty cents a pound, more or less, according to its quality.

I do not know that I am uncommonly ignorant, but I had come to Punta Arenas meaning to go on horseback northward, perhaps as far as the beginning of railways, at Bahia Blanca. In that manner I would see the estancias thoroughly. It was a good plan, the two drawbacks being that there was no feed for horses enroute and the distance was about the same as from Chicago to the Utah line. To get a man to take me with carriage northward only to Rio Gallegos would cost about \$100, so reluctantly I took my friend's advice and engaged passage in a coasting steamer for the next point of study, Rio Gallegos, a distance of about 200 miles.

Perhaps some reader will be disappointed and say, "Why, he is making a most superficial study of the country." It is true, but my time was limited and I had to see as much as possible of all the sheep raising regions that lay between Punta Arenas and Corrientes, a distance of 2,000 miles to the northward. It was necessary, then, to move on.

IN PATAGONIA.

I quote again from my journal: "On steamer Gallegos, Feb. 21. I am sitting in a whaleboat, as there is not room on deck; the promenade deck is

only about eighteen feet long. The Gallegos is the tiniest seagoing craft that I have ever ridden. She has, however, twelve cabins and a tiny saloon. She is crammed with freight and people; even the boat in which I sit is laden. I have a tub of ferns and flowers at my feet, and lean against a crate of furniture. On the forward deck are crates of chickens and Rambouillet rams. We are churning along at the rate of six miles an hour. Every now and then the fireman goes below and throws in another shovelful of coal. From the lower deck one can dip one's hand in the salt water, and yet these coasts are often washed by terrific seas. It is a perfect day. The coast two miles away is bordered by long lines of cliffs, desolate to see. Sometimes on their summits we see yellow grass, and on one cliff a number of guanacos, strange, camel like animals that stand and stare at us. I am told that the native ostrich once lived as far south as this. Now the guanacos are the only survivors of wild nature, save the few pumas and the birds. Many wild ducks, resembling Muscovies, fly past us and beautiful black and white dolphins accompany us. They dive, showing their graceful curves, come up again, swim with incredible swiftness past us, and dive again. It seems a game with them. Barring a black spot they are snowy white. These dolphins are warm-blooded things; I wonder how they keep their babies with them, suckle them and keep them warm in this ice water. There are large flocks of penguins in the water, and the gulls quarrel cease-

lessly with them, perhaps hoping to share some fish that the penguin may catch.

“I was too late to secure a berth on the Gallegos last night and was amused to see the crowd of us that assembled to go aboard, many men with their families, and some nuns, poor things. It was a crowd that would have been enough for six such boats as this. However, we all came aboard and paid big prices for the privilege, too. If there is anyone down here in Patagonia for his health I have not heard of him. I wondered a great deal about what we would do to pass away the tedious night hours. We sat jammed in the tiny cabin, filled with smoke, the poor sisters huddled together in a corner, the men having wine and playing cards on the dining table. There is a young Argentino, Ernesto Behr, of German ancestry, who has a cabin engaged, and he came to me and insisted on my taking his bed. I protested without avail and finally accepted; he slept on a sort of lounge which was too short, but our feet lay across one another. Señor Behr insisted that an Argentino would never permit a guest of some foreign land to sit up while he enjoyed a bed. A delightful young man, I wonder whether we could show just his equal in fine courtesy at home. This morning the men in the cabin still sat and played cards and drank wine, while the sisters in their corner no doubt endlessly said their prayers. Why did we not give them our beds? Because another man occupied an upper berth in our cabin.

“Afternoon: Lovelier and lovelier becomes the scene—the water so blue and the sky so clear. Such delightfully ornamental little fleecy clouds never were meant for aught but ornament. Our old tub is peacefully nosing her way along. Señor Behr and I sit together in the whaleboat, and he teaches me Spanish. Breakfast, at noon, was amusing. Our one waiter is a peon, who is very slow and stupid; he became confused by the many orders shouted at him. The ‘courses’ were far apart. The new governor of the territory of Santa Cruz borrowed the one napkin on ship, and audibly blew his nose on it, then passed it back for general use. Later some señoritas, dining in state in their tiny cabin, sent for it, and it was carried to them. Credit Punta Arenas for growing delicious lettuce for salad.

“We approached Rio Gallegos, entered a large bay and landed at a gravelly beach. A one-story house of galvanized iron was Hotel Londres, and a straggling row of houses marked the street of the capital of a great region. One or two dead horses lay in the street, well flattened out by being run over by the enormous wheels of bullock carts laden with wool. It was Sunday afternoon in the most remote, the wildest and the most God-forsaken spot that it has ever been my lot to see. The tide went out, falling forty-five feet, leaving our vessel sitting on the sand (she is built as square as a dry goods box, on purpose for this contingency), and bullock carts came about her to remove a part of her cargo.

“With Dr. Richelet I went to Hotel Español, hoping that there I might learn a little of the Spanish language. It was a queer little hostelry, of galvanized iron, none too clean, but then the wind came sweeping in, bringing the dust of the street; but the señora who managed it was a good, kind, hard-working woman, and the food was excellent—better in fact, than one secures in even high-class hotels in North America. That dinner table was an international affair. We had on it condensed milk from Switzerland, jam from London, butter from Sweden, olives from Spain, salads from Chile, wine from Mendoza and meats from Patagonia. Our bread was no doubt from Argentine flour. Coffee (from Brazil) was served in our rooms, if we desired it, breakfast coming at noon. There would be always a good soup, then boiled mutton, boiled beef and beef steak. The bread was good, as it always is in Latin countries. We had potatoes from Chile and wine in enormous decanters on the table and partaken of very freely. Wine is rather more plentiful than good water at Rio Gallegos, situated on an alkaline or salt flat with no good wells.

“We were a happy family at Hotel Español. Dr. Richelet and half a dozen young Spanish men, newly come to various government appointments in various parts of Patagonia, waited there for ships to carry them on to their new posts. We had a special dining-room to ourselves, and for the first time I sat among men who conversed in Spanish only. What fine, bronzed, mustached, black-eyed,

handsome men they were. How they did eat and drink and how merry they were. I remember wondering vaguely whether if I were to eat and drink as much as they did, if I should live as they lived. I too might perhaps become robust looking and forget my hereditary ills. I ventured to test the thing in a mild way, but soon concluded that the differences between us were internal as well as external; that to eat and drink as merrily as they did would simply kill me, so regretfully I resumed my old occupation of being myself."

The Spanish language I had carefully studied for more than a month. The only words I could catch in the swift flow of excited conversation were "manana" or "cinco centavo" or a word that identified an article of diet. I did learn from a man who sat next to me to say, when leaving the table, "con su permission" (with your permission). I may as well here own that I did not learn enough Spanish to catch all of a table conversation. It is most difficult. However, one learns, after a while, that it is not necessary to know what others are saying if only one can make them understand what he himself says. I must say of these Spanish Argentinos that while they were strenuous and, during carnival week, went a pace in dissipation, yet they were always courteous and kindly. Is it not too bad that perfection seldom is lodged in any one person or race?

I had much writing to do and there was no writing-room, save a small table in the dining-

room; but at the back of the house the señora had a glass-covered veranda, a sort of Patagonian conservatory, and in it flowers and plants. I asked her if I might not sit there to write. She cheerfully assented, and placed there a table for me. In this conservatory were hollyhocks, now nearly past blooming, and other flowers that in nature grow outdoors in temperate climes. There also was a stalk of maize as high as my shoulder, to which the señora pointed with just pride in its beauty and thrift. As coal is all brought from England, and there is no other fuel, fires were never needlessly kindled. In the room adjoining the conservatory was the sitting-room of the señora and there on a charcoal fire they heated irons and did the ironing of sheets and pillow cases. I was tempted to ask to be permitted to sit in this room, but hardly dared. Already the cold was being felt—the cold that was to pursue me for some months and make my fur-lined overcoat a thing of joy. Often I would put it on when I went into my room, even though I might not need it when outdoors.

The señora had about her a number of children and on this topic we became confidential. I explained to her that my own “muchachos” were already taller than I, and she presented her own smiling and blushing little señoritas. She was a very good señora, of a kind heart and full of good works. As I sat writing my interminable reports for my Government, there arrived a very merry lot of children, mostly señoritas, wonderfully ar-

rayed. They were dressed for the carnival that began next day. What gorgeous and fantastic costumes they wore, what bright colors, what merry faces they had, how dark and appealing their eyes, how oval and sweet the contour of their faces. The Patagonia air had made their cheeks far too rosy to need the rouge pot. They were much like merry children anywhere—all animation and laughter and whisperings, a bit abashed at the presence of the “Norte Americano.” One maiden was dressed as we imagine Pocahontas to have been dressed.

A CARNIVAL WEEK.

That night there came to the hotel some Spanish singers with castanets; they sang and danced for our entertainment, very much as people dance in old Spain and certainly with grace and abandon. All this was because of carnival week. Tiring of my writing, I went for a walk in the town. A tame guanaco wandered meekly about, seeking a wisp of hay; at the post office I attempted to send a telegram but after much patient labor the official made me understand that the line was “ill.” It was perhaps the wind that had overthrown it.

Everyone had done all that could be done to make shop or residence gay, with bunting, ribbons and streamers, for the carnival. One street had even been cleaned, although on nearby streets the dead horses were yet lying, and in the clean street there was a booth for the señoras and señoritas to sit and review the passing show.

I spent next day an hour at the carnival; it was well worth while. Beautifully decorated carriages passed and repassed; as they went along streamers of paper ribbon were thrown over them and confetti already carpeted the street. There were cleverly decorated horses, too, although the horses themselves needed an internal decoration of oats and alfalfa. One motor car took part in the parade, and an ingenious youth mounted a bicycle on stilts, so that he was far aloft. With grave, courteous merriment the parade wended its way back and forth, back and forth; endlessly the colored ribbons were thrown and endlessly the clouds of confetti filled the air. It was all the echo of other carnivals held in Spain and Italy, in cities in the far-distant North, and cities of South America. There were seven balls in Gallegos that night; I think my Spanish friends attended each one, coming home at daybreak and arising next day at two o'clock.

My stay at Gallegos was far longer than I had planned or wished. I must await the coming of a steamer to take me northward, and that perhaps would not arrive for weeks—"quien sabe?" (who knows?) The steamers that plied that coast stopped at many ports and discharged cargo or loaded wool. Meanwhile, I was forced to make the best of it. I found it was impossible to hire a horse during the carnival, or to buy one. However, I was not idle; various estancieros came to town, and I interviewed them. There was James Welsh, manager, with his

estancia only eighty miles inland, and 80,000 sheep under his care. Mr. Welsh came to town to deliver some thousands of fat sheep to the canning factory. This great establishment could take thousands of sheep each day, with despatch and some neatness, and put them in tins for England.

The sheep were bought by the head, although it was a rule that they must weigh a certain amount dressed. Thus Mr. Welsh remained some days during the killing of his sheep, and weighed a lot of their carcasses after they were dressed, until both he and the killers were satisfied with the average. Mr. Welsh sold the wethers for about \$2.25 per head. They were good ones, but only fat enough for canning. There had been a most serious drouth, and while drouth is a normal condition here this one had been unusually prolonged, and sheep were not considered fat. Mr. Welsh had on the river Coyle a few little meadows of native grass that he cut for his horses during winter. He knew the country well and thought that there was no room for another sheep in it, so well was it all taken and stocked. He left, after delivering his sheep, for Punta Arenas to secure a lot of Romney rams. He had lived in Texas and longed to see the the states again. He had built adobe houses on the estancia and rode in an American motor car with high wheels, which were necessary because the rivers are not bridged. He made his estancia pay 20 per cent dividends to the owners.

I spent hours in the wool-sorting sheds, seeing

the deftness with which the sorters selected fleeces and put those of one quality by themselves, so that when finally the wool reached Germany it was ready with no further assorting for the machines. Wool was the topic of conversation here—wool and mutton, and the prospect of the forthcoming winter. If a hard winter came with much snow many sheep would die, possibly nearly all of them. It was March, and that means September down there; little grass would grow after that time. Thus there was uneasiness among the estancieros. Snow is more apt to lie here than along the Straits of Magellan, and sometimes losses among sheep are most severe. Men told stories of hard winters that piled snow over the tops of fences, and of how the sheep drifted out of the pastures and off, no one knew where, so that the losses were almost entire in some instances. Nothing could be fed them, of course, for there is as yet absolutely no agriculture here and God only knows whether there will ever be.

AN ESTANCIERO AND HIS GARDEN.

There was also another interesting estanciero, Mr. Felton, who came in the early days from the Falkland islands and settled on the river. He owns 20,000 sheep and is rich and prosperous. He keeps his own sailboat for bringing down wool and taking back supplies, but his garden interested me most. It is a wonder, a subject of conversation all over Patagonia. It is surrounded by high walls and fences to break the wind, and is supplied with

a primitive irrigation system. Here Mr. Felton grows apples, cherries, currants, gooseberries, vegetables and many flowers. Scoffers say that he spends as much effort on his garden as on all the rest of his estancia; perhaps it is worth as much to him. He was a most interesting man, a typical colonial Britisher, observing the niceties of life, taking his wife occasionally for a season in London, loving good living and comfort and yet a fine, sturdy, energetic, enthusiastic man, well worth knowing. He had so well tested the plants of the world that he had growing in his garden the buffalo berry, a native to our dry western plains.

Wind, Mr. Felton says, is the worst enemy of plant life in Patagonia. It curiously influences vegetation. He had growing the Lombardy poplar, a tree naturally very erect, tall and slender. Feeling the wind, it had grown a short, stout, stocky trunk, double its normal diameter, and was only half its normal height, but high enough, no doubt. How furiously the wind blew. It would clean the streets of Gallegos, drifting sand and debris up against the houses, or perhaps it would take all out to the vacant spaces beyond. I met coming down the street a small flock of empty kerosene tins, tumbling merrily over and over up the street.

“That is some wind,” I remarked to a native.

“What! Do you call this wind? Why, man, when it really blows hard here you could see cast iron stoves rolling along the street instead of empty tins.”

I believed him. Every house is encased in close-fitting galvanized iron, which effectually keeps the wind out. It is a windy country.

“It is a lovely climate,” said Alfred Barclay, manager of the English canning factory and the new frigorifico, just erected. Later he explained that the climate is finer in winter, that then the wind does not blow. I should say that I saw it blow fully fifty miles an hour while I was there. However, the skies were very beautiful. Usually the sun was bright and when there were clouds they were often light, fleecy, seemingly existing merely for ornament. In the evenings there would be the most marvelous sunsets that I have seen anywhere—great banks of cloud, perhaps, with all the gorgeous colors that one could imagine. And yet little or no rain fell; what showers came were hungrily swept up by the mad wind. It is in winter when the snows melt and moisten the soil so that enough moisture accumulates to make the grass grow. Like our own West, a dry winter may mean starvation to the flocks; a snowy winter may mean the loss of many sheep, but those that live through will find grass in abundance.

The carnival terminated at last; most of the people of Gallegos sobered up and a doleful lot they were for a time. Then I could hire horses and get into the camp. We left the last wayside drinking place, and entered a wide, flat plain, strewn for some miles with old tin cans, bottles, the remains of dead horses and other rubbish of the town. There

was a little grass, which was very short, and town horses nibbled it. It was unfenced fiscal land. Then the fences began and the estancias came into view; we entered a wide road, or "camino," about 100 meters wide, running straight back toward the Andes. The road was supposed to have grass on it for passing flocks of sheep and the bullocks that bring down the wool from the Andes. Alas, the grass had mostly disappeared and the wind blown away the top soil, revealing the gravel beds, of which most of Patagonia is composed. This is indeed all an old sea beach, not very long lifted above the sea, as a careful observer may readily understand.

The pastures were now on either side of us. The fences were splendidly strong, with their smooth wires passed through holes bored through the posts and likewise through wooden stays. All the wires were taut. South America has the best fences in the world. The sheep nibbled the short grass; they were Romneys, mostly, though there was some evidence of the blood of the Rambouillet-Merino. The sheep were in good condition, even though the grass was short.

We passed little huts of galvanized iron; these were for the "puesteros" or pasture attendants. There was not about these huts a shrub or a tree, nor rarely evidence of any women living there; perhaps that is a fortunate thing. The pastures were very large; they may contain 6,000 acres or much more. The puestero sees that the fences are good, that pumas do not kill, and keeps a sharp

lookout for the appearance of the dreaded disease, scab. It is seldom that the presence of scab, even at the outset, escapes his detection.

EL CAMINO DEL LANA—A HIGHWAY.

Let us imagine ourselves on the spot for the moment. What is this coming to meet us? A great cavalcade of ox carts laden with wool. What huge wheels they have. The oxen, great, gaunt, half-famished, patient creatures, come wearily on. Their swarthy drivers are Chilians. They may be good men, but they scarcely look it. Poor, weary oxen, you are near to the end of your long road. From the far-distant Andes have you come; weeks have you been on the way. The grass has been scanty, the load heavy, in places the road terrific. Soon now you will get at least a few feeds of alfalfa, I hope; then will you turn toward the mountain pastures again, but not with empty cart—no, they must carry back food, fence wires, all the hundreds of things that are needed in the distant camp. When, I wonder, will you ever have time to stand tranquil beside clear streams, filled with grass, and chewing the cud of contentment? Nevermore, perhaps, for this is a stern, cruel and savage land.

The boyeros (ox-drivers), walk beside their straining beasts with long goad sticks in their hands. They are as kind as they can be to their patient bueys (oxen), but, when once the load is on the cart and the start made for the sea, what would you do? Must not the wool come? Can the

drivers make grass to grow in the caminos? If the roads are bad, who is there to mend them where houses are leagues apart? It is indeed a terrible road—"el camino del lana," the road of the wool. Think what suffering exists for our comfort that we and others in chilly England may be warmed by these soft fleeces. The puestero endures life in a tiny iron hut, absolutely without pleasure, if his bottle of spirits has run dry. He rides endlessly through the bitter cold; he is howled at and flung about by the cruel wind. Thus are the sheep watched and the wool is grown. The sheep themselves endure the biting cold of winter, pawing their scanty grass from beneath the snow with their tiny feet, living through the winters, perhaps, and coming with joy to springtime. Then are the lambs born on the sheltered slopes; then springs the good green grass; then are the sheep happy enough. The wool is shorn by swift machines and baled in great bales. The bales are loaded on carts, the oxen are brought from the pastures and the wool begins its journey toward the coast, and toward our backs. It is a long trip, interesting to study.

There is no farming yet; there can be none until irrigation has been provided, so the poor bueys must get along as best they can. The boyeros are the Arabs of the camps; every man's hand is against them and their hand is against every man, yet they have certain sterling qualities—endurance and uncomplaining fortitude being the foremost. They follow their creaking carts and their straining beasts

all day. At night they perhaps hack down a fence post or two (in a land with no wood) and make their tiny camp fire. The wind howls and shrieks about their tiny camp; they huddle in their ponchos (cloaks) over the fire, sip eternally their mate (Paraguayan tea) and lie down to sleep in a bed that would freeze you in short order. Morning comes; early they are astir; the bueys are yoked with those curious Spanish yokes that attach to the horns and over the forehead, and the journey is begun again. When the port is reached, or one of the rare "boliches," or taverns, the boyeros drink, as might be expected. Sometimes, indeed, unless the "capitaz" (foreman) is along the caravan comes to a halt near the drinking place, for how long, *quien sabe?*

Death takes toll of the famished, over-driven bueys. One sees them dead along the way, or their skeletons picked clean by the little pampas foxes. Truly "el camino del lana" is one of the most terrible in the world, and the memory of it will go with me, unwelcome though it be, to my last day.

There is wool back by the Andes that has waited for years to be shipped. Transportation is one of the great problems of Patagonia. There is not enough freight to justify railways; no one has yet shown how to inaugurate agriculture. Rio Gallegos is a fine stream, affording probably enough irrigation water for 50,000 acres; some day surely it will be dammed, put into canals, made to grow alfalfa and perhaps wheat, and then there will be

less reason for setting famished oxen to terrible tasks.

FARMING ON THE RIO GALLEGOS.

Always a dreamer of dreams, I seemed to foresee the day when the Gallegos would flow through great canals from the interior, bringing down the wool in barges—bringing its life-giving waters to wide stretches of alfalfa. The estancieros replied that the wind would blow away the soil, were it plowed, clear down to the rounded cobblestones of the subsoil. This would no doubt be true; only that irrigation could precede the plow. Wet soil does not drift, and once alfalfa was established the soil would blow no more. Dreams, these, but I am sure that the world-hunger for land to till will some day make them come true.

Speaking of dreams, how I longed to be appointed governor of the territory of Santa Cruz. Nowhere else in the world, I feel assured, is there so much to be done as here. With a government intelligent and constructive, a slight tax on the estancias would provide funds, so that water could be brought from Rio Gallegos, the town provided with streets from the millions of tons of fine gravel at hand, and a plaza, with grass, flowers and possibly trees would come. How the fine, intelligent estancieros about Gallegos and all over Santa Cruz would welcome such a change. Now when they wish to go to town, they go far to Punta Arenas, or to London.

I did not penetrate very far into the interior because there was not time; but I went far enough to see that the land consists of great plains, plateaus, or a series of mesas. Usually it is all smooth and grassy, as would be the plains of the more thinly grassed parts of eastern Colorado. Sometimes one would find small shrubs, among them the califate, a wild barberry with big, sweet, delicious berries. This fruit should be in cultivation in North America. I learned, with delight, that the Scotch broom has gone wild here; I wish the gorse might be introduced for its shelter and beauty, as well as its tender, nourishing twigs which sheep eat.

EARLY DAYS IN PATAGONIA.

One night at the hotel Herbert Felton told me the story of his coming to Patagonia, and his settlement at Killik-aike. From the bleak, windswept, peaty pastures of the Falklands he came in 1887—up overland from Punta Arenas, spying out what was a virgin land. With good judgment he chose for his location the riverside, where he could load wool in his own sloop and take it to port. Two years later he brought sheep from the Falkland Islands. At first they were herded during the day by mounted shepherds and dogs and corralled at night. He had the usual difficulties of pioneers. He once caught a puma by its tail as it was crawling in between some rocks. He had no fear of the animal. Once a fire swept away his shearing sheds and his wool clip, just as he was

ready to enjoy the fruits of his labors, but gradually he took firm anchor. Fences made herding easy, his sheep increased like the sands of the sea and new sheds replaced the ones burned. His sheep graze over 175 miles of territory, and his 30,000 sheep, wisely managed, enabled him and his wife to live where they would; indeed they have made more than one trip to London during the season. But they loved Patagonia, loved their garden, which they achieved with such labor and care, were in perfect health and would not be long satisfied in any other spot.

One day we rode on native hard-gaited ponies to an estancia at the crossing of Rio Gallegos. A new iron bridge was being erected—a godsend to all the country to the north of the river, for swimming sheep and horses has been perilous work in the past. I quote from my diary:

“Mr. Carr’s estancia house is a low one-story iron affair, as are all the houses in this land of high winds. Within we found comfort, coziness, almost elegance. Various illustrated London papers were in the tiny drawing room; our hostess served us with a four-course dinner, a white-capped maid doing deft service. Coffee was served in the drawing-room. Mr. Carr told us of his experiences of early days in Tierra del Fuego, when the Indians were troublesome. He lived there then and knew all the terror of the Indian raid, the following of flocks driven off in the night, the sickening horror of finding the sheep dead in bogs or disemboweled

by the wanton savages. It was necessary practically to exterminate the Tierra del Fuego Indians before sheep could safely be grown there. In Patagonia the Indians were never numerous or troublesome; they had melted away now, disappearing before the white man much as our own Indians have done in North America. Some had gone to work for the estancieros; others were near the Andes where grass was better and water more plentiful.

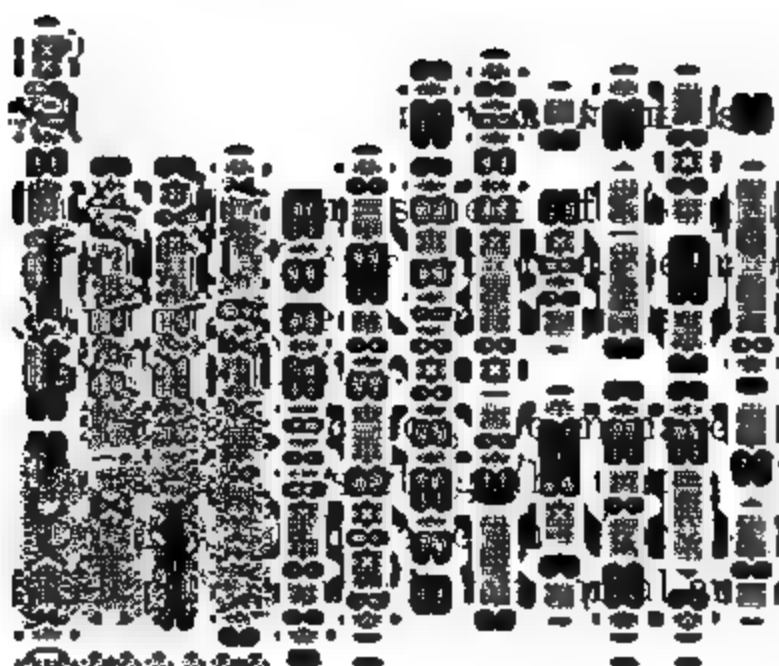
“Both Mr. Felton and Mr. Carr told of their trouble with guanacos. These singular beasts are of the camel tribe; they stand about six feet tall and have slender necks and small heads. They are yellowish in color. They once existed in countless numbers along the coasts. They broke the fences because they had not learned to jump over them. The beasts were of no value excepting that their skins made good bed covers. After a time they became wary and difficult to shoot. However, their numbers were now much diminished. The ostrich also once existed here, but it was nearly extinct.”

A PATAGONIAN ESTANCIA.

Best of all my memories of Rio Gallegos is my visit to Estancia Chymen Aike. I made two starts for Chymen Aike; the first one was unsuccessful because my horse gave out and I had to make an inglorious retreat to Gallegos to feed it and rest it—things that evidently its owner had neglected to do for some days. Next day the horse showed its gratitude and drew two of us, Dr. Richelet and myself,

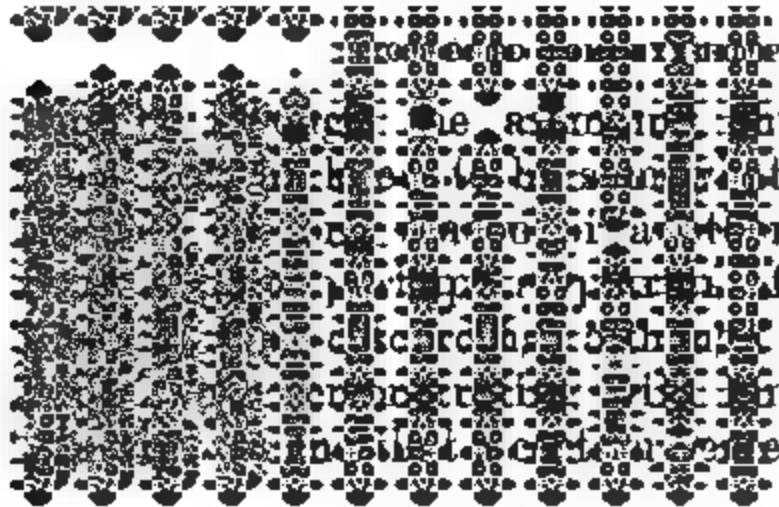
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Mr. McLeod is a most thorough man. He dips his sheep with such care that he keeps the estancia practically free from scab—that disease of the skin that is caused by an insect almost microscopically small and that if allowed to develop has a terrible effect on its unhappy host. He had just told me that for a year there had been no sign of the trouble, when his face grew stern and troubled. “Catch that sheep,” he called to his Scotch shepherds, and a ram was dragged out and examined. On its shoulder was a patch of wool licked until it was white. It was the first symptom of infection. The shepherds were new from Scotland. “I have never seen scab before,” one after the other confessed. “Well, now you know what to watch for. These rams ought to have been found and dipped before this.” They were put in a pen by themselves, the half-dozen that undeniably were scabby to be immediately dipped, although all the lot would go through the vat within a short time. In the dense mob of rams Mr. McLeod discovered a woebegone sheep that did not belong there. “Catch that scabby stray,” he said. It was a mass of scab in an advanced stage. “This is none of our sheep. I don’t know where it came from, how it got through our fences or who helped it over them, but that sheep is the source of our trouble. Take it down the hill and cut its throat.”

“Why, Mr. McLeod,” I cried, “can you not cure it?”

“Yes, no doubt, but it is worth no more than eight shillings; why would I run the risk of having such a sheep about for eight shillings? It is hard to cure them when they are so bad as this one; it takes several dippings to do the work.”

The rams were fat and fine, by far the most active sheep that I had ever seen, barring the Black-face sheep in the Highlands of Scotland. The men work them always on horseback, with dogs, and gently as one might guess, being Scots, but they are too active to be worked on foot and the distances are too great.

Down in the boiler room of the dipping house, where the bath is heated, there was a sight that made me wonder: a great pile of fuel neatly corded up, ready to be used in heating the boiler. It was a pile of some tons of the feet and legs of sheep, cut off just above the knees. These had been gathered up all over the estancia, wherever a sheep had died, and accumulated as sheep were killed to be eaten. Truly an enormous flock could have walked off on those little black feet. It illustrated the old truth, once expressed by Virgil—“the sheep is ever an unhappy flock.” Even in favored Patagonia the sheep is not immortal. It must be remembered that in this cold, treeless country fuel is an important item; all coal is brought from England and quite generally dried sheep manure from the corrals is used as a substitute.

A little before lunch time we went to Mr. McLeod's house where a surprise awaited me. The

house sits down in a little rounded, smooth hollow or valley, grassy on the sides and bottom, and quite hidden as one rides across the plain. It is a modest structure, though so ambitious as to have two stories, but it is surrounded with glass-covered porches, much like conservatories, and has a small yard enclosed by a tight board fence to break the wind. The door yard was a mass of bloom. Nowhere else in the world have I seen a gayer sight; nowhere else surely do flowers bloom so freely as here, although one must of course plant only very hardy things, as marigolds, pansies, daisies, broom and the like. Mrs. McLeod was a delight to meet. Keenly intelligent yet warm in her greetings, she made us feel as though we were in Scotland in the edge of the Highlands. She was from the islands of the west coast of Scotland and she found that seeds brought from there usually throve at Chymen Aike, if they had water and shelter from wind. Inside the glass-covered porches there was a riot of bloom—a hundred flowers and all blooming for dear life. The home was comfortable and filled with good books and English periodicals; in fact, once one was within the walls of Chymen Aike one was transported thousands of miles from the bleakness of the Patagonian plains to modern, civilized land, with many of the finest cultural influences.

Chymen Aike is in many ways a model estancia. It is situated so that it suffers little from either drouth or excess of snow, and is well grassed and finely equipped. Best of all it is beautifully man-

aged. I may here copy a part of an inventory lent me by Mr. McLeod:

“Sixteen leagues (about 100,000 acres) of land, all freehold; 135 miles of fence; the shearing shed; six houses; the manager’s house, wells and American windmills; 29,000 sheep; 65 cattle; 100 horses.”

The sheep were worth a little less than \$2.00 a head. The year under review there was marketed 192,760 pounds of wool. The sheep sheared a little less than 7 pounds per head, which is fairly good, considering that many of them are ewes suckling lambs and that they are never fed. I quote again from my note book:

“This land cost originally about \$70,000. It would now be worth much more than that. It is divided into pastures of from 175 to 12,000 acres each. In these pastures are cottages where live Scotch shepherds. The shepherds have horses and try to see all of the sheep under their charge each day. As a matter of fact, this rarely is possible, but at least once in a few days the eye of the shepherd is on each sheep. A man may have 10,000 sheep under his care; oftener he has no more than 3,000 to 5,000 head. His duty is to see that the fences are intact; that no scab appears among his sheep; that pumas and wild dogs do not trouble. The wages of the shepherds vary; new men receive \$25 per month, and old faithful men as much as \$40. As a rule they provide their own food, sold to them from the estancia at very moderate prices. At Christmas time the faithful men receive gifts of

\$15 each. A few Argentines and Chilians are employed. Mr. McLeod had much to say to me about his help problem. He finds the Argentines good workers but they can not endure to stay long in Patagonia.

Old or decrepit sheep are not permitted to die on the pastures if it can be avoided; instead the shepherds kill them, take off their skins and send their bodies to the rendering plant where the tallow is extracted. Every sort of practical economy is found at Chymen Aike. The great shearing sheds and wool warehouse were as modern and good as could be made. Gasoline power turned the machinery. The wool was very carefully assorted and baled on the place, and then sent direct to London. The rams were nearly all of Romney blood, pure or in part, and the ewes showed one or two crosses of this blood. The wool was so carefully assorted and marked that the buyer in London knew exactly what he was getting. The bellies were taken off, and baled separately, and rams' fleeces were by themselves. A bale of wool weighs from 500 to more than 700 pounds. I quote from the invoice a description of a few bales:

“Mark 116, 2d cross ewes, weight 730. Mark 117, 1st cross ewes, weight 735 pounds. Mark 157, bellies, weight 656 pounds. Mark 72, 1st cross hogs (lambs), weight 705 pounds”—and so on for all the 410 bags described and consigned.

Estancia Chymen Aike sends to its owner in London a revenue of from \$30,000 to \$40,000 each

year. It is, however, exceptionally well located and exceptionally well managed.

Malcolm McLeod showed us with some pride his vegetable garden, wherein grew well all manner of hardy things, with currants and gooseberries galore. He had also a little alfalfa, not irrigated, and so not very thrifty. It was probably the most southern alfalfa field in the world. At the time of my visit all of the estancieros were apprehensive of what the winter might bring. A hard winter with deep snow coming with pastures nearly bare would mean the loss of many sheep. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—sometimes, and this was one of the times, for the winter proved astonishingly mild, indeed almost frostless, although on occasion the mercury has been known to drop 40 degrees below zero.

AN OLD COLONIST, JOHN SCOTT.

I met at Chymen Aike a fine old English colonist and flockmaster, John Scott. As he had had experience of starting two new sheep farms, he was able to give interesting data. The laws of Argentina, of which Santa Cruz is a territory, divide land, according to their fitness for cultivation or for pasturage, and sell or lease them in tracts fitting the use. In this region one could purchase eight leagues and lease eight more adjoining, thus giving one approximately 100,000 acres of land. This is considered a tract of the right size for economical management. One expert and well paid man-

ager and one good central station with dips and shearing sheds could nicely take care of the sheep of 100,000 acres. Such a tract of land would carry from 16,000 to 50,000 sheep, depending on how well it was grassed and somewhat upon the shelter for winter. It would all be carefully fenced, provided with pastures and huts in the pastures for shepherds and possibly with telephones to the huts, as is done at Chymen Aike. Mr. Scott says that to the northwest of the territory of San Julian there is yet much unoccupied land that is dry and thinly grassed, yet it is capable with windmills and wells of supporting many sheep. He made for me the following estimate of the cost of acquiring land in southern Patagonia. I may as well note, however, that since that time the laws have been modified:

He applies for a tract of eight leagues, let us say, or about 50,000 acres. His first payment is to fee a lawyer in Buenos Aires, \$1,600 (paper money). He then pays a rental in advance, \$1,600. He must then fence the land, costing about \$20,000. He then pays an official surveyor \$1,600. Then for five years he pays an annual rental of \$1,600 for his eight leagues. If he has complied with all of these provisions he can at the end of five years buy this land at a cost of \$10,000 per league or \$80,000 for his 50,000 acres. As these figures are in Argentine paper money, worth about 42½ cents of our money, it will be seen that the land is sold for about 75 cents an acre. It requires from three to six acres to keep a sheep a year.

The government wisely prohibits a man from selling his land before he has been on it the required time, and he must have perfected title. That makes it difficult for large companies to monopolize the land. The advantage to the estanciero of having a title to his land is important; he fences, builds and goes about his business, knowing well that it is permanent. This is in sad contrast with the condition of our own sheepowners on the western ranges, for our laws do not permit leases of pasture lands nor the sale of them in tracts large enough to put our own sheep breeding on a business footing.

Not every one in Patagonia becomes wealthy at sheep-farming. The winter of 1900 was a hard one, and Mr. Scott lost the third of his sheep. The winter of 1904 found him in the Gallegos district with 30,000 sheep. Snow fell eighteen inches deep on the level, and 16,000 died. Mr. Scott says that the wild guanacos died sooner than the sheep, not having the instinct to paw away the snow from the grass. He is now farming in the San Julian country, a few hundred miles to the north, where it is higher and drier and his camp will carry only from 500 to 1,000 sheep to the league. He finds on that dry land a considerable amount of Merino blood useful.

ROMNEY SHEEP IN PATAGONIA.

I have mentioned the large use of Romney rams in Patagonia. It is a breed with a curious history. In Kent, England, there is a large tract of low rich land termed marsh. It is drained, as are the lands

of Holland, and is not now wet. It is, however, marvelous grass land and is given over chiefly to pasture. In winter it is a bleak wind-swept country. On the marsh sheep live as they do in Patagonia; that is, out in the pastures all their lives, being seldom if ever fed. The sheep are not so large as the Lincolns and Cotswolds, are rather coarse-wooled and very hardy and active. There are several more highly finished and perfected breeds in England, but the Romneys brought with them the qualities of endurance and the habit of getting a living from grass, be it lush or scant, so in this far southern region the breed supplants all others. The one rival is the Corriedale of New Zealand.

The Corriedale is a hybrid sheep, resulting from crossing the Australian type of Merino with the Romney, Lincoln, and Leicester; that is, different New Zealand breeders used different material in beginning the making of the hybrid Corriedale. Later the types were blended by interbreeding. Corriedales are smaller than Romneys, with finer wool more densely set. They are favorites around Punta Arenas and the great Explotadora company uses many rams of this breeding. Sheep in South America are in layers, as one might say. At the bottom, where cold is most intense, and conditions are most severe, there are Corriedales and Romneys, with Romneys leading. Northward where pastures are more scanty and wool, not mutton, must be the chief consideration, one finds the large Merinos of Rambouillet type. Some hundreds of miles yet

further northward one comes to the fat, clover-covered pastures of the agricultural provinces, with a climate that will permit oranges to grow, and here the Rambouillet, once universal, is being displaced by the stately Lincolns.

PRICES OF WOOL AND MUTTON.

What do South American estancieros receive for their wool and mutton? In 1911, the year of my visit, wools at Punta Arenas were bought at prices ranging from 14 to 20 cents per pound. To place such wool in New York would cost about 2 cents per pound, including freight, insurance and commissions. It is good wool—better in some ways than we produce, being cleaner and stronger. From the little port of Gallegos in 1910 was exported nearly 6,500,000 pounds of wool, most of it going to England and Germany. We could obtain a lot of mutton from this region and perhaps some day we may be compelled to, if we need it, although it would seem that our own farmers might and ought to furnish us with all the meats that we need. At Rio Seco, on the straits, I secured figures showing the cost approximately of laying down prime lamb mutton in London. For 1911 the cost was a little under 6 cents a pound. It is impossible for our farmers on their high-priced lands and with their dear labor and expensive costs of forage and grain to produce live mutton for what could be laid down in New York prime dressed and frozen Patagonian lambs.

We may have to come to this, but I hope it will

not be for many years. Our farmers are now for the first time in many years getting on their feet. Low prices for meats would put them back and stop farm development; the building of good country homes, the education of farm boys and girls and in the end nearly the entire country might suffer because when the farmer has money to spend it makes the mill wheels to turn, and when he is hard up industry languishes.

A MINISTER'S WEARY PILGRIMAGES.

One day I met Rev. J. Stanley Smith, a Church of England minister. He was a fine, manly, athletic, companionable man, and the story of his adventures would make a book. His parish includes 50,000 square miles. He has a church at Punta Arenas and makes endless pilgrimages among the estancieros up and down the coast and far to the interior. The parson goes out without purse or scrip or horse of his own; he is welcome everywhere, kept as long as he will stay and then is provided with fresh horses and sent on to the next estancia. At one place he will baptize a baby, at another he may (but this rarely) solemnize a marriage or he may administer the sacrament. He cheers the lonely women; rallies the men who may be inclined to be a bit careless in matters both temporal and spiritual; gathers the children about him and tells them stories of the world and of his adventures. Altogether he is as sane, wholesome, inspiring a young man as any I know.

Illustrating the difference in men, I later met a solemn, sourfaced young man, also a missionary but of a different sect. To him I spoke my appreciation of Rev. Smith.

“Ah, yes, he may be all that, but I have my doubts as to the soundness of his theology,” was the sour one’s reply. What a fine rebuke the Master would have for that misguided and mistaught man, who puts theology before manliness, love and helpfulness.

BACK IN THE ANDES.

I longed exceedingly to go back to the foothills of the Andes. There one found magnificent scenery, with snow-capped mountains, forested slopes, hills waving in luxuriant grass, deep, clear lakes and springs and many little streams. The climate is better too back there, men say, but in winter there is danger of deep snow, and some men who have ventured to stock camps too high have lost every sheep in the winter. If one locates just right, not too near the mountains, not too remote, they say that he has fine grass and less violent wind. The difficulty is in getting down either wool or fat sheep from the rich pastures; the way is long and hard and there is no feed along it. I could not go back; there was not time. In truth, the trail of my pilgrimage was haunted with unsatisfied desires; there was never time to go into a thing so thoroughly as I wished.

One day we were suddenly all excitement at Gallegos; the steamer Sarmiento was coming down

from the North. She might bring mail; she was a large ship; she would carry us away. She looked exceedingly good out in the harbor, usually so bare of ships. We were to go aboard in the evening and sail early in next morning. I paid my bill; I wish I knew just what the señora said as she bade me "adios." I know that she sent with me wishes for a safe journey and her regards to my señora and all of my folk of whom she had heard. She was a good little hard-working woman of old Spain, a mother of twelve and a grandmother of many.

The steamer Sarmiento lay out a good way from the shore. We went down to the beach and waited in the darkness and chill until near midnight; then the crew appeared, whence I know not, took us on their backs, carried us to the boats and we rowed out to the ship. I was assuredly delighted to dislodge the cockroaches and stretch myself in my berth. Next morning we were yet in the harbor; more wool was coming out to us. At one o'clock we sailed, 24 hours later than we had expected. I simply mention this as a sample of Patagonian coastwise travel; one goes aboard and has patience, if one has to borrow it.

SANTA CRUZ.

The Sarmiento proceeded northward, stopped at nearly every port to take on wool or to discharge cargo. Our first port was Santa Cruz. I quote from my journal: "What a blow! I have never seen a worse one, coming from off shore, and the air is

full of dust. The wind blew so hard that it pulled the whistle cord and blew the whistle continuously until a sailor clambered up and made it fast. I learned from an observatory on shore that the wind blew at the rate of 90 kilometers an hour. We sounded the lead as we came in on high tide and approached till we had only six fathoms under us. As the tide falls here at least nine fathoms, it was interesting to know that where we were surrounded by huge waves would presently be a shingle bed only. It was interesting to see the landing. We have a steam launch about twenty feet long, built of steel and covered over much like a turtle. It is a powerful little launch. As we near port the negro engineer gets up a head of steam, then as the anchor falls the launch is lifted up and swung over the rail, and lowered to the water, when she darts away, climbing splendidly over the great waves, plunging fearlessly down into the trough of the sea and climbing out again. I admire very much the plucky negro engineer and the steersman who stands with legs well braced and a tiller in hand, guiding his brave little craft. A big barge is let down from the forward deck; the launch takes it in tow; passengers are let down, with their baggage and whatever freight there may be, and the launch goes puffing away for the land. It looks perilous and, indeed, three of these steel launches have been swamped by heavy seas and sank like lead during the past few months. The danger is if a big wave strikes the launch aft, where it is not decked over,

one good wave breaking over her here and she sinks like an iron kettle. I saw a deed of daring, just now; the launch brought out a barge laden with wool bales and the wind and waves were too much for her; she could not hold it. After a hard struggle she got under the lee of the ship and lines were made fast to the barge. The sailors worked like heroes, drenched with the icy water, flattened by the furious wind. One bale went adrift, a loss of more than \$100, and all the bales were soaked.

“Santa Cruz is a small village of iron houses with red roofs. It also has a church. It is lucky that these furious winds usually blow from off shore. It is a curious thought that there is not in all lower Patagonia one village away from the sea coast, and I question whether there will be for many years to come.

DRINKING “MATE.”

“March 9: One of our passengers is a young Argentine of Spanish blood, perhaps tinged with Indian. He has exceedingly black hair and a black mustache that is beautifully curled, a handsome, eager face and the finest dark, flashing eyes that I have ever seen. Mentally I have dubbed him “the revolutionist”; he is fiery; his gestures are animated and even daring. He is to be chief of police somewhere along this coast, and is with us. Together we struggle with language; he tries to read English and I Spanish. I flatter myself that I read Spanish better than he reads English. Last night

he invited me to "tome mate" or take native Paraguayan tea with him in his room, which I did, in company with other men. Taking mate is an important function in Argentina; in truth, in all of South America. You have a small, flat gourd, which you fill half full of the dried mate leaves (it is pronounced ma-ta) and then pour in hot water. Through a silver tube you suck the tea, then hand it to a neighbor, who sucks more, and so on around the circle, filling the gourd with hot water from time to time. The mate does not seem to lose its strength with the dilution. All Argentines are enthusiastic over the healthful qualities of mate. To me it seemed only a kind of tea of unusual strength; it made me dream astonishing dreams, so I did not persist in its use. One day we landed our elegant, fiery young Spanish man at his village, a most forlorn assemblage of iron huts and none too many of them. He looked a bit aghast, but tried to smile and be brave about it. I do not think that he has ever before been far from the cafes and the señoritas. No doubt he was sent down here to pay some political debt; a new administration has come in."

It is astonishing, almost incredible, how much mate is used in South America. One sees great bullock carts going into the interior laden with supplies for the estancias. Far more than half the provisions would be of mate, in great cylindrical packages of bull hide, with the hair on. The peons (laborers) are nearly carnivorous in their diet; mutton, mate and a few hard biscuits form their daily

food. I have seen peons on an estancia sit and drink mate for two hours in the cool of the morning. It seems not to harm them, although it is a decided stimulant—more than is tea. Some have complained to me that they felt the worse for drinking overmuch mate; travelers, however, in remote parts who can not get bread or vegetables and must live chiefly on meat, report that mate is under such conditions beneficial in its effect.

SEÑOR BEHR AGAIN.

The lower Patagonian coast is alive with sea birds, which are curious and interesting to see. At Santa Cruz came aboard my young friend, Señor Behr, who had made a journey to his father's estancia and was returning. He had found things in good condition; it is a new estancia and they are fencing and building. On his way out, a journey of some ninety miles, he one morning missed his horses, and got a late start. Night overtook him far out on the plain; he lay down on the earth and covered himself with his poncho, or cloak. Fortunately he had also a guanaco skin robe or quilt; else he might have perished of cold. It was a very long night, said Señor Behr, with the wind tugging at his covering and his teeth chattering with cold. This was only the 10th of March, equivalent to our Sept. 10.

One day we lay at anchor all day long, waiting for the tide to be right to let us in to the port of San Julian. After discharging passengers there

we bore away for Deseado, the Port Desire of Darwin. As we proceeded northward the coast rose into higher plateaus, all of the same bare, desolate nature—a “damned and desolate coast,” as Charles Darwin termed it. Indeed, the country for hundreds of miles here would be of no use were it not that sheep thrive on its dry but moderately grassy plains. There are wild ostriches and guanacos in plenty. Darwin should have foreseen that where they thrive sheep could follow. Steadily, as we proceeded northward, the desert character of the country increased, there was less rain and snow, more desert shrubs, less grass and no danger of sheep dying from being overcome with snow in the winter.

PORT DESEADO.

Eagerly we looked forward to reaching Deseado. Many years ago there had been planted by its fine harbor a Spanish colony. The remains of the solidly built stone buildings yet were there. The desert nature of the back country and the Indians drove away the colonists. They left behind them, so rumor said, a tree. That tree yet existed and could be seen. From my journal:

“The harbor of Deseado is rock-bound like the harbors of the Island of Jersey. The water is clear and lovely; above the low cliffs perched a village of galvanized iron houses, very picturesque. A rocky cañon came down here and a foot-path led up it; I walked far until I found the tree. It is a lombardy poplar, fresh and green, but not very old,

There were sweet cherry trees here, too, sheltered from the wind. They seemed to be quite wild and growing naturally—the only trees within some hundreds of miles, but it is evident that they would grow here, with moisture and wind protection. This is the terminus of the state railway line, a new project now under construction. The work thus far seems substantially done. How good it seemed to see a railway, with cars, locomotives and all that. The village is interesting and developing rapidly. Englishmen are opening up sheep-farms along the new line. One English estanciero, Digby Grist, told me that he had lived in Australia and considered this a safer country for sheep, as there are here no continued drouths. He says that the climate at his estancia, not far above Deseado, is sometimes almost tropical and that in the desert shrubs grow in the spring many very lovely wild flowers. Sheep here eat the bush more than they do grass, for grass is rather in scant supply.”

The scheme of the government was to build this railway clear into the back country by the Andes, and then northward to connect with the other railway systems of Argentina. One may doubt the line's paying well, as there is so little agriculture possible. There are only a few streams and no agriculture is possible without irrigation. However through the aid of the railway the government is selling land rapidly. We took on quite a number of passengers at Deseado, many of them capitalists of the north country who had come to look at land.

They were not so much caring to embark in stock-raising as they were hoping to share in the enormous increase in land values that have made many men rich in the North. Here, alas, I fear they are foredoomed to disappointment. The lands of the North need no irrigation; they are exceedingly rich, and need only the tickling of the plow and seed to throw out bounteous harvests. Can this cold southern desert repeat the performance of the northern fertile plain? Deseado is in the latitude of Seattle and Duluth and has a reputed climate like that of Santa Fe, New Mexico. I imagine it has sometimes pretty cold winters, however, and there is no month in the year when it may not freeze if a wind blows persistently from the south.

Wind is the bane of Patagonia. It blows nearly every day from the land to the sea and often with terrific force. In riding horseback across the plains my horse and I had to lean at a considerable angle against the wind and sand, and small pebbles would strike my face and nearly blind me. Without its wind, it would have a magnificent climate; as it is I suppose it is the most healthful climate in the world. It is too dry and too sunny for germs. The dead horses in the streets of Gallegos simply lie there, flattened by the wheels of the bullock carts, until they are worn out and were not offensive to the Galleganos.

Always, I think, will Patagonia be a land of dry plains, brushy or grassy, as one chances to find it, with sheep and, in sheltered valleys where there is

chance for irrigation, alfalfa. That marvelous clover is now growing luxuriantly on Rio Chico near the port of Santa Cruz. It was interesting to note that as we proceeded northward from the straits we found first the Romney sheep kept because they produced such good wool and with it fine mutton; then as we came on and the rainfall became less and the pastures more scanty we found men using admixtures of Merino and Romney blood. Now at Deseado Merinos are chiefly in use.

Rio Santa Cruz is a great river, coming down from the Andes. Darwin with the ship's boats tried unsuccessfully to explore it to its source, turning back when he was in sight of the Cordilleras. Had he gone a little higher he would have come to a pastoral paradise, with grass, trees, hills and valleys and a marvelously beautiful lake, Lago Argentino. The river is navigable but the current is swift and there are jagged rocks in its bed. While I was in the country navigation was begun by means of a powerful gasoline boat. With navigation a marvelous and beautiful country will be opened and further streams of beef, mutton and wool will flow to Europe and perhaps to North America. This seems ultimately inevitable.

ALONG THE COAST OF ARGENTINA.

From my note book I quote: "As I progress northward along the coast of Patagonia I am more and more impressed with the immense stretch of country it presents. I learn, too, that while in the

region close to the Straits of Magellan the land is now all taken and most of it is fully stocked and even overstocked, yet here in the more northern parts is a vast amount of unoccupied land, all good sheep land, though having capacity of only 800 to 1,000 head per league (nearly 6,250 acres). The aspect of the country remains strikingly similar, though there are here and there high parts, like our buttes or mesas of the West, but nowhere true mountains east of the Cordilleras. Thus far I have seen no trees save a few stunted ones in cañons. Thus far almost all the settlement has been by Englishmen, and where the Argentines own land they quite often employ English managers, who have the training and capacity for the constructive work that is to be done.

“The weather seems most capricious; at one hour warm and sunny, again tempestuous and cold as ice. I am now in the region of a government railway-building enterprise. There is absolutely no agriculture possible here without irrigation, which is today impossible, though no doubt some day the rivers will some of them be turned out of their beds and alfalfa be grown. The soil everywhere shows evidence of having in comparatively recent times been under the sea; it is almost uniformly stony or gravelly, but it is probably quite fertile, with water. Traveling leisurely along the coast by ship gives one an opportunity to meet the estancieros and secure useful information. I wish to get down here the story of a Patagonian pioneer, Señor Auguste

Guillaume, one of the most interesting figures in the early history of the country.

A PATAGONIAN PIONEER.

“In 1873 Señor Guillaume first crossed Patagonia, going from Punta Arenas north to Golfo San Jorge, returning to Punta Arenas. He saw few Indians on this journey; in fact, the Indians avoided the coast country, as it was usually without water for themselves or their horses, and the pasturage is far better westward toward the Cordilleras, where the rainfall is more abundant. In 1880 Señor Guillaume took sheep south from the province of Rio Negro to Rio Coyle, not far from Gallegos. The journey took one year. The sheep were grade Merinos. For some years he lived on the Coyle, with his sheep, which thrived. In 1904, the year of the hard winter, he had 14,000 sheep. Of these 2,000 died and 5,000 wandered away as the snow in drifts was higher than the fences. He never recovered any of the 5,000, although he learned that some of them reached Lago Argentino, 200 miles away.

“Señor Guillaume is now located near Rio Santa Cruz. On 16 leagues (about 100,000 acres) of land he keeps 20,000 sheep. The land is fenced and divided into seven pastures. His ewes are of Romney type, mixed with Rambouillet-Merino. He uses Rambouillet rams. His flock has averaged 6.6 pounds. He sold his last clip for \$10.50, or nearly exactly 21 cents per pound, American money. The wool clip realized him gross \$27,720, American

money. The present wool clip will scarcely realize so much as that, since wool now is very much lower in price than it was then.

“The expenses on this estancia are light. In busy season ten men are employed, usually but four, whose wages are \$70 to \$80 per month, Argentine paper (worth 44 cents in gold). They have meat furnished, but buy their food in addition. The land cost Señor Guillaume \$10,000 in Argentine money per league (\$4,400 in gold) or \$35,000 gold for the 8 leagues. (He leases eight leagues). What it cost to fence and stock I could not ascertain. It seems evident, however, that this is a very profitable estancia. Señor Guillaume says that by far the best grass is west near the Cordilleras, but the cost of getting down the wool from there, a distance of eighty to 100 leagues, is too much to leave a good profit. The camps near the Cordilleras he also considers dangerous because of snows in winter, though many of them could cut and stack hay. He says that the territory of Santa Cruz is far from being stocked, and that it could easily carry many thousands more sheep than at present, his exact term being “millions” more, which is evidently careless speaking. He says the government does not grant land freely enough to permit the most rapid settlement; that is, the government reserves the best land for purposes of colonization instead of granting it to sheep-farmers at the standard price of \$10,000 per league of 6,250 acres (\$4,250 American money).

“March 12: This day has been a lovely day, after a night of storm. We have anchored a mile off shore (as we often do), and are taking on wool all day long by means of lighters and a small steam launch that we carry with us. We are now in the territory of Chubut. As we come northward the climate is more and more marked by aridity. The port of Rivadavia is the terminus of a new railway being built by the government. It is typical of the world-hunger for land and its products that there should be building here a railway, for the land near the coast is rough and barren. It is much like the dry parts of Arizona, with thorny shrubs, salt or bitter shrubs and thin, small grass beneath. I went a distance into the country and to a mountaintop, whence I could see for many miles. The interior, however, is a moister land than I explored along the coast. One finds many climatic peculiarities in this country that are difficult to explain.

“Here we loaded much wool in sacks in the manner of North America, whereas heretofore all of it has been baled in heavy, close bales. Near here is a colony of Boer farmers, of whom I hear various conflicting reports. It is evident that some of them are thriving. They are engaged in sheep-farming and in agriculture by irrigation. In truth, all that can be done with the land from here to Cape Horn is to keep sheep on it, and for that it is one of the best regions that I have ever seen, although parts of it require a great deal of land per sheep, say in the poorer parts eight to ten acres to one sheep.

Quite commonly 1,000 head are put to the league of 6,250 acres."

SHEEP BREEDING IN SANTA CRUZ.

I passed from the territory of Santa Cruz to the territory of Chubut. I gave but a most superficial study to the land and work of Santa Cruz, which was unavoidable in so limited a time. From all the evidence I could get and from the best men I gathered that the sheep breeding industry is capable of much expansion in Santa Cruz; that only the southern end is fully stocked, leaving the middle and drier parts and the western sections nearly bare of sheep, and that there can be but little doubt that there will be seen presently a considerable increase in the numbers of sheep and the output of wool in this region. Without railways it is difficult to see how sheep can get to the coast from the richest mutton-making regions of the Cordilleras. Nevertheless, it is evident that there will be likewise a large increase in the output of canned mutton and some development of frozen mutton as well. Probably each of these products will soon be at least doubled. There can be no question that sheep owners in Santa Cruz are making large profits. These are usually sent out of the country, to England, Scotland or Buenos Aires. No one, apparently, cares to make a home in this bleak, half-barren, wind-swept land.

According to the census of 1908, there were in Santa Cruz more than 2,000,000 sheep. They have

probably doubled in number since then, and there is doubtless room for 5,000,000. If the region along the Cordilleras can be opened up by railway or navigation, and if alfalfa comes along the rivers to help out the scanty grazing, the sheep population will vastly expand. Chubut, the territory lying next north, had in 1908 a few more than 2,000,000 sheep. Here, as we shall see, the numbers also increase. It is typical of the reaching out of man to the command of all the remote corners of earth that these deserts should be fenced, watered and then peopled with sheep, the wool of which goes to clothe men in many northern lands. Moreover, the lamb roasts produced here go to grace many a dinner table from Edinburgh to Cornwall. As in other parts of South America, the possibilities for sheep-raising are almost unlimited.

AT RIVADAVIA.

I quote from my journal: "I am having a great time studying Español. A señorita on the ship hears me read and says that I read very well. I now know a great many words by sight, but I do not recognize them when some one repeats them to me, nor can I get hold of them if I wish to use them. My respect for a baby increases vastly. Think how it gets hold of a language; in two years it has mastered it, and all that time has never given it a moment's study and has had ample time for play. I had a happy time ashore at Rivadavia. I climbed a high, steep mountain to get a view of the coun-

try, all a waste of hills and table lands, covered with brush for the most part with some little yellow grass between the shrubs. Giant clam or oyster shells abound all over the hills. Darwin says the coast emerged lately from the sea. 'Lately' with scientists means a million of years, more or less. This is the terminus of another government railway, wherefore it is a busy place. The poor government had a bit of hard luck here. Drilling wells for a water supply, it found only petroleum. Think of finding thick, nasty petroleum when dying of thirst.

"As usual we anchored out a mile from the beach and went in on the steam launch. It is great fun riding on the old tea kettle, but one has the lurking memory that one wave striking her from aft would fill her deep enough to put out her fires and two waves would send her to the bottom like lead. Our launch draws a chatta or barge to be laden with wool, and we can ride in that, if we fear the launch. The crew of the chatta is composed of unreformed pirates. The men are delighted to see us go ashore; when we return they do not put up a plank for us to walk over to the chatta, but pick us up and carry us on their shoulders, though the distance may be no more than three steps. For this service they expect a dollar. The ship's mate grins to see this robbery and even permitted the same extortion to be practiced upon a lot of Italian laborers coming on to the ship.

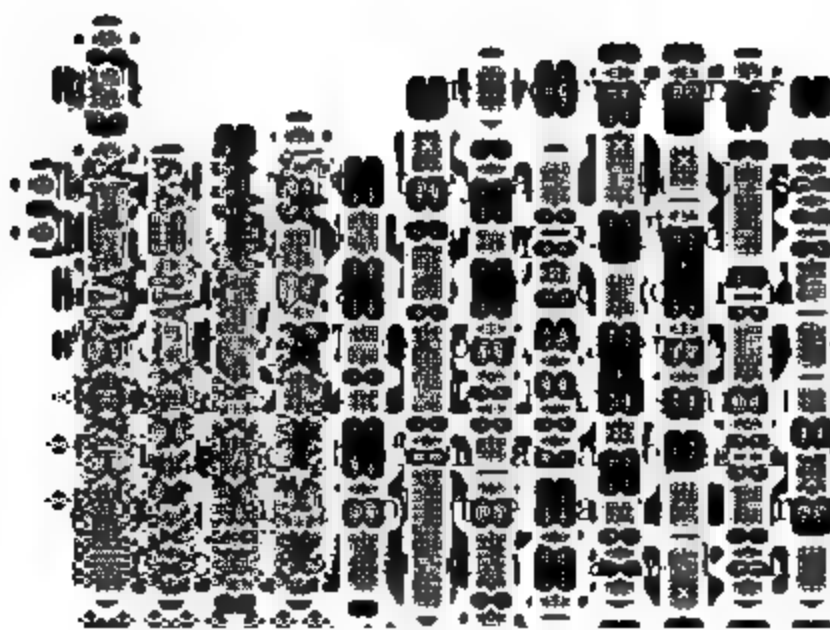
"My heart is strangely light, every nerve and muscle tingling. We are approaching Madryn, a

port in Chubut, where I leave the Sarmiento and hope to receive letters from home."

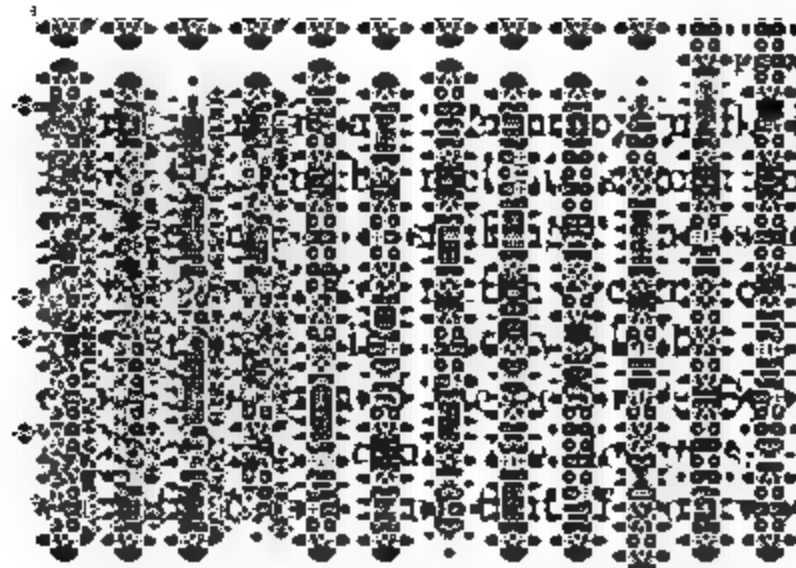
PORT MADRYN.

"March 14: I am in a pleasant room ashore, in the English hotel, looking out across a glorious expanse of water, glittering in the warm sun. A long iron pier reaches out into the bay; it is too big really to be called a harbor, and on the pier glides a shining, silent little English locomotive, pushing out cars of wheat, hides or wool. The Sarmiento is loading; I leave her and her cockroaches gladly for dry land again. It is truly a dry land. The desert reaches from here to the Andes; one sees only shrubs, fine, yellow grass in bunches and desert weeds. Some of these desert shrubs are so pretty that people allow them to remain in their dooryards. From here runs a railway to the valley of the Chubut River, perhaps 30 miles, and on the Chubut is a colony of Welsh people who have been here for many years. Think of it, a short railway ride, then a neat Welsh village, embowered in trees and flowers, a beautiful green valley with sweet-smelling alfalfa meadows and orchards hanging full of yellow and red apples. I am impatient to get over, but the train does not run today. We can know when they mean to run the train, because they will run up a flag on a mast by the tiny station. I am now in the latitude of Buffalo, N. Y. It seems good to get in familiar latitudes again.

"In a tiny fruit shop I found splendid grapes



of California—
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ORAMA OF PUERTO MADRYN.
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with the waves, running down behind them and fleeing in front of them. They were gentle waves today. It is wonderful how one grows to need the companionship of children when one is long deprived of them. It has been a happy afternoon with the modest, demure yet responsive señora and her husband and their gay, laughing child.

“My letters have not come; no mail has reached here for two weeks, so I have hopes. The consul telegraphs me, ‘Cinco cartas mas por correo hoy,’ which is easily translated to mean that he has sent me five more letters today. Good! I will read them in my imagination for a few days and then in reality.

A TYPICAL RANCH.

“March 15: Today I visited the estancia of the Port Madryn Argentine Co., Ltd., of which H. C. H. James is manager. It is situated along the railway leading out from Madryn. There are here twenty-six leagues (162,500 acres) of land which Mr. James believes will carry nicely 35,000 sheep, or about one sheep to $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres. He has now on the land 22,000 sheep. They are of mixed Romney and Merino blood. He is using grade Rambouillet rams. The sheep shorn $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of wool per head at the last shearing, but it was of only about ten months’ growth, or 121,000 pounds. The wool is unsold in Antwerp. In general the wools of this part of Chubut are of second quality only, and are sandy and dirty. Fifteen men are employed on the estancia, receiving \$60 per month in Argentine

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ARGENTINA.

money. Some of the men are employed in butchering sheep for the market. The enterprise here described is interesting; it is an effort to establish a model sheep run on this type of desert range. It is a new venture.

“The rainfall on the coast of Chubut is about 6½ inches. The range is covered with small brush resembling what one sees in Texas and Arizona. There is not much grass, but some of the useful alfilaria, which we have in California. The sheep eat a good deal of brush. I saw a flock of wethers which to my surprise were quite fat. One was killed to show me the inside fat which was considerable, though less than one would see in a wether from a good range in North America. There is no canning factory or freezing plant north of San Julian. There is evidently room for a canning factory here. It is interesting to know that fencing and stocking are going on quite rapidly and that much wool is destined subsequently to originate here. The land seems hardly worth the price, \$4,400 in gold for 6,250 acres, yet Mr. James thinks a league will support here more than 1,000 sheep. Scab is prevalent, and there are few dipping plants. Water must all be pumped from deep wells by American windmills, costing about \$1,250 each (gold) for mill and well.”

It was truly an interesting ride out to Mr. James' headquarters, through desert scrub and brush that reminded one of southern Texas, only the brush is seldom more than shoulder high. His house was

hidden down between the sand dunes, for there he has some shelter from the winds and gets good, fresh water in wells sunk in the sand. He has irrigation from his well and so has a few flowers and a tiny tree. All this is primitive and poor, but interesting because in the desert.

Mr. James is a type of the alert, efficient Englishman. He has been in South America for many years. He rides well and in snowy white riding breeches is a contrast with an Arizona ranch foreman. Of course his house was cozy inside. Trust an English colonial woman for that, and his telephone and office seemed to link one to the world, although the telephone goes mainly to his shepherds' huts. I was astonished to see how fat his sheep were, subsisting chiefly on bush. This is the land of underground fence posts. One gives an order causally, thus: "Juan, take the shovel and axe and go out and dig up some posts; we must repair the fence in the north pasture," and Juan unsmilingly goes and unearths them. The "post is a big root or underground stem, and its top a mere willowy shrub. The desert is alive with small creatures that closely resemble guinea pigs; they are small rodents called the "tuco-tuco." They are tame and gentle; children play with them as they do with guinea pigs. There are yet many ostriches; they are wild and difficult to shoot, as are the guanacos, which get more wary year by year, but men must kill them, as they are worthless and not only consume feed but break fences.

At the hotel there were some interesting young men who were fencing up land that they had bought in the interior. They are putting down windmills and getting ready for sheep. It was good to see efficient American windmills from Chicago, merrily whirling in the wind and raising water from the depths of the sands. Madryn will no doubt some day be quite an important city, as it has a vast harbor, and is the only entry port for a region as large as Wyoming. It must first get a supply of water. This can easily be pumped from the Rio Chubut. In place of the tin huts of Madryn, why may we not expect to see a few sky-scrapers some day? Denver has them; so has Cheyenne. At any rate, the country is potentially capable of them.

There is in Chubut a North American whom I would like to meet—a Mr. Crocker, who is easily king among men in Patagonia. He is a freighter and brings down wool from the Andes. Ordinarily, South American boyeros or freighters are a disreputable lot, and their animals are on the verge of starvation; their men are undisciplined. Our countryman, who I think is a Texan, comes down to the port with forty wagons laden with wool, all of them big Studebaker wagons, and each wagon in good repair and drawn by eight fine, well-fed, strong mules. When he comes in it is as when a well disciplined army comes—all orderly and business-like. His men are proud to work for him. I hear many tales of this man, and regret that he was 350 miles inland when I was in his country.

“March 15: Trelew is the principal town of Chubut. I have had a ride on a South American railway train, my first experience. It was a mixed train—really a freight train to which was attached one passenger car about as large as a small street car, with seats along the side, as in some of our street cars, and English windows that lower in pockets and lift with straps. The doctor, his señora, two men and myself made up the passenger list. The tiny locomotive drew us slowly across the forty miles of desert. How hot and dusty it was. All the way it was a true desert, with stunted, scattered brush and thin grass beneath and between, in a few places seeming almost to cover the ground. But there is no describing a desert.

“Occasionally we passed a good American windmill, a galvanized iron tank and a tin shepherd’s hut, and here and there we saw sheep grazing. They were mainly of Rambouillet-Merino type, with some admixture of Romney or Lincoln blood. There is not a house for railway laborers on the forty miles—probably because there was no water for men, and the railway company has not yet put down wells. We saw a few ostriches, which were not much frightened by our train, yet they ran through the brush. After three hours of this journeying, which, by the way, was all of it through the estancia managed by Mr. James, we came out on the edge of a low plateau; a valley lay below us and also, to my joy, lines of stately green poplars, the smooth velvety greenness of alfalfa meadows, the yellow of ripe wheat

and the valley of Chubut. It reminded me of the valleys of Utah.

TRELEW AND THE WELSH COLONY.

“We drew up at a neat station, Trelew, the principal town of the territory of Chubut, the metropolis of the colony of the Welsh. But what was wrong? Will one never find things as one had dreamed they would be? I had pictured here a transplanted Welsh village, with picturesque cottages, overgrown with roses and creeping vines, its narrow streets densely shaded by green trees that forever drew sustenance from limpid streams flowing at their feet, as once one saw in the charming villages of Utah. Instead, what did I see? A typically Spanish town, with its plastered houses set flush with the sidewalks, bare of ornament or architectural grace, with hot, glary, dusty streets and not one tree shading them. True, there were a few houses of English village architecture. For these I was devoutly grateful, yet they were the exception. The village lies on a little plateau, slightly above the valley. Below it is an irrigating canal where picturesque oxen water after their long journey from the Cordilleras. Across the irrigating canal is a lot of hideous waste land, black and no doubt rich, yet unwatered and untilled. Beyond that are farms and trees and orchards.

“To comprehend it all one must learn something of the history of Chubut. It lies in a pleasant latitude, about the same as that of Rochester, N. Y. It has a fine climate, cool but not cold, although some-

what subject to late spring frosts. Its winter climate is so mild that there is not often skating at Trelow. If I were to go to South America to select a home where I could reproduce things with which I might be familiar in England or the United States, surely Chubut would be the place that I should visit. In Wales there has long been an old prophecy that some day in Patagonia there should arise a Welsh nation. Next came a law in England that all children should learn the English language in the schools. Wales had never been truly conquered by the English, for a large part of the people had retained their truly unspeakable language. It cut them to the quick to think of having their children taught English, so a movement arose to emigrate to Patagonia and there found the new Welsh nation, the cornerstone of which should be godliness and one of the ornaments the marvelous language of Wales.

“Lewis Jones led the colonists, the first coming in 1865. They came like children, trusting, hopeful, ignorant of conditions. What would men of Wales know of a desert and the manner of life adapted to the desert? Few of them had money, and as to many their chief possessions were children and a devout religious instinct and training. Just why they did not at once return on seeing this desolate land I do not know; perhaps because the captain would not take them back free and they had no money. At first they lived in caves, near the sea; then they moved to the valley of the river and

sowed wheat. It is said that they would have died of starvation had they not been fed for a time by kind-hearted Indians. Later the Argentine government, delighted to have settlement made in Patagonia, sent them food. Thus they lived through a few dreadfully lean and hungry years. They built a little city which they called Rawson, near the mouth of the river. It was then possible to sail a ship to Rawson. Ships drew less water then than they draw today. Now no more ships touch there because of a bar at the mouth of the river, and because the water is too shallow in the river itself.

“After a time these stubborn Welsh people learned that it was not merely an accidental ‘dry spell’ that had overtaken them on Rio Chubut, but that drouth was the normal thing. Some one led the way, and a canal was dug to lead the water from the river to the land. Watered, it produced wheat abundantly, also barley, clover, garden stuff, apples, grapes and other fruits. Settlement spread up the river for more than thirty miles. There was plenty in Chubut. Many little churches stood in the valley. They were built of brick, either burned or sun-dried. The population was almost solidly Welsh. Few indeed could speak English. Far remote were the Spanish settlements to the north, and the colonists dreamed that they would be unmolested; that they would never have to own allegiance to Argentina, even if that country had fed them. Argentines have their faults, but a lack of patriotism is not one of them.

“A Spanish governor was sent to rule over Chubut. He endeavored to enforce certain unobserved laws. One was that all young men must assemble and practice military drill on Sunday. This law was abhorrent to the Sunday-observing Welsh people. Another law was that they must be taught in schools in the Spanish tongue. This was the last straw. The Welshmen abhorred the whole scheme and with bitterness sought eagerly to have England intervene—perhaps to annex the land. England once had a claim on Patagonia, but relinquished it, possibly on the damning testimony of Charles Darwin, and refused now to trespass on rights admittedly Argentina’s, so the Welshmen had to submit with what grace they could. Some left the colony; some remained and learned that after all Spanish is a pretty language, and I think the rule of Sunday drill has been abolished. Today the grand-daughter of one of the original colonists is the principal of the public schools of Trelew and teaches in the Spanish tongue.”

THE GALENCES AND THEIR CALAMITY.

But the Spaniards were the least of the Welshmen’s troubles, after all, though they seemed a serious enough trial at the time. The Spaniards misname the Welsh, calling them “Galenses.” So far as I could see, they were not at all Galenses either, but just ordinary Welshmen. They do not change much, be they born in the old world or the new. I remonstrated with my interpreter for thus misnam-

ing the poor, inoffensive Welshmen, but he did not understand me, and returned, in amazement, "But señor, they are Galenses." That settled it; I could not argue against him.

The real, sure and terrible troubles of the poor Welsh colonists came from the behavior of the Chubut River. It is a long river, rising in the Andes and flowing 350 miles through the desert. It is smallish in the dry season; one can ford it in many places then. In the Andes and along their base, there is a great snowy region where the climate is changeable, as it is elsewhere, so that during some winters the snow piles high on the hills. When the snow melts away there may be trouble all the way down the valley. In thirty-seven years there have been four terrible overflows, one of which remained over much of the land for eight months. These floods swept away homes and churches, washed great channels through the fields, destroyed orchards and naturally discouraged the people. Nature down there is not tame, gentle or manageable, as in Wales or England. It will require years of struggle to successfully subdue her.

THE TERRITORY OF CHUBUT.

The territory of Chubut is one of the larger divisions of Argentina, situated south of parallel 42. It is roughly speaking about 300 miles from north to south, with an average breadth of about 310 miles. It contains approximately 930,000 square miles, is a little larger than the state of Oregon

and has about the same area as Great Britain, without Ireland. Chubut lies south of the maize-growing regions of Argentina. As a matter of fact, there is hardly any agriculture practiced there, excepting farming by irrigation along the Chubut River, where maize does not ripen well. However, the grapes of Europe ripen beautifully. The summers are made up of bright, rather hot days with cool nights; the winters are mild with little snow and seldom ice enough for skating at Trelew, on the Chubut River. The country may some day be distinguished for the production of fruit.

The coast regions of Chubut are arid, the rainfall being about 6 inches and in some years there is far less rain than that; in fact, there are entire years when there is hardly any rainfall at all. As a consequence, vegetation assumes the characteristics of arid regions, with many shrubs resistant to drouth, with some thorny species and some cacti, and under and between the shrubs some little grasses. There is little or no water on the surface. Wells are often as deep as 150 to 300 feet. There are yet no well-drilling or boring machines in operation; hence the procuring of water is a costly enterprise, beyond the means of the ordinary man. The ranges are so thinly grassed that ordinarily a league of land will support but 1,000 sheep, though there are estancias where 1,250 or even 1,500 are kept per league. In the west as many as 4,000 may be run on a league. The sheep consume much beside grass; they nibble the brush and while ordina-

rily they do not become very fat they keep in good thriving condition on such forage.

FARMING ALONG THE CHUBUT RIVER.

The Chubut River rises in the Andes mountains and flows through the entire length of the territory. Its upper reaches are through narrow valleys, untilled and often untillable. Its lower valley is from two to ten miles or more wide. The soil is black, friable and crumbling of its own accord into loose earth, not much afflicted with excess of alkalies and very rich and productive. It is the most southerly of the irrigated valleys of Argentina.

In 1865 there came the colony of Welshmen who settled on the Chubut. It took them some years to begin farming. In 1891 alfalfa came to them. It grew astonishingly. Other settlers came in and the valley became quite well farmed for a length of some thirty miles. The soil I should say is superior to almost any irrigated land in North America. Along the river there are irrigable lands for fully 200 miles. There are lands farther from the sea than the present irrigated lands that are less subject to floods, and that have even a better climate than the lower valley. Some of these upper valleys are now quite unirrigated, awaiting transportation and people. This is one of the thinly-settled parts of the world. In 1895 there were in all the territory but 3,500 people, including Indians. In 1909 there were enumerated 18,000. Since then considerable growth has taken place, no doubt, so that

there may be now 20,000 people in Chubut. A number of these people are in the Andean region, and are more in touch with Chile than with the coast of the Atlantic. It is a journey of two or three weeks between the western colonies and the ports along the Atlantic Coast. Madryn is practically the sole port of consequence.

The coast of Chubut has one of the finest climates of the world. Its sole disagreeable feature is the wind that occasionally prevails, but this is much less evident than is the wind of Santa Cruz and Tierra del Fuego. The heat of summer is sometimes considerable, but there are rarely hot nights. Indian corn ripens, if it escapes summer frosts, which occasionally follow rains and southerly winds. Maize, however, is never seen save in gardens. Apples, peaches, pears, apricots, medlars, plums, cherries and even figs ripen. The eucalyptus tree is seen at Rawson. These facts show how mild must be the winter climate, although the inhabitants speak of it as being cold. There is rarely snow along the coast region. Snow falls in the Cordilleras, sometimes to a considerable depth. Sheep never suffer from cold or snow save in the Cordilleras. They may suffer from hunger in the coast region. We have no climate just the same in America; it is warmer than the coast of California, and cooler than the interior valleys of California. It may some day become a great fruit-growing region, as the apples and grapes of Chubut are as delicious as any in the world, though there are not more

than ten producing orchards in the territory, outside of the Cordilleras. One orchard near Rawson sold in one year more than \$10,000 (paper money) worth of fruit from three acres of land.

As one leaves the coast he finds the land and climate to be similar for a long distance inland. The uplands are tablelands of slight elevation, covered thinly with a number of species of shrubs and beneath the shrubs some grass. Sheep graze nearly all of these desert shrubs. They will hardly die of starvation while the brush remains. Thus while sheep in Chubut will not get as fat as on the grass ranges in Santa Cruz, they will be much less apt to die of starvation. The scarcity of water has kept back this land from settlement and stocking. It is now practically bare of sheep. A map of the territory a year old shows nearly all of the eastern half of Chubut a blank; that is, it is all fiscal land and subject to sale and entry. In Santa Cruz a large percentage of land is taken; not so as to Chubut, if we except the lands of colonies, along the Chubut River in the Andean region and near Lago Sarmiento, where there is a colony of Boers. In 1909 there were 18,957,230 hectares unoccupied in Chubut. In short, nearly all of Chubut is now unoccupied and almost unoccupiable chiefly on account of a lack of water.

There is said to be little or none of the territory that is unfit for sheep. It awaits the coming of the windmill, the well, the wire fence and animals. These are coming and yet there is room for a very

vast increase in numbers. The testimony of Justo Alsua of Rawson is that in 1895 there were but 65,000 sheep in Chubut; there are now 5,000,000 and they are increasing rapidly.

Time did not permit me to see the Andean region where there are the finest lands, the best climates and the most animals. I am told that in the Cordilleras there is enough rain to make good grass; that there is timber enough for the needs of the people, and that the climate is delightful, only with sometimes rather deep snows in winter. There it is said that a league of land will carry from 2,000 to 8,000 sheep. In the coastal region it will carry but from 500 to 1,500 sheep to the league. The Cordilleras await a railway, which, it seems safe to say, is now under construction, running from Rivadavia inland in a northwesterly direction. There is also talk of extending the railway from Madryn to the Cordilleras.

Alfalfa here is of easy establishment wherever there is irrigation, and is as rank in growth as any that I have seen in North America. It yields four cuttings per year. It is harvested with American machinery and hauled on American wagons; in fact, in Chubut I saw none but American wagons and haying machinery, though the wheat is harvested by the use of Australian harvesters that cut off the heads and thresh the grain as they go. They are modern machines that require but four or six horses. I should estimate that alfalfa in Chubut would yield about six tons to the acre; it may sometimes yield

more. The acreage is increasing, though the old canals in the valley are altogether inadequate for its irrigation needs, and the Welsh settlers of the valley lack the enterprise that would develop all of their land. No more than 10 per cent of the land in the lower valley capable of irrigation is in use; maybe 5 per cent would come nearer the accurate figure. This I observed in driving up and down the valley. Alfalfa seed yields as much as 1,000 pounds per acre, and even higher yields, though a moderate estimate would be about 600 to 700 pounds per acre. The alfalfa of Chubut is mostly baled and shipped away down the coast to the various ports of Santa Cruz and the ports of Chubut. Much also is hauled by wagon to interior camps and is consumed by freighters plying to the Cordilleras. I cannot accurately estimate the amount of alfalfa now grown in Chubut; the valley is capable of growing a million tons if all of the water of the river ever is utilized. There is no engineering difficulty in taking out the water, though the descent of the valley is rather slight and the canals are necessarily rather long. The periodic floods of the valley do not injure land sown in alfalfa except to destroy the stand.

In the Andes it is said that alfalfa may also be grown even without irrigation. Apples also grow wild there, and were used by the Indians centuries ago. At time of my visit alfalfa hay was selling for about \$10 (gold) per ton in bales and alfalfa seed for eighteen cents (gold) per pound. I think the wild apple forests of the Andes tantalized me

most of all. The Spanish people call an apple a manzana; just why I do not know. The Indians live by eating apples they call the manzanas. Very fascinating stories were told of the Andean hills and valleys, the marvelous lakes and rivers, and the thickets of wild apples. Nearly every thicket bore a different kind, but these were weeks away to the westward, where time would not permit me to go. I quote again from my diary:

“March 15: Few in Trelow speak aught but Welsh and Spanish, but I find marooned here a cultured and courteous Londoner who keeps a book shop. It is a curious little shop, containing a curious assortment of books in Spanish, English and Welsh. Some of them are so good that I imagine he bought them for his own reading. The dust of the streets is so thick that he must cover his counters with newspapers. He is a student of philosophy, teaches Spanish, sells books, reads, dreams and seems happy. My room at Hotel Español opens on to a patio or inner court. In the patio there are a parrot, receiving training in language, many caged canaries, and other small birds and many potted plants, dry and dusty. Among the plants is a stalk of maize with a small ear that the señora proudly displayed to me. Very sweet little dark-haired señoritas play in the patio, or are they yet niñas? I have not yet learned the line between childhood and young ladyhood, but these are under ten years of age, so I think they must be niñas. There are dogs of various ages in the patio and I think a few

fleas for good measure. It is a little world all of itself.

“My room is the typical one of Spanish hotels. It is windowless, but has glass in the door and also a shutter that lets in some air when it is open. The señora makes also other beds in the patio, and I wish that I were the lucky one to sleep there. My language grows in volume if not in quality. My pajamas being in sad need of repair, I looked through my dictionary and found the words for needle and thread, ‘aguja y hilo,’ and gravely begged these of the señora. ‘Por coser, señor?’ (‘for sewing’), wondering. I replied, ‘Si, señora,’ and she laughingly captured the offending pajamas and took them away for repairs. The señoras at Spanish hotels are far more efficient than the husbands; these usually are mere drones in the hives, samplers of wine and ornaments in conversation. Again I was proud when at luncheon I could ask the ‘mozo’ (waiter) whether the ‘pan’ (bread) was made of ‘trigo’ (wheat) of Chubut. He replied that it was not; and I asked again in Spanish ‘Is not your wheat bueno?’ To this he replied that indeed their wheat is good, but that as yet they do not grind it in Chubut.

“The days are hot but the nights cool and the mornings chill, so I have my several cups of hot water and cream and my roll and butter at a little table set in the sun of the patio in company with the parrot, the canaries and the playful dogs. This morning when I had finished breakfast as I was

going to my room I observed the big, hungry puppies looking wistfully at my table on which reposed yet some bread and the cup, plate and cream pitcher. A rude jolt would overturn the frail table, so in troubled tones I called, 'Ah, señora, dos perros!' That sounded like 'those dogs;' but really I had said 'Madam, two dogs' when really there were many more than two dogs in the patio. However, the señora with smiles came running to the rescue.

"This morning there was commotion in the patio. The man who slept in the bed under the sky was up before day, preparing to start for some place far inland. He hoped to make twenty-five leagues today. He appeared to be a Frenchman, with his pointed beard, top boots, new riding breeches and elegant way. It was interesting to see the preparation for his journey. He had much aid in gathering his things together and packing them away. The señora helped most efficiently. There was much talking and gesticulation; it seemed that something was lost. The señora rapidly ransacked his bags of stuff and finally his pockets; he stood meekly through the ordeal. Presently the missing hair brush was found, rolled up in his pack. Then soon after sunrise they got off in a two-wheeled cart, a wee señorita sitting beside him and the hotel folk assembled at the door to wish him 'adios.'

"Each morning the old cocinero (cook) brings the parrot from the closet, where it has been confined, places it on its perch and sitting down beside it begins to peel potatoes or do some other task,

meanwhile giving Polly a lesson in Spanish. It is given one syllable from el Cocinero, one from Polly, another from el Cocinero, a response from Polly, and so on by the hour. That is the way to learn a language. I should like to have the cocinero give me lessons in similar manner. In the evenings I used sometimes to sit and read with a sweet little señorita of seven. We used the little primer of the country and it was delightful to hear her rattle off the sentences, pointing with her tiny finger to the pictures that illustrated the words. It is amazing how much clearer is the enunciation of children and of women than of men. I have grave difficulty in comprehending words when men speak them, but little when I hear them spoken by children.

“March 17: I drove to Rawson, the capital of Chubut. It is a strange old forgotten town, near the sea, and while it is really not older than forty years it appears to be 400. Among the rough cobblestones of the streets were growing and blooming glorious poppies of the variety that we call California poppies or *escheholtzia*. As is my custom, I gathered seed. The flowers seemed larger than in North America. A dry, dusty, stagnant place this is, with no agriculture near and probably not more than a dozen visitors arriving in a day, but the Governor lives here, the territorial chief of police and other officers, and there is a garrison of soldiers, mostly lads doing their year of service. This, once the capital of the Welsh colony, has not a single Welsh family. Thus does the rising tide of Latin

humanity overflow the little isolated colony. All the lower part of the town except the church had been swept away by the river's flood some years ago, and never rebuilt. I think I never saw a lonelier or a sadder spot. With my companion I visited the barracks and met some fine, straight intelligent young men. One was of English parentage, a handsome fellow, but he had lived so long in the Andes that he could speak only Spanish.

“Poor old Rawson, pathetic remnant of happier days, will probably be some time quite deserted, as it is away from the railway, away from the sea and has not even agriculture near it. The chief of police of Chubut is Señor Justo Alsua. He has an estancia near Rawson, where he has fenced in some leagues of desert and stocked with sheep. We went to his home, which is on the banks of the river. There I wandered happily in a lovely garden. Figs ripened, roses bloomed and there were great masses of the golden broom all ablaze. In front of his white-walled Spanish house were eucalyptus trees. That shows clearly how different is the climate from that of Boston, which is in nearly the same latitude, but Boston would have a surer and hotter summer.

“Here I mark another astonishing thing. The pretty gardens that I see are those belonging to the Spanish or Italian people and not as a rule to the Welsh. I had expected it to be the other way. Señor Alsua is an enthusiast as to the merits and possibilities of Chubut. The territory can carry several times its present number of sheep, he thinks, and

here they make the grazing better rather than worse as they feed over it. They nibble the brush and make it to shoot out finer and more appetizing, I presume, though he thinks that they also improve the grass. This is the land of the Rambouillet-Merino, though the Romneys are used to some extent. Lincolns are used, too. He finds that he secures the largest crops of lambs from his Romney ewes; next come the Lincolns, then the Rambouillets. They allow a sheep four acres, more or less, for its winter and summer grazing. In poor desert camps it must have more land. There is one great estancia, the Lochiel, with 60,000 sheep on about 250,000 acres.

“Señor Alsua had come down here from the north, from the state of Entre Rios. From there he had brought good sheep, his enthusiasm for doing big things well and his love of a garden. I asked for an estimate of the cost of establishing an estancia of 25,000 acres, renting an adjoining tract of the same size. This estimate is so interesting, as it illustrates the few things needed and their relative importance, that I will give it entire. The figures are in Argentine paper dollars, worth about 42 cents in United States currency:

Four leagues (25,000 acres) of land.....	\$ 40,000
Four wells and American windmills.....	8,000
Four small houses for shepherds.....	2,400
House for capitaz (foreman).....	3,000
Dipping vats and appurtenances.....	1,000
Shearing sheds and machines.....	4,500
Fencing four leagues and cross-fencing	9,600
Fifteen horses for the shepherds.....	750
8,000 good young ewes.....	32,000
240 good young rams (extra good ones).....	12,000
Total	<u>\$113,250</u>

This in United States money is \$47,565. Following is the estimate (in Argentine paper) for operating expenses:

Wages of four shepherds, one year.....	\$2,400
Wages of capitaz.....	1,200
Food and supplies.....	2,000
Shearing	1,000
Hauling the wool to market by contract.....	600

Total\$7,200

Estimated income from 24,600 kilos of wool, at 56 cents, \$13,776.

There are also 6,400 lambs, which are added to the flock. This makes the second year's wool clip 49,000 kilos of wool, bringing \$27,440. My only comment on these estimates is that if Señor Alsua were to select the land, locate the estancia, buy the sheep and give them his personal care he might make some such profits as are indicated—and they grow rosier as the flock increases, but there have been many men driven into bankruptcy by attempting to grow wool in Chubut. As in Santa Cruz much depends on where one locates, how far one must haul wool and on many other factors, management being one of the essentials. Chubut will never send out floods of fat mutton; the country is too arid for that, but here will originate a great amount of good wool. About the hardest thing is to get water. Down through the dry gravel beds they go for 300 feet before they find it, and then in many cases it is unfit for human consumption.

Señor Ithel Berwyn is son of a Welsh immigrant and has now an estancia inland just where the brush-covered plains begin to give way to the

grassy country. He has about 75,000 acres; not all of it is under fence. On this tract there are 1,000 mares, 3,000 cattle and 12,000 sheep. The cattle are of the Short-horn and Hereford races, the horses Hackney, Clydesdale and native Criollo stock, and the sheep Rambouillet and Lincoln. Since he is on the river, he grows alfalfa, so that in winter he can feed his pure-bred sires a little if they chance to need it. His surplus horses are sent to market in Chile. Since there are no wolves in the land, it is easier to keep sheep than with ranchers on our western mountains and plains, but the little foxes give trouble; they bother nothing but the lambs. Señor Berwyn's shepherds care for the sheep on unfenced range, seeing only that they come together at night to sleep.

Although Rawson was dry, dusty and forsaken, down by the river was a little irrigated fruit farm of no more than three acres, and yet a little paradise when one entered it. I wandered down there, attracted by the greenness. Great quince trees were laden with big, yellow fruit, and pear and peach trees would have broken down had their branches not been upheld by props. The Italian señora gathered me two enormous bunches of grapes and brought me a chair and table, placing them under a pear tree. The grapes were pink and purple and green, with all intermediate shades, and were sweet, melting and altogether delicious. It seemed impossible that I could eat them all and I felt fairly pig-gish to do it, yet "poco a poco" (one by one) the

grapes disappeared. They were far more tender and delicious than the grapes of California, although belonging to a similar class. Then I bought a pear that weighed a pound, as I learned afterward, and carried it off as a trophy.

This was my first contact with the gardening class of Italians in Argentina. The señor was a fine, stocky, active, intelligent man, proud of his wonderful garden of fruit. He had windbreaks of poplars about it, as the winds are strenuous. The señora had a fine face, full of intelligence, patience and duty. There is something very fine about the best Italian character. They last year sold from their garden fruit to the value of \$10,000, sending much of it to Buenos Aires.

I quote from my journal: "My legs needed stretching, so I walked out from Trelew today. The wind blew hard in my face, but I felt so well that I did not care. First I passed an empty plain of curious, crumbling black earth, unirrigated. They say that the irrigation system is wretched, not of a fourth its needed capacity, and that the owners are very backward and stubborn. Past the barren land I came to wheatfields, with very good wheat too, and then alfalfa and tall poplar trees—for all the world just what one would see in Utah. There were small lots of sheep in the pastures, kept there for home use, for this is the land of mutton-eating. Sheep feed all the people of Argentina. By the river rested the great, gaunt oxen of the Cordilleras, weary after their long journey down

with wool. A plain little brick church attracted me; in the churchyard were many graves, and on the headstones only Welsh inscriptions. I turned in at a garden and chatted with the Italian gardener, proud that I could speak enough Spanish to converse even in a primitive manner. He says that it is too cool here for maize, if one irrigates; that the wind blows more than he likes, although he has a thick planting of Lombardy poplars about his garden; that his grapes are just beginning to bear. The frost has nipped his squashes and may get the beans that he is watering.

“At the hotel some one left me a package of glorious big yellow and red apples, fall pippins I think they are, and for dessert we have grapes. It is evidently a land fit for mankind. I am interested in seeing how the Spanish influence floods over all and extinguishes all else. At my table were two men, one evidently not of Spanish blood, yet he spoke more fluent Spanish than his companions, and English haltingly.

“March 19: In the afternoon I went driving with Ellis Thurtell, the English bookseller, who likes now and then to close his shop. We drove across the river to see a fine garden, kept of course by an Italian. It was a marvelous place, full of smallish but heavily-laden trees of peach, apple, plum, loquat, prunus simoni, medlars (very curious) and grapes. The grapes were easily the finest that I have ever seen. The Italian gardener is from the Piedmont region in Italy. Their little house

was embowered in flowers, the porches screened with morning glories. There was a look of refinement and character in the faces of his wife and mother. For a little basket of fruit, chiefly grapes and peaches, I paid \$2 or about 84 cents, which is dear, but then it was worth that much to see the garden. There are only about half a dozen gardens like it in Chubut. Some day probably Chubut apples and other fruits will be famed in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and London.

“Mr. Thurtell told me frankly about the difficulties of Chubut. For thirty-one years after the settlement there came no floods at all, so settlers built anywhere their houses of adobe mud, placed conveniently on their farms; then came the water and houses melted away. Once for eight months their land was under water, and it came again the next year. Usually the water is not more than two feet deep. I should think that dykes would hold it off, at least from a part of the valley, which is in many places ten miles wide.

“As we approached a little Welsh cottage on the river bank, Mr. Thurtell remarked, ‘I must stop here; these people would hardly forgive me if we did not, as they are old friends.’ In the dooryard were many gay marigolds. The housewife made us welcome and shy little red-haired lassies washed the dinner dishes with water heated in a kettle hanging in the fireplace, beneath which burned small sticks. The lassies were amused when we called them ‘señoritas,’ and spoke to them in the Spanish tongue.

They attend the Spanish school and know the language quite well, although their mother knows none of it. They cut for us thick slices of bread from a loaf as big as a peck measure and gave us good tea. There was the merry click of an American mower outside, cutting the last crop of alfalfa.

“At my hotel I did a very daring thing: I washed my window with my bath towel. I hope the señora will not observe it and take offense. A wee señorita comes to sweep and make my bed. I will give her one of my big yellow apples. She takes it with grave, yet smiling courtesy—‘Muchas gracias, señor, es muy, muy linda,’ which means, ‘Many thanks, sir; it is very fine.’

“How I admire the splendid enthusiasm of the Spanish people. In their conversation I often wonder whether there may not be a revolution brewing. At the table today there was so animated a conversation, with so many gestures, that I felt sure it presaged something serious. However, it turned out to be a discussion of whether or no to order another beefsteak, which feat was finally consummated. Steaks here come ‘hot from the cows,’ as there is no ice or refrigeration and meats are not kept any length of time; in fact they are eaten before they are cold.

“March 19 (Sunday): Since the service in the churches is all in Welsh or Spanish I walked out into the desert instead of attending services. The shrubs are curious; some of them seem to have never any normal leaves—doubtless because there is

little moisture to be transpired in this land. I observed the little tucotucos or native guinea pigs and wondered how they lived without water. Some of the shrubs bear strange little blooms, now late in their September. There are here great nests of ants. I watched for a long time a procession along an ant highway leading from their nest, or city, out into the surrounding country. They bore burdens of leaves, sticks and little pebbles, all for the higher upbuilding of their city. Some carried tiny blossoms of plants—these I assume for food. It was fascinating to see them meet and converse for a time with their feelers. Perhaps the ant going in told the outgoing one where to find a particularly awkward stick or leaf that it could find and bear. I can not see that ants are wiser than mankind; both toil for things that they have not and both fail to appreciate the things they already have, hopelessly ignoring the simple life. In the town a new house is building; I smile to see with what zealous care men toil to shut out the sun and the air; there is not even a balcony on which one might sleep. People in many parts of the world are still cave-like in their habits.

SEÑOR ERRECOPORDE.

The Welsh people having failed, through lack of capital and ambition, greatly to develop the Chubut valley, the Latins are coming in to displace them. Señor Domingo Errecoborde, estanciero of Buenos Aires province, and of Chubut, has a fine farm on the river, with also an estancia being fenced

out in the desert. He pumps water from the river to supplement the supply of the miserable canals. He was kind enough to ask the privilege of showing me some estancias in Chubut and as my interpreter was ill I gladly accepted his offer. Señor Errecoborde has a history. Of a rich family, he ran away from home when a boy and went to sea, learned to be engineer, was on many ships in many seas and for study and culture lived in England, Germany and France. It was this exiling that made him have a warm spot in his big heart for me—an exile from my own land. “At eleven I will come for you,” he said, but it was one o’clock when his equipage appeared at the hotel entrance. However, the whole town knew of his entrance into it. He came with a cracking of whip and a cloud of dust, driving to a strong spring wagon a big horse in shafts and a wild little mule on either side. I do not think that the mules had ever before been in harness, but a detail like that would not concern Señor Errecoborde. Breakfast we had then, and immediately gave our attention to getting away. The “moolahs” had to be disentangled and it took all of the assembled men and boys to head us for the desert. Finally we made a flying start amid a cloud of dust, a cracking of whip and the barking of many dogs. We dashed out into the open country and Señor Errecoborde saw to it that the mules ran as hard as they could run nearly every minute. As the road was thick in autumnal dust and had in it also deep chuck holes it was not as smooth

a progress as I have had, but by clinging to the seat, I remained in the wagon.

It was a joy to drive miles and miles among the farms, to see the long lines of Lombardy poplars by the canals, the fields of restful green alfalfa, the adobe cottages and the sheep. It was difficult to realize that I was in South America, not Utah, and I could not but reflect what a different valley it would have been had the Mormons settled there. In fact, were I the Argentine government, I would at once send for the leaders of our Mormon people and show to them the opportunities of Chubut, for Mormons and water will make gardens of ash heaps. Had our Mormons gone to Chubut, today there would be fine, large canals, capable of watering nearly all the valley, with endless miles of alfalfa and frequent villages. They would have had water on the upper mesas where no floods ever come; they would have been exporting apples to England by this time, with a steamship line devoted to carrying them. One has to get away from home to appreciate the great work the Mormon people have done in our West, thanks largely to the strong current of Danish blood among them, their intimate knowledge of the power of co-operation and their patient unremitting labor.

"The trouble in South America," humorously remarked Señor Errecoborde, "is that people do not like to work between meals."

We stopped now and then to see a farm and its alfalfa, and perhaps an orchard, although there are

all told I think about five bearing orchards in Chubut, and apples sell there for more than oranges in New York. But we ate delicious apples and peaches at one orchard and saw bees drunken with alfalfa honey; their hives were bursting with it. We saw cabañas or pure-bred flocks of Rambouillet-Merino sheep, marvelously big and thick-wooled and good, but perhaps a little too wrinkled for North American tastes. So it went on and on, all the rest of that day, and for several days following.

A NATIVE GAUCHO'S ESTANCIA.

I recall one place where we stopped to see the famous sheep of a great breeder, an Argentine. Having inspected the flock we were leaving the corral when he stooped down, picked up something, glanced at it and threw it contemptuously away. It looked like a coin to me, so I picked it up. It was a centavo, a big copper coin. "Why did he throw away this?" I whispered to Señor Erreco-borde. "Because he is very rich," was the reply. "The coin is too small for his use." We were invited to luncheon, or noonday breakfast. The house, of adobe bricks, had a floor of clay. There were in the principal room a fireplace, one chair, a bench and some boxes that served as seats. The señora was cooking our breakfast over the embers of the open fire. While it was preparing she produced the mate gourd and filled it half full of mate leaves, then with hot water, took a few sips of the tea through a small silver tube and handed it then to

us in turn. We sipped mate for an hour, while the mutton boiled over the coals. Whenever the gourd was empty the señora would refill it with water, take a sip herself, then pass on the things to us. It would be an offense against manners to wipe the tube before placing it in one's mouth.

The señora gave us a delicious soup of rice, mutton and vegetables. In return we presented her with peaches that we had brought and roses that we wore. There was not a living green thing near the casa of this señora. She and her husband are typical of the true plainspeople of South America who have never known life within gardens and are content to live in what we would consider great poverty and squalor, although that man has large possessions and throws aside as worthless big copper centavos.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S CHACRA.

One evening we approached the farm or chacra of Señor Miguel Mullhall, a man of English blood and Argentine birth. He had been an adventurer in many wild parts, chiefly in Patagonia. I spent several nights at his hospitable home. He told many stories of his adventures. Once in the Andes, he took a notion to descend the Rio Negro, a great and then unexplored river flowing to the sea to the north of Chubut. Having no boat, with an adventurous North American he made a boat of bull hides, loaded it with wild apples and a little dried meat, and started on that long journey through the

wilderness. He came safely through, but it was a miracle. Again he explored the Andes and located passes through which he could drive cattle to Chile. He was a man of great charm and interest, an omnivorous reader, a student of languages and men, now settled down to growing alfalfa in Chubut. He bales the hay, sells it and makes a good living from the proceeds.

Mullhall's place was new, attractive, modern and comfortable. He had a Spanish gardener who was doing all sorts of interesting things in the new lawn. There was water for irrigation, so that it should soon be a paradise. His señora was the daughter of a Welsh colonist; her father was one of the early leaders of the movement, and an influential man. There was also a sister with children visiting at the house. I quote again from my journal: "These children are astonishing phenomena. I have never seen anything like them before. There are so many of them; the eldest is about twelve—how many are younger I have not been able to count. They are well dressed, well mannered and astonishingly self-reliant, seeming to need neither aid, admonishing nor reproof. When I arrive they come forward, one by one, to shake hands with me, from the greatest to the smallest, without any prompting from their elders. They are in fact nearly exact reproductions in manners of their elders, and enter into all their elders' interests, sports and amusements. To amuse me they very gravely set the phonographs going. The records are fine ones,

not the trashy ragtime we so often use in the North. They dine with us at nine o'clock each evening and drink large cups of strong tea. They have lived in Buenos Aires most of their lives, which no doubt accounts for their manners. I did not dream that children could be so selfreliant and so little trouble to their elders as these appeared to be."

THE OLD INDIAN GOVERNOR.

One night I had come in from a long ride with my friend Domingo (we took out fresh horses every morning, leaving the weary ones wherever we happened to be), and I was hungry, in fact, longing for dinner, which presently was on the table. As we stood by our chairs waiting for our hostess to take her seat the "honk, honk" of an automobile sounded at the front, the one automobile of Chubut. It proved to be the big Italian car of the Presidente of Trelew, an automobile built for use in this wild country, with very high wheels of tremendous strength and an engine of great power. In the car were the Presidente, Señor Alsua, chief of police, and the old Governor of Chubut. Of course there were much ceremonious introduction, hand-shaking, bows and all that, and as the governor remained standing we all stood. He was a most interesting character, tall, lank, brown as an Indian and seeming to have a good deal of that blood. He had a quiet dignity, yet a fund of courtesy and good humor that was irresistible. He was not the permanent governor of Chubut, but was invested by

the President of the republic with powers to investigate government affairs in any of the territories of Argentina and to supersede the acting governor if he chose, so he was here in Chubut setting the government house in order. I do not know how much it was needed but I imagine there was enough to be done.

The governor, by his grim yet good-humored reticence, reminded me strangely of our North American Indians, but when he talked every word counted. Dinner was over at ten; we adjourned to the drawing-room and conversation flowed. I explained to the Presidente how, if it was an American town, by bonding, it would get funds to build waterworks and pave streets. He was much interested, but laughingly said, "Señor, this is South America. In some towns if such a thing were attempted the city government would absorb the funds and the waterworks would not get built, so our law does not provide for such procedure."

- I said the governor was taciturn. He is, with exceptions. He has been a great soldier, general and Indian fighter in his days, and some one asked him to tell of the time when, unsupported, he made a famous campaign down through Patagonia with a troop or regiment of cavalry. It seems that he took his soldiers across the frontier, driving before them a troop of wild mares on which to subsist, disappeared in the wilderness, and was unheard of for months, journeying, fighting and punishing Indians, and going on and on, living on guanacos

and horse meat. After six months of disappearance he came out at the Straits of Magellan. It was truly a great feat, and must bear great memories. The old man began the narration, speaking slowly, gravely, impressively. As he went on he warmed to the subject; he rose to his feet; we of course all stood then, and the story continued. His language was simple and strong, and his gestures few but impressive. I could not understand nearly all that he said; his speech was not clear, but I could understand enough to know its purport. Minutes lengthened into hours; I wondered whether I could stand longer. At half past one o'clock the story was finished. "Señores, buenos noches," said the old governor, with a pleasant smile, and he retired abruptly to his room.

MY FLEA AND HIS EXCELLENCY.

I was never more relieved, for I was dreadfully weary. The governor and I occupied the same room, a very large one. We lost no time in going to bed, but now I found myself very wakeful when I needed sleep. I lay wondering what I could do when all at once I felt a flea beginning a thorough, systematic exploration of my body. I hate fleas; they drive me wild. "What shall I do?" I feared to move, lest I awaken the old governor, now peacefully sleeping, as I knew by his breathing. At last I could endure the flea no longer. I decided to strike a match beneath the bed covers and catch or frighten the pest. This I did, and although I did it with

great care the moment that match struck the governor awoke. Nor did I find the flea. Remorsefully I lay quiet and the governor's breathing soon indicated that he was asleep again; then the flea of tenacious purpose resumed its adventure. When I could endure it no longer I again more cautiously than before lit a match beneath the bed clothes, and again the governor awoke. His long training as an Indian fighter had taught him to hear the slightest noise. After this the flea and I dropped off to sleep.

At six o'clock in the morning the old man sprang out of his bed as lightly as a boy and ten times as wideawake, dressed rapidly, went out and called for his mate. He could kill off several of me, if that is his normal manner of life. I had slept no more than an hour and a half, but I felt all right after I was up and had bathed in cold water. Perhaps there is not much in North American rules of hygiene. The children after midnight had each one a cup of strong tea, yet they too seemed to have slept well and to be serene and happy the next morning.

A WAYSIDE DRINKING PLACE.

His Excellency went away early in his big automobile, inspecting the irrigating canals, and we returned later to Trelew. On the way down we passed a wayside inn, where travelers to the Cordilleras tarry for food and drink, obtain final repairs for their wagons and have their animals shod. Near the inn was a curious sign. To understand it please

know that a "caballo" is a horse and "caballero" is a gentleman or horseman. There by a little pasture field was a sign, which, literally translated, read, "Here mules and gentlemen pasture itself." I assume that the sign writer meant to say "mules and horses," but it was most apt as he got it, for beside the road lay two or three drunken men; they were "pasturing" themselves with a vengeance.

Señor Errecoborde was astonished to find among the mass of wagons one of his own, a great wagon, laden with supplies for his estancia far away. It had left his farm days before and should have been at the estancia where the fencing wire was urgently needed. One of the peons was found, a sullen, drunken brute. Questioned, he replied: "The wheel was not strong. We will go on 'mañana' (tomorrow)." The capitaz also was drunk. We passed that way the next day and to my astonishment and the señor's disgust they had not yet sobered sufficiently to enable them to proceed. I mention these things in passing to comfort North American farmers who sometimes think they have cause for dissatisfaction with their employes. The North American hired man is an angel of light compared with—but hold, I must not make comparisons.

All the workmen at the estancia were waiting idly the coming of this wagon to proceed with their fencing. We dashed madly down the valley, twenty miles in two hours, with fresh, strong horses.

At the inn the señora received me with joy, the

old cocinero smiled extensively over his broad, good-humored face; the tiny señorita was glad to see me; the parrot had learned a few new words; there was a new dog in the patio and, best of news, there was a ship in the harbor and letters from home might reach me the next day. That night I slept and dreamed of home. Many is the time when I have been thankful for the gift of dreaming.

A FRESH START.

Next day Señor Errecoborde appeared with a fresh team, this time with three wheelers and one horse in the lead, hitched with very long traces so that he was far ahead. This leader was unused to his new position and liked better to turn about and come back with his comrades, so it took a deal of generalship to get out of town with him. Before we had accomplished that feat I think half the men-folk of the place were assembled, helping us, and never one of them with a derisive smile. Fancy the guff that one would get in a North American village if he were in such a predicament. The South Americans beat us a mile when it comes to kindly courtesy. Well, we got out of town at last and then the horses went along better. With a long whip the señor kept the leader flying, and with a shorter one kept the wheelers following. We went down to the sea, visiting an estancia where there was a garden with high, white walls, over which peeped sprays of lovely yellow broom and in which we ate delicious figs and grapes. Then we crossed

the river and dashed up to the house of an English family. I must here present a picture of this place. The house is a plain brick, laid up with mud mortar (which is commonly used, since lime is dear), the house set down in the desert plain and, as yet, with no planting about it. Near by is the river and in the middle of its channel a little mound or island of bricks and debris—the place where once stood their house, with a delightful garden surrounding it. On the opposite side of the river were great towering Lombardy poplar trees sheltering a neighbor's fine irrigated farm. All of the farm belonging to the English family had been devoured by the river; they had moved back a part of the house, and were now clearing new fields of their brush in order again to make a start in alfalfa growing. They had installed a pump with a gasoline engine attached and now only the ditches and the clearing remained to be done. An English sailor was working at the brush, which was not heavy or difficult to clear away. In the brush there were many wild guinea pigs. They will come out fearlessly if the intruder will only remain motionless, for a brief space of time, as I soon demonstrated.

A WELSH HOME.

Within the home we found the father, a shrewd, cultured Welshman, who had been long a business man in Buenos Aires. The mother was a kindly, intelligent, warm-hearted English woman born in Buenos Aires. The son was in his young manhood,

and the daughter was pretty, dimpled, demure yet determined. There also were an Indian lad who got up our horses for us, and a half-blood Indian maid who milked the cows and helped with the housework. She was handsome and could speak fairly good English. At any rate, I experienced no difficulty in understanding it.

The house inside was all neatness, order and beauty—one of those little paradises that English people carry with them to all parts of the world, for their home traditions amount to a religion. If one sat within the house and did not look out upon the wild and desert surroundings, one might almost believe one's self in Kent. There we had the piano played, Señor Errecoborde proving to be a pianist and great lover of music. We had elaborate and exceedingly good meals, and I observed with amused interest the courtship of Señor Errecoborde, who had already confessed to me that he dearly loved the pretty English girl. I hope he won her; surely such devotion as his ought not to go unrewarded, and I must record that in all my journeys I have found no kinder or more courteous man than he. Grave, serious, with ambitions and ideals, he yet in many ways strongly reminded me of that greatest character in fiction, "Don Quixote," whose unconscious nobility lay in his gentle kindness and chivalry. I hope that the ravaging river relented; that the fields are today intact and covered over with alfalfa meadows; that Señor Errecoborde has his very pretty señora, and that peace and content

reign in the home of my English friends on Rio Chubut.

MAIL AT LAST!

That evening came the little train from Madryn, bringing mail. None had come for three weeks, so there was a considerable package of it. I watched the mail bags, a great stack of them, being piled into a cart, and hoped that they contained letters from home. It seemed impossible that the letters could be distributed that night, so I went to my hotel and dined with friends. Judge, then, of my astonishment when at about nine o'clock a man came bearing to me an armful of letters, several of which were from home. These letters recalled me to earth; I had been living in a fool's paradise, without care or realization of my ties and duties in the North, so soon does one forget. Why, I was almost on the point of contracting for two leagues of land and setting up my longest boy in the sheep business. Instead here came stern orders from my government, telling me what I must and what I must not do and giving me only half enough time in which to do it. It was, then, with mixed emotions that I came rudely down to earth and began again seriously to plan my future steps. Soon, now, a ship would come to bear me away northward, away from Chubut.

A SCHOOL.

Here is the last entry in my journal from Chubut: "The school is a large building surrounded

with glass-covered verandas, large enough to shelter the niños when they play. The wind is fierce at times. The school is said to be very good. All teaching is in Spanish, and the principal of the school is a señorita, a grand-daughter of one of the early Welsh colonists. Well, Spanish is a beautiful language, which Welsh is not. My tiny six-year-old señorita read with me in my primer; she has a delicious little voice and from her I get the sounds of the words perfectly. Some one sent me a yellow apple. After all the world is 'muy bueno.'

"Having finished my letter writing and government reports, I walked to a lonely farm where beside the canal were green trees; then I climbed to the mesa and sat down in the desert, where the air was delicious; the sun had set. There I read again my letters from home and a chapter in the gospel of San Mateo in Spanish; then I found some pebbles almost as bright as garnets for my wee señorita and came back to my hotel. Tomorrow early I go to Madryn."

"VAMOS A MADRYN, MANANA."

The Spanish language is peculiar; its verbs are perplexing. For instance, I wished to give notice to my landlady that in the morning I would leave, so I remarked, casually, "Vamos a Madryn, mañana." She looked so astonished and perturbed that I posted over to my friend the bookseller to ask him what I had said that was wrong. He laughed heartily. "You have only asked her to

elope with you; that is all," was his reply. I had said, "You and I will go to Madryn in the morning." I should have said, "Voy a Madryn, mañana," and this I made all haste to say, to her smiling comprehension.

At Madryn I took passage on the Mitre, a German coasting steamer, and went north to Buenos Aires. It was interesting to see what the Germans were doing. Here they have established a line of good, comfortable little steamers that ply all up and down the Patagonian coast. Their officers are as spick-and-span in their blue and gold lace as though they were plying between Hamburg and New York, and their men are carefully disciplined and trained—in marked contrast to the sailors on the Argentine steamers. They are slow boats, but comfortable, and the variety of passengers is great. Among the people on board were some Scottish women and children from the Andes; they were leaving Argentina for Australia. Their husbands and fathers had gone on before and selected new locations on the west coast of Australia, where they felt that conditions were more favorable than in Argentina. The children had been born in the Cordilleras and had never seen a school or a village until they came on this journey through Trelew and Madryn. The women complained that it was too difficult to get title to land in Argentina; that they did not like the climate of the Andean region, and did not think it a good place in which to bring up children. The truth is the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races do not mix

more readily than do oil and water, and any attempt at blending merely results in the Anglo-Saxon being submerged, the Latin character dominating.

CHILDREN OF THE ANDES.

These little half-wild children of the Cordilleras interested me. Their mothers had taught them to read. They were quite as intelligent as any children and had been so much afield that they had developed remarkable powers of observation. They were, however, as wild and shy as young Indians, although their shyness I managed skillfully to coax away as the voyage proceeded. Nearly around the world would their voyage be—to London first and then at once to Australia. The old Governor of Chubut was on ship and he delighted in giving me long harangues, which were rather embarrassing, as my vocabulary allowed me to catch only one word in ten. Unhappily I have a way of assenting to things said to me, whether I understand or not; it is so easy and simple a thing to say “*si, señor,*” and it seems only common courtesy to do so. There was, however, another Spanish man on ship with whom I could converse quite well, since he spoke with greater distinctness and more slowly than the governor. He came to me one day with a puzzled smile.

HIS EXCELLENCY AND I CONVERSE.

“*Señor,* is it then true that your western plains are yet covered with Indians?”

“Oh, no; indeed no; they are covered with farms,

towns and cities," I replied. "The Indians are in Carlisle college and there are a few along the railways making souvenirs for tourists."

I think he understood me, in part, but he continued:

"Señor, is it then true, as you have told the governor, that the United States army is now at war with the Indians and that there were many white people killed by them during the past year?"

"Ah, no, no, no. The governor misunderstands me. I did not comprehend his questions perfectly and said 'yes' when I ought to have said 'no.' The Carlisle Indians go on the warpath every fall and kill a good many of our college boys, but that is called 'football,' and of course it is not to be regarded seriously."

Our voyage was "triste" (sad), as my Spanish friend remarked, with no music, and no variety in the very heavy food. Besides the people gathered into cliques that did not mingle. There were some Spanish families on ship whom I should like to have met. As to one family I recall that the señora had been beautiful and was yet handsome. She had a big crop of youngsters, all fine looking and the daughters of twelve years or more had faces such as one seldom sees out of pictures. These people kept to themselves and their manners among themselves were charming to see. I could hardly believe that they had ever lived in Patagonia; probably they had made a voyage south to escape the heats of autumn in Buenos Aires. This line of

land of Tierra del Fuego, where there is a penal colony.

BUENOS AIRES AGAIN.

“April 4: At Buenos Aires again. Coming into the crowded dock this morning, we had a good idea of the enormous magnitude of the shipping industry of this port. It was good to see again a city, a newspaper, an apple and a supply of fresh linen.”

Life in Buenos Aires was rather pleasant for a time. I stayed on the Avenida at Chacabuco Mansions, a palatial looking hotel conveniently located. Life there was quiet and comfortable and not expensive—\$7 per day in Argentine paper. An Argentine hotel differs from an American in that there is usually no lobby or large office. Chacabuco Mansions consisted of several floors, which we reached by aid of an American elevator. Each floor was complete in itself and had its little sitting-room or parlor, dining-room and bedrooms. The floors were all of handsome tiles; in fact, wooden floors are seldom seen in South America. They make there fine and often beautiful mosaic tiles of cement and villages even will have their little tilemaking factories. In the Mansions there were but two rows of rooms; one looking on the busy Avenida and the other out over roofs at the back. The building appeared a palace from the Avenida and was large enough to have contained 300 rooms, or more, in North America. I think it had about sixty rooms, on all its floors. Naturally it was more comfort-

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able than had it had 300 rooms, for as a rule they were of good size and airy.

HOTEL LIFE IN BUENOS AIRES.

Each floor was a little community unto itself, with a few small Spanish maids to keep it in order, a boy porter, a small dining-room and tiny Spanish waitresses. The kitchen was somewhere aloft and the little señoritas called their orders very audibly up the dumb waiter shaft. The manager was an old German-American who kept himself considerably in the background, although he was successful in making the hotel run smoothly and orderly. It was at first a wonder to me where they had secured so many maids and all of them so diminutive. I have not traveled in Spain, but I assume that there must be a good supply of rather short, prettily formed, but undersized people there, since I saw many of this type in Argentina. They had very good manners and lacked the crudeness that one so often sees in North American girls in similar occupations. They could some of them read, and I used to see Spanish novels lying on the table of a little waiting-room where they were permitted to sit when not busy. I quote from my journal: "Our little dining-room has six tables only; the outlook is on the beautiful and wonderful Avenida. There are pretty pictures on the walls, and all is very neat, clean and quiet; the United States hotel atmosphere is lacking. I have perfectly delicious little meals. Their cocinero (cook) will land safely in heaven I

feel sure, for he does his duty like a man and brother. The little señoritas who wait on us are dainty, with pleasant manners and sweet tempers. One of them has golden hair. Whence came that golden hair? I like her best of all, for she is sunny and bright and sincerely interested in the guests. She has a musical voice and I can understand her Spanish quite well; also she takes the trouble to ask me the English words for napkin, fork, spoon and so on, and proudly repeats them to me when she presents me with them at the next meal.

A MARKET IN BUENOS AIRES.

“Our manner of life is like this: I usually take a long walk in the early morning, dropping in at a great market on my way back. The market is most interesting, especially in its fruit stands where one sees apples from Argentina, Australia and North America. Apples cost 20 cents each, paper money. Then there are fresh delicious figs, oranges, and peaches and glorious grapes. The oranges are small but good; there are no grape fruits south of the equator. It is a fine market, to which come many señoras with large baskets and also many children, taking home food. The peddlers come here, too, in the early morning to stock their hand carts. There are in these markets unnumbered millions of flies. Some day some patriotic Argentine will banish flies from the markets of Buenos Aires and his countrymen will erect to his memory monuments at every plaza. At present the flies are

said to be great carriers of disease to the people of the town.

“Usually I would buy a few figs or grapes which I would carry with me to the breakfast room. Coffee, or ‘agua caliente’ (hot water) when one preferred, with a roll and butter, made the morning meal. No one eats more in Argentina. Breakfast came at noon; here all would assemble; earlier people dropped in one at a time or not at all, many having their coffee served in their rooms. Dinner comes at night; dinner is the meal of the day. As I began my day earlier than the others I dined earlier, and sometimes alone.

DINING AT CHACABUCO.

“I have on my table a little cruet, not larger than a big apple, containing bottles of vinegar, olive oil, pepper and salt. When I appear the señorita, whom perhaps I ought to call the criada, gives me a smile and a ‘buenos tardes,’ then goes to the dumb waiter shaft and calls, ‘Domingo! Domingo! sopa por uno’ (soup for one). It comes to me in a silver bowl, delicious soup, too. When this is nearly finished her silvery voice floats again up the elevator shaft, ‘Domingo! Domingo! los primeros,’ which means the first course, of fish, and afterward ‘Domingo! Domingo! Los segundos,’ and so on through the dinner until finally you hear ‘Domingo! Domingo! Los ultimos’ and know that the dessert is coming. I had forbidden her to bring me any meat, which perplexed her greatly; she

brought me a fine salad instead of crisp, curly lettuce, then, shyly and coaxingly, the leg of a fowl, which I laughingly sent back to the kitchen. She retreated rapidly after having served me, but peeped through the crack of a half-closed door, for she always came promptly when I had finished a course. I prefer this to any hotel in which it has been my good fortune to live for any considerable length of time."

Chacabuco Mansions were not exactly a fashionable hotel; the grand ones in the city cost up to \$30 per day, but none of them is better located, nor could they give much more of real comfort. We had interesting society, too, since the official classes of the various states used to stay for days or weeks, bringing their families. I recall the governor of one of the states and his señora and rather numerous and beautiful children. I enjoyed sitting quietly and observing them, pretending to read the "Nacion" daily paper and listening to their conversations. The manners of the youngsters were perfect; the señoras looked thoroughly womanly and the señors were strikingly handsome men, with curled mustaches and flashing black eyes. Occasionally a young woman and a young man would sit at a table together. I assume that they must have been engaged to be married and that her mother was in the corner of the room, else it would have been most improper. I would sit and listen to their conversation, meanwhile pretending deep interest in my newspaper. I did not usually know what they said,

nor did I much care; it was the manner and the tones that fascinated me.

SPANISH CONVERSATION.

The Spanish manner is radically different from ours. In these conversations no assertions were made. Our conversation consists chiefly of assertions. In Spanish conversation, such as I used to hear between señoritas and señors, the woman's voice would be as sweet as that of a bird, and her every saying ended with a pretty rising inflection, with a question, sweetly deferring all her little ideas to his superior masculine judgment, as "It is a little warm the night—no?" "The theater here is better than at Rosario—no?" "The horses at Palermo were beautiful today—no?" and so on. Had I daughters I should, no matter what the expense, import a Spanish teacher who could aid them in developing the soft, sweet voices, the nice manners and the little deferring lift to their voices. Then I know that they would be irresistible.

The telephone in the hotel was a curiosity, as is every telephone outside of the United States, for that matter. One needed time and courage to get connected with anyone by telephone. You began by turning the little crank and ringing a long, long time. Then you called, "Señorita! Señorita! Señorita! Allo! Allo! Señorita! Dame numero cuatro cinco tres. Numero cuatro cinco tres," very distinctly, then louder, "Numero cuatro, cinco, tres. Señorita, Señorita! Desea numero cuatro, cinco

tres," and so on, for minutes and maybe hours. I gave up before that time and walked to see the man. It was quicker. Incidentally I got a clue to why I had not sooner had reply in my attempts at telephoning. I was talking with an official when his telephone bell rang. He calmly continued the conversation. Again the bell rang, yet he heeded not but calmly conversed with me. When the bell rang the third time I curiously remarked, "Señor, did not the telephone call?" "Si, si, pero no importe" was his reply ("yes, yes, but it is not of importance"). Perhaps that illustrates a type of Spanish character, a courtesy to the one present; a neglect of the one out of sight.

THE AVENIDA.

The Avenida is a new street, perhaps not a mile long, reaching from a lovely little park down by the harbor to a lovely plaza and park in front of the government house. It is a wide street with wide sidewalks, which are clean, smooth and slippery. Full of carriages and automobiles from nine in the morning until daylight the next day, it is one of the busiest streets in the world. There is little heavy traffic on the Avenida. When it rained the smooth asphalt was exceedingly slippery, so that I have seen four cab horses lying flat in front of my hotel at one time.

Most of the streets in Buenos Aires are narrow, with sidewalks much crowded, and trolley cars that run so close to the pavement that one steps from

the curb to the car. At first it is a bit terrifying to have them pass so close to one, but I neither witnessed or heard of an accident. As the blocks are small the car lines and wagon traffic as well are all in one direction in any street, excepting the Avenida, so that if the cars do not run in the right direction on one street one may pass on a short way to the next street and find them running in the opposite direction. There is one street of especially fine shops. This is Calle Florida. In this street all vehicular traffic is suspended after four o'clock in the afternoon; then it is filled to the center with foot passengers, elegantly dressed women and men being numerous. If one wishes to find a person of distinction in South America one has only to watch Calle Florida; sooner or later the sought for friend will be promenading that street.

LIFE IN BUENOS AIRES.

I have no intention of writing much of city life in South America, although, after all, it is a most important part of that life—far more so than in our land, since the country is nearly uninhabited and will perhaps be always so, and because it is the desire and ambition of every Argentino to live in Buenos Aires. It is a city with more than a million and a quarter population and is growing rapidly, with comparatively little apparent employment for those who must labor. There are human conditions in the city of which I do not approve. Doubtless there is little about myself of which the Buenos

Airians would approve, for that matter, yet I find this entry in my journal:

“I have suddenly begun to observe an astonishing thing. The faces of the women whom I meet in the streets are placid, untroubled and unworried. I have not seen here more than six care-worn, anxious faces, and they were the faces of English and American women. I do not know the secret of life here, nor what it is bringing forth, but any life that leaves the women unwearied and untroubled must have good in it. It is in strange and striking contrast to the drawn, haggard, nerve-worn faces one sees in any city in North America.”

I wonder why? I can guess. The woman of South America does not get up very early in the morning; she does not get breakfast, for the family does not eat breakfast, in the North American fashion (and is healthier and happier for abstaining); she moves calmly, somewhat leisurely; she has usually maids to help with her household tasks; she reads little and the things that she reads are not likely to harass her soul with desires for unattainable things. She belongs in a certain station and knows it and calmly accepts it. She goes every day to church and says her prayers; she knows how to instill deference, love and obedience into her children; she has a healthy body and she probably never overworks.

If women do not overwork, what of the men? In government offices the hours are from one to five. There is time in the afternoon for tea. It was

a frequent case for astonishment with me when I learned that this man, or the other, could not be seen before he had his breakfast, at noon. An American put the matter to me facetiously in this way: "These people ought to be healthy; they never work between meals." I quote again from my diary:

SENORA X. FROM BOSTON.

"I met the Señora X., her husband and children. She is a North American girl, a Bostonian. She came to Argentina after she was sixteen, a few years later married Señor X. Now she actually resembles a typical Spaniard. The speech, habits of thought, and association with these people have effected this change in the woman. Her husband is a fine, stalwart, devoted husband. Two señoritas (one four and the other six years of age) were beautifully dressed. Each one was conscious of her clothes, and as careful of them, and her deportment and demeanor, as though she were really an adult. They were like little wax dolls. They sat properly in their chairs; they held their hands properly; there was no difference save in age and size between them and the other señoritas several times their age. I must say their manners are charming; they are delightful little folk to see, but do they never romp and play like children? Really there seems here but two ages: babyhood and youth. There is no childhood between. They are either babies or señors and señoritas."

What are the most durable things on earth? Are they the mountains, built of granite, and the sky scrapers, the cunning work of men's hands? Not at all. The enduring things are the customs of people. This is especially true of people of the East, of people with Moorish traditions. Hereon hangs a tale. A young Englishman met in Buenos Aires a very charming señorita, and during their brief acquaintance asked her to attend the opera with him. To this she graciously consented. Seats at the opera were sold at an outrageous price, and the young Englishman received only a moderate salary; yet he rejoiced at the thought of associating with this wondrous señorita, if for only a few hours and at great cost. When he presented himself with his carriage to escort her to the opera house he found her ready, and her mother, also dressed and ready, at her side. All at once it dawned on him that a Spanish woman does not permit her daughter to go unchaperoned to places of amusement; he blushed at his lack of thought and pretended joy at taking also the mother with the daughter. At the door he excused himself for a moment and ran to the box office and secured the only remaining seat in the house, in an obscure place, far from the other two seats. He was, however, relieved and supposed that certainly the mother would accept this seat and he would sit beside the señorita of his dreams, but alas! the mother and daughter calmly took seats together and the unhappy young man sat raging and furious through three hours of

perfect music that had cost him near a month's salary. He escorted the ladies home in glum silence and made no attempt to carry the acquaintance further.

YOUNG ARGENTINOS.

I quote again from my journal:

“April 7. My army blanket and my fur coat have been the two most useful things that I have brought to Argentina, for now the nights are cold and the mornings chill, and hotels have no fires in them. I therefore sit in my room and write wrapped in my fur overcoat. I have met a number of young men; two came to offer their services as interpreters; others I met in various ways. They have a charming courtesy, in rather marked contrast to what we have among young men at home. There is not the bluntness or the scramble to get past each other, and never the curt and cruel word that is all too common with us. No one here seems ever to pride himself on his ability to say sharp, unkind things of others. I wonder if I shall miss this when I return to North America, and say myself things that will make my friends dislike me? I wish that I could make our North American boys see that courtesy is the flower of manhood, and is more to be desired than learning or riches. It is the essence of culture.

“However, the young men here have their trifling faults and temptations. They are given money with which to buy cigarettes when they are six

years old; they are overfed with meat, given tea, coffee and wine to drink and are not always taught that social purity is necessary or desirable. Nor are they taught that manual labor is honorable; in fact, the reverse is the conception here. Well, those lads have ambition, wonderful patriotism and love of country, appreciation of music, art and beauty, kindness of heart and charming courtesy. If these could be grafted on some of the stern virtues of the North, what a splendid result would be attained. The thought is a fascinating one to elaborate.

THE SHOPS OF BUENOS AIRES.

“The shops of Buenos Aires are many of them very fine ones. One can find the latest Parisian fashions sooner than one could find them in New York. In truth, this country is nearer Europe than are we, in effect, for the influence of Europe is here paramount. One can hardly say that there is much that is Argentinian, unless one goes to the camps or country. Literature, arts and fashions find swift transportation from Europe, and the influence of Paris is supreme.”

I must here mention the curious misconception that we North Americans have of the relation that we bear to the South American countries. We often assume that we are elder brothers, friends, protectors and all that. We feel that their civilizations and their governments are much like our own. We assume that they look at us with mixed feelings of reverence and affection. I do not see how we

could miss the truth wider than that. We are not older than they. Sao Paulo, in Brazil, was a city in 1533. Buenos Aires and Montevideo also are old cities. True, the greatest development of these countries has come within recent years and there are yet immense areas awaiting settlement, especially in Brazil and northern Argentina. They have had a civilization, too, that to their mind was in some ways ahead of ours, although they admit lacking material things, railways and all that. Then their governments do not much resemble ours except in theory. Their constitutions are often modeled nearly like ours. It is said that their laws are beautiful laws. They have, too, in some things a profound respect for law.

GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the conduct of the affairs of the country, however, they take into account the fact that the common people are hardly fit for representative government. Elections in some of these South American States are things to make one smile, and sometimes a president is exceedingly hard to dislodge from office. Argentina does not indulge in revolutions; the leaders have too much invested in lands and stock—too much at stake to permit revolutionists to ravage; nor does Brazil indulge much in revolutions. Insurrections are unhappily too common in some of the smaller states like Paraguay and Uruguay, and they represent usually only the desire of some strong, selfish man to gain power and some other

strong, selfish man to retain power that he already has. I cannot see that the people are ever considered except as means to further the selfish ends of the revolutionists.

I met many of the men in the government of Argentina, chiefly those under the minister of agriculture. These men correspond with the men in our department of agriculture. Some of them were uncommonly intelligent, earnest and sincere, eager to do things to advance Argentina. I suppose it is always the way that the best men find themselves placed in this class of work and its pursuance develops the best that is in one. Some of the men had been educated at our agricultural colleges. They would like to do things and do them well. The minister of agriculture at the time that I was there was Dr. E. Lobos. Keenly intelligent and alert, deeply earnest, with high ideals and ambitions, he was a man of whom we would be proud in the United States. He told me of some of the things that he dreamed of doing for Argentina—improvement in the cultivation of corn, alfalfa, oranges and apples; the installation of a bulletin service; the reform of the land laws, so that the poor man could have as good a chance as the rich. His program includes many other capital suggestions.

If Dr. Lobos could have been given power and continuance in Argentina he would have accomplished great good. I think he angered their congress by some sort of investigation into the affairs of the land office and that his term was cut short.

Differing from our custom, the cabinet officers are sometimes called in before congress and publicly questioned. It is in a way a censure, and it may compel the minister to resign. I must tell a little story of my relations with Dr. Lobos; it will serve to illustrate a deplorable situation.

AN OFFICIAL AND A BIG PEAR.

Early in my Argentine life I got in touch with the minister of agriculture, and he, very courteously, ordered an interpreter to be placed at my disposal and every kindness be shown me. In return he made this request: "Señor Wing, when you are out in our camps, if you see anything that might be of interest or value to me, will you not kindly communicate it to me?" I assured him that this would be a pleasure and proceeded to so do. I sent him a long communication on the possibilities of apple-growing in Chubut, another on cotton-growing in the Chaco, on a better method of corn culture in Santa Fe and so on, a number of rather carefully prepared papers. Also down in Chubut I secured for the minister the most enormous pear that I ever had seen. I carried it in my bag for weeks until at last I came to Buenos Aires, when I sent it to him as illustrating the fruits of Chubut.

Now I had not sent my various communications directly to the minister, but to one of his offices, where they were to be translated and handed to him in Spanish, as he does not read English perfectly. One day, after weeks and months had

passed, the minister, hearing that I was in the city, sent for me. We had a pleasant conversation about my journeys, during which something impelled me to ask, "Dr. Lobos, did you find the pear good?"

"The pear, Señor Wing; what pear?"

"Why, the enormous pear of Chubut that I sent to you."

"Why, Señor Wing, did you send me a pear? I had not heard of it." A dreadful thought flashed over me.

"Dr. Lobos, did you receive the communication on fruit-growing in Chubut?"

"No, señor; I did not."

"Nor the letter on cotton-growing in the Chaco?"

"Assuredly not, señor."

"Why, Doctor, have you then received no communications at all from me on the development of your country?"

"None, señor."

I could see that he was growing angry. He pushed a button with great vigor; a clerk appeared; the doctor gave orders that at once all my letters be rescued from the files, translated and brought to him. The pear could hardly be rescued. Later the man who should have before done all this took occasion sorrowfully to tell me that the doctor was mistaken; that all of my communications had been promptly translated and sent to the minister. I tell this story to show the difficulties that even a good man like Dr. Lobos labors under. In justice to his subordinates, I add that with office hours as

short as they are, it is a wonder that they get as much done as they do.

WE ARE NOT ELDER BROTHERS.

The South Americans do not look upon us as elder brothers; they do not especially like us; they do not know very much about us. The Spanish war affair and our annexation of Porto Rico caused them grave apprehensions. They do not understand us. I read in their newspapers during the early weeks of the Mexican revolution, when it appeared possible that we would intervene in Mexico, the prophecy that we would send our armies to Mexico, if we dared do so; that it was doubtless our policy to absorb the countries of Central America one by one and by the time the Panama Canal was finished rest our southern boundary on its shores.

The newspapers of a land are responsible for much that is pernicious. What informing reading must have been in some of the South American newspapers during the Spanish war. A young Argentine remarked compassionately to me, "Your navy did not come off very well during the Spanish war, did it?"

"Why, I do not know; I thought we did fairly well; just what do you mean?"

"Why, that your guns could not hit anything," he replied with perfect sincerity. I smiled; it was not a cynical smile either.

If the Spanish newspapers slightly err in regard to North American doings, what can one say

of the English newspapers of Buenos Aires? During the discussion of a possible intervention in Mexico by the United States, I learned from the "Standard" that it was most improbable that we would intervene for the following sufficient reasons: We had no army. We had no capable officers. We had no courage. We were, in short, so rich, so fairly besotted in wealth, through no virtue of our own, but because the inherent riches of our land made us so without our effort, that we were mired in sloth and effeminacy, and were incapable of putting an army of fighting men in the field or of officering them if we put them there. Much more that was equally uncomplimentary could be condensed from the same source.

Newspapers in all lands are the great teachers of the people. I would that they were always true and kind. I realized how little interest is taken in the United States in this land when I read the scanty news items. If there was a railway accident with a considerable loss of life a few lines were cabled down. Some political news also was printed, but I read every word and went always hungry for real news from home. However, I hoped that President Taft would not intervene in Mexico. Let them fight it out. The entrance of our army into that land would cost us dear in trade in South America. It must have taken rare courage on the President's part to write that proclamation advising our citizens along the border to hide themselves from Mexican bullets and thus make it not imperative to in-

tervene. It required far more courage than to have sent an army over the border. I must here give a bit of experience in securing an interpreter.

MY INTERPRETER.

In Buenos Aires Dr. Jose Leon Suarez was chief of the division of Ganaderia or cattle breeding. He made every effort to procure for me a suitable interpreter. His secretary, too, Dr. Alberto Paz, was unwearying in his attentions. Dr. Paz was educated in the United States; he was therefore heartily glad to be of service to me. Interpreters of suitable character were difficult to find. I had a most amusing experience with one whom I engaged temporarily. Never mind his name; he was one of the longest and thinnest young men that I have ever seen, with large, soulful eyes and a black mustache that was really too much of a drain on his vitality; it was so luxuriant. He was the gentlest of souls, the pink of kindness and courtesy, a university boy and, unhappily for me, an artist. Together, we had amusing times. We would make an appointment to meet at some hour. He usually arrived considerably later and always expressed astonished sorrow, "Oh! Is it then so late? I only stopped a few minutes to gaze at some pictures in a shop window. Oh, I wish you could have seen them; the colors were exquisite."

Well, we went to various railway offices to inquire about trains and routes. It is not a simple matter traveling on some lines in Argentina, as the

trains do not run every day, though of course they do run every day on the main lines. My interpreter carefully noted down the details in a fine, new notebook that I had bought for him. After half a day of this work we went to breakfast and afterward consulted the notebook. The lad had forgotten what any of the facts or figures meant. I had, however, enjoyed his company very much. We would be hurrying along Calle Florida, when he would suddenly break across the street. "Come here, please, Mr. Wing; here is such a lovely print in this window! Isn't it an exquisite piece of work? Wonderful!"

Poor boy; he was not meant for a business career, and I soon learned that he was not strong enough to endure the hardships of travel. Happily then the government found for me a young Argentine, Dr. L. P. Garrahan. He had lived and studied in the United States; his English was good; he was intelligent, companionable and kind. Together we traveled several thousand miles. I am not sure that I was always so courteous as I ought to have been during our companionship. I am sure that Dr. Garrahan was true to his Argentine traditions. I feel now that I must have been at times a most trying companion.

"Let's go!" was my exclamation as soon as I had the doctor. "But, Mr. Wing, we can go nowhere now. This is Holy Week, the estancieros ('ranchers'), are entertaining company; men hunt or visit; nothing will be done this week." It is true.

Men in South America do everything during Holy Week except go to church; the women, I am humiliated to say, do that for them.

I had, however, certain inquiries to make that would take me to Rosario. There I could spend some time before going to the estancias (ranches). We therefore took a train for Rosario. On the train we found a crowd of people and with difficulty got seats in the dining-car. It is a custom in Argentina to sit in the dining-cars, only getting up after one has finished one's meal and not then unless there seems need to give some one else a place. The breakfasts on these cars are very good, with rather more of meat than a North American desires. Frequently, we would be served with five different sorts at one meal.

We emerged from the suburbs of Buenos Aires into the open country, the "camp." The suburbs include some fine parks and plantings, with palatial residences embowered in trees in certain favored quarters. The camp comes rather near the city. Along the railway from Rosario to Buenos Aires one does not see so many cattle as one would see farther west; there were many fields of wheat and corn, and yet we saw wide pastures, bare at the time of my visit, with sheep nibbling about and cattle; the cattle were thin in flesh and indeed many dead ones lay unburied in the fields. The drouth had lasted for more than a year. All vegetation was burned up. Sheep survived because they would paw away the earth and eat the very roots of the

grass, or gather up the little seeds of bur clovers. Sheep are very tenacious of life.

THE ARGENTINE PLAIN.

The Argentine camp, as it exists over a region embracing many thousands of square leagues to the north, south and west of the city of Buenos Aires, is a level plain, absolutely flat and featureless. There are not as a rule even shallow watercourses in the plain; nor are there lakes, marshes or hills. One can ride for a day and not see a trace of where water ever has run. It is perhaps the most level tract of land in the world. All that saves it from becoming an impassable marsh is that there is not enough rainfall to make it a marsh. There are watercourses or rivers here and there, but they are insignificant and widely separated. I have ridden for half a day without seeing a channel where water had seemingly ever run. Once the plain was covered with the tall grass of the Pampas; now that has been destroyed by the plow and in some instances by digging it out, clump by clump, or by pulling the clumps out with oxen. Now the plain in a moist time is covered with fine annual grasses and bur clovers. In times of drouth the black soil is everywhere visible.

The eye roves restlessly over the plain, seeking some distinguishing objects. No trees are near the railway; in the distance, however, there looms up a stately grove, almost a bit of forest, at the estancia headquarters. The trees are eucalypts which

grow with amazing rapidity, excelling those of California. Trees twenty years planted may be 100 feet high or more. Astonishingly rich is the black soil. It lacks only moisture and cultivation to make it break out in prodigious vegetation. We passed by many a farm which was poor, dry and desolate looking—merely a field, a small house of adobe bricks with a roof of galvanized iron, and near the house a collection of farm machinery standing. In the field perhaps the stubble was of wheat or maize, short, stunted and earless during this year of drouth and disaster. These are the chacras or farms of the “colonists,” as tenant farmers are called. These farmers are chiefly Italians or Spaniards, perhaps newly come to Argentina. The landlord is lord of many thousands of acres; he apportions to the colonist a tract of perhaps 400 acres and may fence it; the colonist builds his own house, making the bricks of native earth where the house is to stand and furnishing the roof, the door and window. He has nothing else, no wood for floor and no ceiling and perhaps no partitions between the enclosed walls. The colonist buys North American riding plows, brings his oxen or mules, plows widely, tills slightly, sows, waits and reaps. If he is fortunate, he secures a crop of wheat or maize. Of this he retains from 70 to 80 per cent. After he has tilled the land for a few years, it becomes weedy, and often the landlord sows it to alfalfa, moving the tenant with his iron roof, his window, his door, his collection of machinery, his working stock and his

wife and children. This man is reputed lazy, but he hires no labor, if he can avoid it, and works hard before and at seeding time and then rests until harvest, when again it is a time of strenuous endeavor.

THE WORK OF THE FARMER.

One sees American gang plows, drawn by two yoke of oxen or four horses or mules; sometimes one plow follows another, the father in the lead, the son behind, a daughter perhaps behind him, then the wife, like or not, and I have even seen the mother-in-law riding the plow. If the helpers are too young or too old to turn the plows about at the end of the field (the field may be a mile or more long), the father obligingly waits there to turn them all about and start them on the next furrow. It will be seen that the colonist usually does not remain long enough on the land to plant trees, if he is so inclined, and so the country, apart from the environs of the headquarters of the estancias, is bare indeed and so very wide that the eye wearies in looking off so far. Our train stopped long at each station, as do all trains in Argentina, thus giving trains a chance to arrive on time, which they commonly do. The locomotives are usually English; the cars are somewhat of the pattern of those in North America, with aisles down the middle and seats on the sides and entered at the ends.

At wide intervals I saw a strange sort of tree, not large, and perhaps forty-five feet high; if it was

a large one, it had a dense and rounded greenness of head, with a trunk thick and short, spreading out at the root most curiously, so that sometimes it might extend for many feet in great couchant rounded root or trunk masses, sometimes resembling a reclining beast. This is the ombu tree and under its shade have happened many notable events in Argentina. Once, indeed, it made about all the shade known in the pampas, outside houses. The ombu comes through Spain from Africa, but it has become naturalized in Argentina, so that people there consider it a native. In ~~truth~~, there were originally no trees native to the pampas; none could exist there; the huge growth of grass and weeds was burned off yearly and the furious fires made tree-growing impossible.

A CAMP TOWN.

The little cities far apart along the way were strikingly alike. They were for the most part one-storied plastered white-walled houses, built flush with the streets, with a little shop in every corner, and perhaps a grocery store (the *almacen*), or a drug store (the *botica*). The streets are wide, dusty and usually unpaved. Every little camp village has its plaza or park. However, with trees, even if they are dry and dusty and perhaps stunted, they look interesting in a land so short of trees. The glimpses of the great plantations of trees at the estancia headquarters were entrancing; they made one to feel that there was much worth exploring.

From Buenos Aires to Rosario is a distance of about 200 miles. One would not think it a long way with North American train service, but some good trains are between these two principal Argentine cities, although the one we were on took nearly all of one day to land us in Rosario. My most vivid recollection of the day's journey is of the terrible effects of the drouth, the dead horses lying in the roads, the dead cattle in the fields and the fields of maize so burned up that it did not seem as though they would return the seed planted. And this turned out to be true in many instances.

ROSARIO.

Rosario presented us with a great boulevard or stretch of park, finely planned and planted, with palms, eucalypts and many other trees, and also shrubs and flowers. It was all dry and dusty, however, and I complained to Dr. Garrahan, "Why, these people are careless; it is inhuman to let the plants suffer for water; why do they not irrigate them from the city water mains?"

"Because, Mr. Wing," replied the patient doctor, "all the coal for the pumping of water at the waterworks is brought from England, and it is therefore very dear; besides, the land is thirsty and the sun has been fierce."

I was ashamed; vividly was impressed on me the unwisdom of criticising others before one knows their conditions. In the omnipresent carriage we drove to the Gran Hotel Italia, exceedingly well

kept, as are many of the best hotels, by superior Italians. It was a finely built hotel, with marble staircases and a patio or inner court filled with plants and flowers. The rooms were clean and comfortable and good food was accompanied by efficient service.

It was yet Holy Week; few men were at home. We met some who were of use to me. Among them was Dr. Fermin Lejarza. What a curious thing is type, and how universal. The doctor is a lawyer (*abogado*), and also a large land-owner. Excepting that he was rather more polished in his manners and better dressed, he strikingly resembled an intelligent and prosperous American farmer. From him I learned much about the Italian colonist's way of growing maize (Indian corn). Once he sowed it broadcast; now he drills it with our American drills, sometimes with the wheat drill, stopping some of the holes, but putting rows no more than two feet apart. Recently planting has been done with American corn planters. They cultivate once with a harrow and call it "*bueno*." The doctor says that the farmers commonly lie down to sleep after getting their maize planted, awaiting the harvest. This is a climate as hot and dry as Oklahoma's. Land in the best maize-growing country is worth from \$50 to \$75 an acre. It is marvelously fertile due to the deposits by the Rio Parana, which once flowed over all the provinces of Buenos Aires. The doctor told me that sometimes his rentals amounted to as much as \$9 an acre from his share of the

maize crop; more often it was \$3 to \$5 an acre, in United States money. Two years in the past twenty years he had seen drouths that had made the crop a total loss. Drouths must be reckoned with in Argentina; they are the more serious because the cultivators have not learned the principles of dry farming, with frequent cultivations, as practiced in the United States.

Kafir corn seems not to be at all grown, although one would think that, as it would afford the colonist a sure crop which he could feed to his animals in the event of a severe drouth, he would plant small areas of it. I think, however, that the proprietors would discourage its use, seeing that there is not now a good market for Kafir corn in Europe.

Considering drouths, we remember that in 1830 there occurred in Argentina a drouth so terrible that millions of animals died; in fact, nearly all of the horses, cattle and sheep of Argentina perished, especially in the province of Buenos Aires. There was neither water nor grass, and dreadful clouds of dust swept the parched plain. That was before the day of wells, windmills, fenced pastures and alfalfa. Such conditions will likely not soon be seen again.

THE THRIFT OF THE COLONIST.

The colonist succeeds because of his thrift and his avoiding every possible outlay. He works his family instead of hiring labor. He lives in a mud-

walled hut with often no chimney and seldom a floor other than the natural earth. He is in some instances required to pay a cash rental in years of crop failure, a share of usually 25 to 35 per cent of his crop to the landlord. Sometimes he accumulates enough to buy a small farm or *chacra* of his own. Often he works many years before he accomplishes this. There is now a great rage for land speculation; many great *estancias* are being cut up and sold in small parcels to such men as these colonists. Ordinarily they pay from \$25 to \$75 per acre for such farms; they buy in tracts of 40 to 100 acres. Today a somewhat despised class, there is no doubt that the small farmers are destined in a short time to be the dominant factor in Argentine country life. In a large part, they will possess the land. They keep almost no live stock; with the coming of the colonist cattle and sheep leave an *estancia*, the *chacereo* keeping only his working animals—a cow or two, a few sheep that he consumes, and possibly a few pigs. He could become a great producer of pork, but he does not; he has perhaps not the right blood, nationality, instincts or training to make him a stock-farmer.

Englishmen and Americans who have undertaken to do grain-farming in Argentina have usually failed, sometimes disastrously. They could not keep down the expenses, as the Latins can. With stock-farming the case is quite different. Englishmen and Americans have nearly all made money at stock-raising.

RIO PARANA.

What a huge river is the Parana. It is said to flow a volume of water two and a half times that of the Mississippi. It looks even larger. It does not now flood its banks, excepting in certain regions. Great ocean steamers come to Rosario. Because of the depth and width of the river and its keeping nearly the same level, steamers lie at wharves to discharge and take on cargo. Many steamers, mostly tramp steamers, were at anchor at Rosario; some were from the United States and were disgorging enormous quantities of our repainted American machines. Returning to Europe, they would take little or no maize this year; instead they would transport wheat, hides and quebracho wood for tanning.

I quote from my journal: "I love to ramble along the quaint old streets near the riverside and see strange plants peeping over garden walls or growing along the bluffs. It was today (April 15), awfully hot until a shower cooled the air; it is perfect now. I hope the fearful drouth may be broken. We have met many business men of the city, and been to their rural association club rooms. It is a fine type of business man that we find in Rosario, the Chicago of the southern hemisphere. It is astonishing how kind and courteous every one is, all helping me as much as is within their power. The living at the hotel has put me in splendid condition; eschewing the meats, I live on soups, salads

and fruit and feel like a baron. Pomegranates are excellent here and seem wholesome. There is fine music at the hotel. I dropped in to the great cathedral just in time to see the great veil of black dropped, hiding the altar. It was a high veil, as the church is lofty; it was dropped from a balcony aloft and is left hiding the altar during the time that the crucifixion took place. I must drop in on Easter to hear the music. The church bells have lovely tones; one hears them calling before day. I cannot help recalling Easter Sundays at home—the snowy vestments of the choir of boys and girls in our little church, their sweet voices, their good faces; and our wholesome minister radiating health and spirituality. How little one appreciates one's best things until one loses them."

We visited a *cabaña* or breeding establishment near Rosario, where were magnificent Hackney horses. I enjoyed the horses and the energetic Frenchman who showed them to us. He was of the familiar type seen in the Perche country, and little changed by his transplantation. The carriage for the long ride to see the *cabaña* cost but \$3, in paper, or about \$1.27 in United States money. Our hotel was not on the side of cheapness, however, but the reverse.

ESTANCIA SANTA ROSA.

Roldan is not far from Rosario. It is in a typical region of rich, black soil. Near Roldan is Estancia Santa Rosa, belonging to Albide & Sanchez.

We went out by train on a Sunday morning. As to its environment, let me say that a wide road runs through a country that is much like the land in Nebraska about Hastings. On either side were cornfields with stunted, drouth-smitten corn, without ears. The rows of corn were but two feet apart. On one side of the road was alfalfa, green but short. Rather stunted eucalypts grew along the roadside; the road was very wide. Our drive was of five miles. In the distance loomed up a fine grove, surrounding the estancia buildings and the house of the manager. We passed many country folk in two-wheeled carts going to church. These were the Italian colonists, an intelligent and dependable people. They were dressed in their best, for it was Easter Sunday. As they had lost their crop they did not appear to be jubilant, as one would reasonably expect. As we neared the estancia headquarters, I looked interestedly at the trees. Many were of the familiar China berry type, common in our South. These trees thrive in Argentina because they endure drouth and are not eaten by locusts. There also were many eucalypts and many shrubs and fruit trees, orange and quince, were laden with fruit; the garden was no doubt irrigated.

To my astonishment our driver dared not approach the house, although a fine drive led that way, but took us back to the corrals and barns. The manager was absent for the time. There were great barns and stables, and in them some very high-class Short-horns and handsome draft horses.

The men were washing the bulls as though preparing for the showring. There were splendid sheep in pens in an airy shed adapted to their use. All these animals subsisted on alfalfa, cut fresh every day. I am not sure that I have ever seen better Short-horns or Lincoln sheep than were here kept. It was curious to me to note the air of suspicion and semi-hostility displayed by the capitaz (foreman) toward us. It was possibly because he, a Spaniard, took me to be an Englishman. After a time the manager returned and gave us what facts and figures he could as to the expense and profit of keeping Lincoln sheep on these rich and valuable lands. It turned out that the land is recognized as being too valuable for agriculture to be kept longer for grazing. Steadily the pastures of native grass are plowed and steadily grow the corn and alfalfa fields. When we had our facts and figures, as well as we could get them (the books of the estancia being kept in Rosario, and the owners not at home), we drove back to the railway. It had been a fine morning. A cold wind began to blow, chilling us almost to the bone, and reminding us that April 16 in Argentina was not the beginning of warmer but of colder weather. Fall was passing swiftly away.

The estancia Santa Rosa is in the midst of the best of the maize-growing and alfalfa-growing region of Santa Fe. The land is extraordinarily fertile and productive when there is sufficient rain. Unfortunately the two dry years just past nearly

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it about 22,195 acres. There are 10,000 cattle and 12,000 to 14,000 sheep on the place. The cattle are Short-horns. They are much of the time on alfalfa pasture. Viewing the bulls in use, I found them wonderfully good. The sheep are Lincolns with a slight infusion of Down blood. The rams are pure-bred Lincolns, in part imported and of good quality. Land values advance steadily; they did not decrease even with the drouth. On 100 hectarias (one hectaria equals $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) or about 250 acres the manager places about 960 sheep. This is on natural camp, with a mixture of coarse and fine grasses and a sprinkling of weeds, one of which, the romeryllo, is poisonous to sheep not accustomed to it.

Lambing time is in June; owing to cold, the manager does not save more than 50 lambs from 100 ewes. There was no disease in the flock during the past two (dry) years; previously, there was some stomach worm trouble. The sheep are on natural camp; the rams are fed alfalfa; the ewes never fed or watered. The wool is in a manner skirted; that is, the belly wool is taken off and sold at half price. The wool brought this year for the main flock \$7.25 per 10 kilos or $14\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, United States currency. The yearling wool brought $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound. Wethers for the frigorifico brought at the estancia \$3.08 each, and fat ewes \$2.42 each, United States money. The manager dips the sheep four times a year, using one of the coaltar dips. His dipping plant is of

concrete, with a long swim. Following is an estimate of a year's operations:

100 hectarias of land (250 acres)	\$14,300
Dipping plant	700
Well and wind mill and troughs.....	800
Building for rams and shearing galpon.....	250
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Total investment in equipment.....	\$16,050
960 sheep	2,400
15 rams	375
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Total investment	\$18,825

Following is an estimate of the expense of operation and income for the year:

Wages, with food, for one man.....	\$254.00
Shearing, all costs	48.00
Dipping, four times	200.00
Extra help in lambing	50.00
Of administration; capitaz and bookkeeper....	50.00
Repair of fence	50.00
Use of wind mill, wells, troughs.....	75.00
Interest on dipping plant	10.00
Salt	20.00
Alfalfa for rams	120.00
Land tax, \$4 per M.....	57.20
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	\$934.20
Income from 960 fleeces, averaging 7 pounds,	
6,720 pounds, at 14 cents	940.80
250 "capons" (wethers)	770.00
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Total	\$1,710.80

AN EASTER DAY PARADE.

I quote from my journal: "We came back to Rosario in time to see in the principal street of the town the Easter day parade of carriages. There were two lines of these carriages, one passing in each direction, many of the carriages were fine and the horses good. In the carriages were elegantly

dressed ladies and gentlemen, bowing and smiling as they met friends. I like Rosario! it is not so grand as Buenos Aires, but it is a fine, busy, pushing city, and unless I have been exceptionally lucky in meeting people, it has an unusually intelligent, courteous, enterprising class of people. Also a hotel. How I wish I could carry this with me around the world."

SANTA FE.

We were up early the next morning and boarded a train for Santa Fe, which is higher up the river. It was a long and crowded train, for people were going home from their holidays. Many branched off and went on up to Tucuman, far in the north, where there is an ancient colony and civilization with much modern enterprise. Also there are sugar plantations. It was cold enough on the train for me to wear my fur-lined overcoat all day. I quote again: "I enjoyed the ride very much, with the good midday breakfast in the dining-car. Along the way were wide perfectly level flat fields, often of maize, extending as far as the eye could reach, and alternating with alfalfa, which was a cheerful green in contrast with the burned maize stalks waist-high. Along the fences were miles of Chinaberry trees. Suddenly when we were near Santa Fe we came to groves of small, stunted trees, scattered over the plain, the beginning of a forested area, the 'chaco,' that reaches northward to Brazil. The trees were not close-set at first; grass grew between

them. Here one finds the Texas fever tick; here one sees an abrupt transition, too, in the cattle. Now they are no longer the finely-bred Short-horns that we saw in the south, but more scrubby sorts, as one sees in our own Gulf States. The wood of the little trees is durable. Some of the wood, that of the quebrachos, is as red as blood. It is also nearly as heavy as iron. From these forests go fence posts to fence all of Argentina. They are not straight posts, but are everlasting in the earth. I need two suspender buttons. I must find the words for them in my pocket dictionary."

THE INTERVENTION IN SANTA FE.

Santa Fe is a fine little city, the capital of the great rich state of Santa Fe. There is almost a revolution on; the government at Buenos Aires has intervened, is in charge of affairs and will order new elections. The story of this affair illustrates well political life in Argentina. At the risk of having misunderstood and being inaccurate, I will give it as it was told to me. The state of Santa Fe is a rich state, lying along the Rio Parana and having two principal cities, Rosario and Santa Fe. There would have been keen rivalry between the two cities had not Rosario so great a natural advantage; it is nearer the sea and has deeper water for ships. Naturally, therefore, Rosario soon vastly surpassed Santa Fe in commercial importance and growth. Santa Fe, it seems, devoted much of its energy to politics and, being the capital, managed to retain

a firm grip on the government. There was much complaint at Rosario that its port was neglected; that money was spent lavishly in building magnificent docks and other harbor works at Santa Fe, while Rosario suffered by reason of a lack of such things. Large ships cannot go to Santa Fe, so it seemed an economic blunder to try to build a great port there. Meanwhile Rosario with its pressing needs was neglected. And all this, I was told, was because the governor and some others were elected from the city of Santa Fe.

"Well, but why did you not elect a governor from Rosario? You have the voting strength to do so," I asked.

"Because," my informant made haste to answer, "the government at Santa Fe would not permit it. We repeatedly nominated candidates from our part of the state, but when the election was held and the ballots were counted we were always found to be defeated. Mind, señor, I am not saying that there was any robbery there; only it is strange that always the ballot boxes were found to hold a majority of votes for the candidate at Santa Fe."

Always it seems the government was in the hands of one family, a rich and highly intelligent family. It was in a sense hereditary. One man would hold the governorship as long as seemed good to him, then hand it down to a son or a nephew or some one within the charmed circle. That worked well enough for a time, but unhappily the family

was too prolific, and the young men became too ambitious. There came a time when certain of the younger men wished to become governor, but an old man held the office, refused to relinquish it and insisted on renomination. There were, however, a lot of the nephews and grandsons in the legislature; they rebelled and refused to appropriate funds for carrying on the government. That meant of course a deadlock; nothing could be done; the central government at Buenos Aires had to intervene, appoint a temporary governor, investigate all the affairs and order a new election. "And I will wager they found a pretty mess in the treasury when they investigated that," I remarked.

"On the contrary, señor, the funds in the treasury were intact and a searching investigation showed not one bit of irregularity. These people are honorable people; they may manage to steal an election from Rosario, but they take pride in administering the government honestly, once they have it in their hands."

As a side-light on Argentine political life this story is suggestive. It has, in fact, tremendous significance. Not so very long ago the country would have been plunged into civil war over such an episode as this; now there is no talk of revolution; the trust is yet in the ballot to cure all ills. Doubtless the Argentine government is imperfect and it may take a period of evolution and education for it to emerge into a state of high efficiency and moral probity. Nevertheless there are here

and there found in that government men of splendid qualities of honor, intelligence and ideals, for such men I learned to know. Their whole thought was for the people of Argentina and their advancement. Some of these men have my profound sympathy; they struggle against great difficulties in a land where many of the official class are of a quite different order.

SANTA FE AND ITS GARDENS.

Santa Fe is a well built, clean little city, with a good river front and fine stone docks. The river is miles wide and some ocean steamers come for maize, the chief article of export, apart from quebracho wood, which is very rich in tannin and tans a large percentage of the leather of the world, going to Europe and North America for that purpose. There were many pretty gardens and orchards at Santa Fe. Oranges, by the way, thrive from south of Buenos Aires north to the limits of the republic. The patio of our hotel was shaded by a fine grape vine and a few palm trees. We continued to enjoy magnificent grapes and large pomegranates, which, however, are best eaten in a bathtub. They are most refreshing and healthful.

There was so much excitement politically at Santa Fe that we could not find the men to whom we had letters of introduction, and Dr. Garrahan thought it wise to escape the turmoil and go where we could find affairs less disturbed. Accordingly we arranged to cross the river into the state of

Entre Rios (between rivers.) I quote from my diary:

CROSSING THE RIVER.

“April 18, I am on the river; it is fully eight miles across, with islands in the channel. The water flows strong and is yellow in color. They say there are immense fish, something like our cat fish, in the river. All the vast plain of Argentina is perishing of thirst, with this enormous river so little below the land. The difficulty in irrigation no doubt is that there is not descent enough to let one take out a canal without a dam, and to dam the river is an inconceivable thing. Fuel for pumping is high in price. Some day sun engines will pump water to irrigate millions of acres; they have almost unlimited sunshine during the crop-growing season. The little steamer is very comfortable and if one is in the sun and wears an overcoat one is warm. It is difficult to get accustomed to the idea of winter coming on, now that May approaches. I just had a curious side-light on Argentine conditions when a pleasant young Englishman and his sweetheart passed me on the deck. A young Spanish acquaintance said, ‘Diable! I hope those two are not going the same journey that I am going.’

“ ‘Why?’ I asked in wonder.

“ ‘Because I hate the English and dislike to travel with them,’ was his very frank reply. Pinned down, he confessed that the reason for his dislike of the English was their very blunt and needlessly

outspoken way of expressing their opinions of Argentina and more especially of Argentine people.

“The shores of Entre Rios drew near; there were high banks at Parana, and the land of Entre Rios proved to be not flat but rolling, the little city pleasant and interesting and the hotel good; then we took a train southward to Gualleguay, a good-sized provincial town in southern Entre Rios.”

TWO DAYS IN ENTRE RIOS.

We had a letter to Alberto C. Bracht of Estancia “La Peregrina.” We dropped off the train at Gualleguay and went tired to bed. It was April 19 when we awoke; the air was crisp and cool. They do not turn on steam or order fire in hotels in Argentina; guests dress in a hurry and get out and walk in the sun. Some of us did not get up before midday, when it was warmer. As for me, I made haste to get out to walk in the streets of quaint Gualleguay while the doctor was dressing. Orange trees and palms stood up above the garden walls, and roses bloomed—great sumptuous roses such as we grow only in California. I wore my fur overcoat, but children went bare-legged. I am no longer a child, so I kept on the sunny side of the streets. An Argentine town is not at all like a town in North America. There are few lawns or outdoor gardens, in the North American sense. Here and there great eucalyptus trees grew behind walls. We saw large pear or fig trees; oleanders bloomed sparingly; grapes made shady arbors in patios.

There was promise in the air, for was it not mid-April, and had not the long delayed rains come at last?

I was especially pleased this morning because I had a conversation or two with men in the streets, and they understood several words of my lame Spanish, and I understood enough of what they told me to follow their directions to the central market, where I bought apples and oranges from an honest man who refused to be overpaid or to let me take suspicious oranges. Then in high spirits I hastened back to the hotel. An Argentine morning meal followed; it consisted of two small rolls, butter, a pot of tea for the doctor and of hot water for me. I began by eating several rolls for breakfast and wishing for more, for the bread of Argentina is the best that I have seen. Within two months, I was eating only part of one roll and was satisfied. The Argentines eat but twice a day—really, once, and that at midday. I think there are no dyspeptics and assuredly the people are well nourished.

Having drunk our tea we sallied out and acquired some rather disturbing information. La Peregrina was twelve leagues distant. It was not certain that Señor Bracht was at home; assuredly he would soon leave for Buenos Aires. Our landlord found us a carriage owner who would drive us over, but he asked us \$40 for the trip. It would take eight horses and alfalfa was worth \$12 per ton. The telephone was out of order and we could not learn whether Señor Bracht was certainly at home or

not. There was but one way to learn, go and see. We ordered breakfast as soon as we could have it; while we were eating, our coach came clattering to the door. We drove four wiry horses abreast, as is the local custom. Four others for a relay had been already despatched ahead to a halfway point.

ON THE ROAD IN ENTRE RIOS.

That wide road from Gualleguay to San Julian was a wonder. The road between fences nearly or quite 100 yards wide, unmade, seldom having been touched by the hand of man, was good for the most part, and we made fair speed, the driver urging the horses continually. At first we went through a region of small farms, with trees about the houses, barns of plastered brick, whitewashed, and white walls about the home places. Little fields of alfalfa were delightfully green, for it was April, and rains had recently come. We passed a great *cabaña*, too, or place where pure-bred sheep are bred, with its splendid buildings of brick, gleaming white, its paddocks, its rows of towering eucalypts and its avenues of *paraiso* or China trees—the trees that we use so much in our southern states.

The lay of the land was not flat; it rolled in gentle sweeps up to the horizon on either side, long slopes of miles, yet never so steep as to suggest hills and every inch of it black as a prairie in Illinois; in fact in texture and color it resembled the best soils of Illinois and perhaps surpassed Illinois in fertility. Nowhere else have I seen land that suggested

so graphically the plow, exuberant fertility and rich harvests. And do they come? We shall see. As we drove along I would perforce spring out of the carriage now and again to gather delightful little spring flowers that pushed up through the dark earth. There would be whole fields of bright yellow blooms, lying close to the earth. The fields on either hand were soon as wide as the eye could reach, untilled for the most part, and over them roamed cattle and sheep.

What an abundance of animal life this rich black earth feeds. There were enormous holes in the ground where dwelt the vizcacha, a beastie, suggesting a cross between a woodchuck and a Tamworth pig. Its industry is prodigious; the animal must have palaces under the earth with very spacious dancing halls, judging from the amount of earth it brings forth. It is hard to kill, as it comes forth usually at night and yet sometimes persists in dwelling in the very center of the highway. Occasionally we saw tame ostriches in paddocks. I think the wild ones are nearly exterminated. The number of birds was extraordinary. Most common was the teruteru, something like a curlew; it walks proudly about over the prairie as though it owned it and often flies toward, instead of away from one, as though inquisitive. Then there were the owls, dozens and hundreds of them, not in flocks but in pairs, as are our North American prairie owls. They look cheerful and seem to believe that they own the earth which they inhabit. They have the same wise

look as our owls, but I am informed that they are often otherwise. We amused ourselves by shooting (harmlessly) at these birds with a revolver as we passed them, just to show our good-will. Then there are great beautiful birds like long legged eagles that stalk proudly over the prairie. There also are partridges and doves in flocks. The doves look much like our turtle doves. Also there were white birds with cardinal heads and in trees I saw flocks of green parrots. Some of them could speak two languages, I was told.

Once we passed a line of paraiso trees, six miles long, beside a field, and once we saw the work of a steam plow that had just begun to turn furrows in a field at least three miles long. Once we met an American gasoline tractor that came rumbling by, going on an errand of mercy to weak horses, to do a job of plowing. Often, too sadly often, in the fields or in the road, we saw dead cattle, sheep or horses, and the survivors' gaunt skeletons wandering about eagerly licking up the green grass as fast as it grew, for it was the close of a great drouth that had endured for thirteen weary months, the worst since forty years ago.

The grass springing up through the rich black earth was fine, short and sweet, like our bluegrass, though I have an idea that it is annual grass and not a perennial, except where the camps have not been plowed; there one sees tall, coarse grass in tufts a foot or two high in April. It is not liked much by animals. It is the "strong" grass that once

covered all the land and that has been subdued by plowing. At half-way we overtook our spare horses, change was made and we hurried on. It was near sunset when we turned into the gates and wide pastures of La Peregrina. Ahead stood splendid eucalypts; they had been in sight for the last hour, sheltering the estancia buildings. And, new to me, to our left was a monte or park-like expanse of trees, set wide apart. They were spreading trees like large and untrimmed apple trees. Between the trees was in one place a wide expanse of yellow wheat stubble, a lovely combination of green and gold.

Splendid Short-horn cows we passed; they were thin, and ahead were the great brick, white-walled barns where were the pure-bred bulls, and a little beyond we saw the beautiful gates of the park of La Peregrina. A group of noble pines, without foliage, stood near the park gates; within were many trees, from palms and eucalypts to fruit trees, and a large and fine house.

LA PEREGRINA.

Señor Bracht came forth to give us a hearty South American welcome, our weary horses were sent to the stables and we were taken inside. The first room was like a deep American porch, the length nearly of the house, and sixteen feet wide. It may have been left open at one time, but now was enclosed, mostly with glass. Here was the office of Señor Bracht; here also were fine pictures,

with more books about country life than one often sees on a farm, and English, French, Spanish and American agricultural periodicals. There was too an American heating stove, with plenty of fuel. How I surrounded that stove, and how Señor Bracht, seeing my appreciation, filled it with wood to the very top of it. The next room had a cheery open fire. Besides us there was a guest from Belgium, a young man who spoke English, and the manager, who spoke French and Spanish best. At the table that night the conversation was in English, French, Spanish, German and United States. We ought in the states to be ashamed of our poverty of speech. Why, we seldom can as much as speak English.

What happy dreams we had that night. Señor Bracht was glad to have us with him and so courteous and willing to give us the information that we needed. The mere fact that we had found him a cattle rancher and not a sheepman seemed a trifling thing, but then he had in any event 5,000 sheep, just for his own and his laborers' tables, and 10,000 cattle. Early in the morning we were afield with Señor Bracht driving a pair of Hackneys that tore over the prairie or dragged us flying across the hollows. They were splendid horses of wonderful mettle. "What do you feed these horses?" "Alfalfa, and alfalfa alone, no grain," was the reply. We drove league after league, seeing the gaunt cattle, the rich earth through which the soft green grass peered and the alfalfa fields on which the cattle eagerly grazed. The alfalfa could not get a start,

since it held too many hungry beasts. If only the meadows had a month's rest all might be saved, but how? In all the land not a haystack could be bought; remember, there was no rain for 13 months, and there was an awful plague of locusts too.

"These cattle are strong; they will come through all right; it is already nearly May," I remarked, encouragingly. "Yes, but you forget where you are; it is winter that is coming, not spring. May is often a very cold month; we can hope for very little growth after this time; frosty nights will soon begin to come. I expect to lose half or more of my cattle." I shuddered at the thought. "Is there nothing to be done?" I asked. "Nothing. Two years of drouth, and locusts worse than ever before; there is no help for us but to let them die. Next year will probably see a splendid harvest and fine pastures with fat cattle. Many estancieros I predict will lose three-fourths of their animals. This is the worst that has happened in forty years."

The estancia contains in all about like 30,000 acres and is divided into pastures of from 1,000 to 3,000 acres each. Then there are thirteen alfalfa fields each with 300 or more acres. Each alfalfa field opens into a pasture of grass. The plan is to open one field at a time to the cattle, giving them also access to the grass pastures. Thus treated the cattle do not suffer bloat.

"Señor, it seems to me all you need is more alfalfa to solve your ranching problems."

"True, but consider my difficulties. Two years

of drouth and then the locusts—I cannot establish alfalfa under such conditions. Then all horses in the land are weak; I cannot buy feed for them; I cannot plow. I have bought a new American plowing engine and will set it at work as soon as possible; we will try to secure in the future reserve alfalfa in stacks so that if another drouth comes in my time it will not find us so unprepared.”

What tales of the locusts they told me. They come in swarms that darken the sky, coming from no one knows where. They devour every green thing except the paraiso trees. They devour the very palm leaves. They do not come every year of course. They had stripped the bark, but as they were gone the trees put out leaves again, though it was April, which is their October. The land has a winter like Los Angeles, Calif., and a summer like Illinois, only with some cool spells and some cool nights and some dry years. There are years with forty inches of rain; then one can hardly find the sheep for the grass, and everything in nature is fat and happy. The growth of vegetation is then riotous.

We talked of the colonists from Italy, Russia and Austria. They rent land, paying usually 25 to 35 per cent of their crops in rental. They grow maize, wheat, flax and alfalfa. Often they make money, then go elsewhere and buy land of their own. They plow, harrow, drill in maize and usually never touch it again with cultivator or hoe. It yields from nothing to eighty bushels to the acre, according to rainfall. Señor Bracht told me that where manure

was put on the land it spoiled it for agriculture, making it too rich.

This land was perhaps as fertile as any that I have ever seen. Alfalfa is sown with wheat in the fall, April or May, March or June—it matters little when, if rain comes. They have a bitter maize that locusts will not touch, and yet it is said that it has as good grain as any. Cattle eat the stalks and blades after they are dried, when the cattle are hungry. It seems to me the people have much to learn. They have Kafir corn, Egyptian corn and Milo maize to test. They can grow Johnson grass splendidly. They need thousands and thousands of people to till this land, each settler with large flocks of fowls; then the locusts might disappear. They do not now trouble Kansas (but they do Colorado). Nature has assuredly given a wonderful land in this of Argentina, and the land of Entre Rios seemed to me the most charming. Barring locusts one there can have apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, palms, roses, oranges, wheat, corn, alfalfa, flax, oats, barley, horses, cattle and sheep. It is a land of plenty, when these pests are absent.

It was at La Peregrina that I received my first astonished realization of what sheep mean to the Argentine. “You must understand, Mr. Wing, that I do not have sheep for profit at all; we keep them merely for consumption on the place,” remarked Señor Bracht. “But you have 5,000,” I said. “True, but even with that number the increase is all eaten, and we may buy some; there usually are no fat

sheep sold." Then it was that I learned that it is the custom to allow to each peon (laborer) one sheep per week for his use. I assume that Señor Bracht supplies the colonists also with mutton. He told me of the early days of this estancia, and how on its 31,250 acres it carried 90,000 sheep. These nearly ruined the grass by eating it too close. It now carries 10,000 cattle and but 5,000 sheep. Normally the grass would improve under such moderate stocking. There are 850 horses on the place; they are of excellent breeding. Mr. Bracht had sold his wool on the estancia for 18 cents per pound. He was using Romney rams on Rambouillet ewes, and the result was very good. His wethers, had he sold them, would have been worth \$1.60 each. He found that it would not do to allow the sheep to graze in the alfalfa meadows, as their close biting killed the crowns. He paid shearers $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per head and the flock clipped about 6 pounds of wool per head. The wools of Entre Rios are not at all greasy, so they are light; but our buyers prefer them for that reason.

I left La Peregrina and its charming host and hostess with real regret. I do not remember ever to have met a finer type of man than Señor Bracht, a man of the highest intelligence and education, practical, thorough and a devoted lover of country life and living. I learned later that the winter was so mild that his losses were less than he had expected.

AT LA CABEZAS.

We drove from Señor Bracht's to a neighboring estancia, La Cabezas, where sheep are the principal stock kept. This place was under English management. The sheep were thin but game; not many had died. Naturally they did not look well under such conditions; in fact, I felt always like apologizing for trespassing on a man when he was suffering under such adversities as were these men, first the drouth and then the locusts. At La Cabezas, however, they had a small garden completely netted in with wire, so that locusts could not get in to it. Speaking of the locusts, I was told that horses and sometimes sheep ate them; that fowls ate so many of them that the eggs were quite spoiled and even the flesh of the fowls had a rank taste.

Some bright young English foremen were at La Cabezas; the place was interesting; about the house it was park-like, with an avenue and many trees. One of the young English capitaz remarked: "I was down among our colonists today; they are busily sowing wheat; but there is one man there, a new man and a Belgian, who will not do; he will make a failure, sure." "Why, what is he doing that is wrong?" "He has harrowed his land until it is like a garden. He is a newcomer from Belgium. He says he is going to teach the Argentines good farming. He will never do for us." I think what the young man felt was that the Belgian would not get a sufficient acreage sown, using so much care

with it. Weary but content we returned to Gualle-
guay. Next morning we took a train northward, for
Concordia. I quote from my journal:

ON A SLOW TRAIN IN ENTRE RIOS.

“It is a local train and slow, but I enjoy it. Entre Rios is like a great park, set with smallish, spreading trees with open spaces between them and again great grassy glades. The country is green from the recent rains, although we see many half-starving cattle and sheep. We pass some prosperous-looking farming colonies, one where there has been rain, and men are out gathering maize, as they would be gathering it in Illinois. Sometimes men and women work together in the fields. We pass a Jewish colony, which looks neat and prosperous, although its prosperity has thus far come in large part from outside aid. We reached Concordia after nightfall, weary and hungry, finding no letters from home, although we had hoped for them here.”

Once Entre Rios was covered with tall, coarse grass, the so-called pampas grass of our gardeners. As soon as the estancieros were able they destroyed this by plowing it and digging it out; after which there came the finer, more nutritious grasses. All of this province has a semi-tropical climate and grows figs, oranges, palms and other vegetation peculiar to such a region. There is, however, frequent frost in winter. Its rich black soil is usually deep and underlaid with soft limestone, from which it is derived. Land holdings are usually very large,

from one to many leagues. Linseed is considerably grown, there being in 1910 a half-million acres of this crop, 750,000 acres of wheat and 75,000 of corn. There were 300,000 acres of alfalfa and much more being sown, 7,000,000 sheep and 3,000,000 cattle.

IN CONCORDIA.

Concordia is a quaint old city, green and mossy from the rains, and is filled with the indescribable air of the sub-tropics. It had an air of languor about it and men and women were not much inclined to hasten their steps. My memories of Concordia are pleasing. We stayed there some days, visiting estancieros and wool merchants and seeking to glean what information we could. I was brought in contact with a curious product, an Englishman who has forgotten his language. English and Scottish estancieros have lived there for so long a time that one sees the grandsons of the first settlers. Many of the grandchildren can speak English only imperfectly and haltingly.

I have memories of great wool lofts, where swarthy peons were sorting wools, and putting each class by itself for baling to go to European or American markets. I saw some of the very coarse criollo wools that came down the river from the north, but in the main the wools are good Merino and cross-bred types. The cattle about Concordia are also good, but not so good usually as those farther south. One old estanciero remembered well the terrible Paraguayan war, in which he fought for

Argentina. The little country of Paraguay was opposed by the combined armies of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, and it held out until nearly all its men were killed. The old soldier told us how the character of the grasses changed as he went northward, how, when he went with the troop through Corrientes bound for Paraguay, there was not much difficulty in keeping their horses strong and even fat until they reached the region about Mercedes in the state of Corrientes; after that the grasses were no longer nutritious, being the product of tropical rains. How curious it is that drouth makes sweet grass the world over.

Life in Concordia is quaint and restful. While it is not at all in a state of decay, yet there appeared to be but little doing there and men took abundant time to do that. I recall the peace and calm of the offices, the streets with no bustle nor hurry and the docks rather silent, yet having their daily steamers from Buenos Aires, for this is at the head of steamer navigation on the Rio Uruguay.

It was at Concordia that I got my first sight of the *saladeros* or salting establishments where the flesh of cattle is salted and dried in the sun. These are immense establishments, taking in the native cattle, mostly in thin flesh, and drying them into the salt "jerked" beef of the tropics. One would sometimes see acres of meat out drying in the sun and know that it was destined to go to the tropics, perhaps to Brazil, or else to the West Indies, usually to feed the black men who labor on sugar planta-

tions. The cattle that go to the salederos are of the original semi-wild Spanish stock, usually full of days and empty of much of anything else but good, hard, tough meat that no doubt makes "good chewing" to the black man who finally finishes it. The salederos receive their cattle mainly from the tick-infested regions where well-bred cattle have not yet been introduced.

SOUTH AMERICAN STREET ETIQUETTE.

At Concordia my interpreter companion gave me a lesson in Latin street etiquette, which it seems I had been violating all these days. "You see, Mr. Wing, it is not here considered the right thing to do to stop and gaze through the doorways and windows of shops. One ought never to stop along the street to look through gates into courtyards, as I frequently see you do." "What, doctor, may I not then 'rubber?'" "To 'rubber?' Please tell me what that word means." "Well, you will not find the modern use of that word in many English dictionaries; it is a good but new American word and it means to stop, to turn the head, to stretch the neck, to peep, peer, gaze, spy out and examine things with curiosity, as though one had a neck of rubber. I came to South America to 'rubber,' and 'rubber' I must." "Very well; I desire that you rubber alone; not in my company," said the doctor. I could not blame the man, but neither could I forego the luxury of seeing the most interesting sights.

I saw carts with enormous wheels to which were

attached three or four diminutive mules, abreast. The cart is a sort of dray that takes merchandise to the docks. Sometimes the wheels were so high and the mules so small that when the shafts tilted upward they nearly raised the shaft mule off its feet; it was as though the animals were backed up to go under a little shed. Indeed I used to wonder whether it would not have been possible to hitch the animals to the axle right under the bed of the cart, sheltered there from sun and rain, but there must be some reason why that would not be practicable. In fact I feel that I offended the doctor by suggesting to him the desirability of that arrangement.

From the balcony of our hotel we could see over the roofs of the buildings across the street, and in some patio see a tree covered with big red blossoms. The flowers were singularly gay and alluring and I made several leisurely journeys clear around the square, peering into every open passageway, hoping to espy the particular garden that held this marvelous tree and trusting to luck and my few words of Spanish to get admitted to its company, but I did not succeed; but this I know: the tree would live in Florida and California.

Across the river lay Uruguay and the city of Salto. A little steamer plied between the two cities. We took passage and soon found ourselves on Uruguayan soil, and in one of the quaintest old cities of the new world. Rain had been falling in fine showers for some days; old stone-built houses

with red tiled roofs and white walls were showing patches of moss in their crevices and patches of greenish-yellowish stains; little ferns in the crevices and on their roofs. The streets were paved with cobblestones, between which grasses grew. "Ah, this Salto is charming," I cried. "Why, look at it, just as it was when Columbus discovered it, I'll bet a dollar." "You are wrong, señor; Columbus did not discover Salto," patiently explained my interpreter. "Ah, yes, he did; I feel sure of it, and it has not changed since that day; it is exactly as it was when Columbus discovered it."

"But, señor," wearily, "the reason why I feel sure that you are wrong is that Columbus never sailed up this river, so how could he have discovered Salto?" That seemed reasonable, but the internal evidence was to me convincing in the other direction. We took carriage and proceeded. By the way, a carriage costs always one peso, which on the east side of the river was worth about 43 cents in our money, and on the other side \$1.03, yet I think the cabby makes as much on one side as on the other, because on the Argentine side he is busier than in Uruguay, which is an illustration of the fact that high prices for labor do not always mean large earnings.

As we proceeded up the street my eye caught sight of a wonderful tree in a walled enclosure attached to a dwelling house. The tree was perhaps forty-five feet high, with a dense, rounded top covered over with delicious lily-like pinkish blooms,

as large as Japanese lilies. "Stop," I cried in amazement. "Let us go and see that tree," The doctor looked at me in annoyed pity. "No, señor, I cannot let you stop here. I do not wish to see the tree, for I do not know the people who live there and I care nothing for trees anyway, nor can I allow you to stop, for I do not know where the hotel is and you would become lost from me." "Drive on," was my sulky response, but no sooner had we found our hotel than I broke away and hurried back to find my tree. As I went I put together all the Spanish words that I could recall that had any bearing on the case and hoped for luck, and luck was indeed with me; the door through the wall that enclosed the yard was slightly ajar. I entered a little way, looking warily for dogs, and stood gazing at the tree. One eye I kept turned toward the house, the other toward the tree, and presently, as I had expected, a servant noted me; then a little later the señora herself appeared on a little balcony and looked at me. Steadily I contemplated the tree, with evident appreciation. The señora drew a step nearer. I went to her then and with my best bow said in Spanish, "Pardon me, señora, but I so much admire your beautiful tree with its wonderful flowers." She saw that I was a foreigner and ignorant, so she came down smiling and pleased. Together we went to the tree and she told me about it, in torrents of Spanish, many words of which I could not grasp, but at least when she had finished informing me, I knew this; that the tree came from

Brazil; that it was called the cotton tree; that the lower branches were broken off by mischievous children, so that there were now none low enough for us to reach. She, however, grasped a bamboo fishing pole and proceeded vigorously to whale the tree, breaking off hundreds of the delicate and beautiful flowers until the ground was quite carpeted with them. This sacrilege I stopped and, taking the pole, I fastened my pocket knife to its end and with little difficulty sawed off a branch, laden with half a hundred great delicate, lovely blooms. These, with many thanks to the señora, I carried away, leaving her smiling and happy that her tree had been appreciated.

My carrying these flowers through the streets of Salto attracted a deal of attention. Presently I was surrounded by a bevy of bright-eyed smiling, eager little girls, each begging for a blossom. As I had enough for all I made each one happy and carried a good many on to my room at the hotel. There I learned that the doctor had let it be known that we were in the town—an amiable and useful habit of his, and certain men, dignitaries and bankers of the place came to dine with us at the hotel, this in honor of my having a government mission. The dinner went merrily forward and when dessert was brought I excused myself for a moment and brought down the flowers, placing them on the table. All exclaimed at their beauty.

“I am glad, señors, that you are here, for you can tell me the name of the tree that bears these

blooms and whence it comes, for I feel that it would grow in my own land in North America, certainly in our California," I said. "But, señor, where did you find such flowers as these?" "I found them in Salto, down by the custom house." "And you say that they grow on a tree?" "Yes; they grow on a large tree." "Astonishing. We have lived here all our lives, and we have never seen that tree." "Well, señors, I am an inquisitive Yankee; I had not been in your town five minutes before I had spied your tree," I rejoined.

There is a sad sequel to this tale. A man tried to secure the seed of the tree for me, but Salto took some unaccountable rage for development; the vacant space where the tree grew was desired for a building site, the tree was cut down and I never saw another one in all my wanderings. I learned later that it belongs to the family of the palo borracho, the common sort having pale yellow blooms. The tree I saw had larger pink and red lily-shaped blooms, with orange-colored inner tubes, each flower a perfect thing and the tree en masse marvelous indeed.

I quote again from my journal:

BY RAIL THROUGH URUGUAY.

"April 25: We left Salto early this morning by rail, going northward in search of a great estanciero of Uruguay whose cattle and sheep are as the sands of the sea in numbers. Near the city of Salto were many little farms, with orchards,

orange groves, stables, cows, pigs and fowls. Soon, however, we passed the zone of small farms and reached the open camp, or the land of big, fenced pastures. It is a picturesque land of rolling plains, almost hilly, and usually rather dry, and almost uninhabited, so far as men count. Many wild ostriches are seen hurrying away from our train. The cattle and sheep are emaciated, and there are many dead ones along the way. We learn that the estanciero for whom we search is losing cattle at the rate of 100 per day. Because of the recent revolution he has not horses enough to enable his vaqueros to skin the dead animals. We are so aghast at this we do not care whether we find our man or not; surely he will not be glad to see us at this time. The little train is a curiosity; it is small and light and the water tank is so small that every few miles we stop to replenish it, so that I remarked to Dr. Garrahan that it was the first train I had ever seen that ran by water power.

“What picturesque men are the Uruguayan camp people. Their trousers are so wide that they are fully as large in the leg as are modern fashions in women’s dress skirts; they wear splendid thick, warm ponchos, too, and look as though they were more at home in the saddle than on the ground, which is no doubt true. The poncho is merely a big thick blanket with a hole in the center through which is thrust the man’s head. It seems a sensible thing when one is riding horseback in the rain. With the poncho and the saddle blanket the guacho is always

at home; his bed is ready whenever or wherever he is ready and all his wealth he carries in a huge belt about his slender waist. These men endure incredible exposure at night. I have frequently seen them from Punta Arenas to Brazil lying on the ground under their carts, with only the thickness of the poncho between them and bitter cold—cold that would chill me to the bone. They have of course undergone acclimation.

“We send repeated telegrams trying to locate our big estanciero, who is, however, so much on the move on an estancia as vast as one of our smaller states that we at last despair of locating him. The whole land is soaked; rain, so long withheld, is now falling in excess of the land’s needs. All the land is devoted to wild grasses; there is no agriculture. I see no valid reason why the land could not be sown in part at least to alfalfa; probably it would grow corn, too. These must come some day, when the revolutions cease and colonists come. Our toy train lands us at last at the little village of Santa Rosa; with some peril in a small sail boat we cross the Uruguay again in a violent windstorm, with waves threatening our little boat and the swarthy boatman with bare feet braced against the cleats pulling for dear life. We land at Monte Casares and the sun comes out from behind the angry clouds; all the world is wet; again the plain springs up with all manner of green things, and as I walk on the shores of the river the pebbles glow like emeralds.”

AT MONTE CASARES.

Those pebbles were my torment. I would pick them up, one by one, examine curiously, marveling over the ancient river that tore them from their mother bed and rolled and polished them, millions of years ago. After a time my pockets would be heavy with them; regretfully I would lay them aside, for there remained many leagues of travel between me and a certain small boy on Woodland Farm who likes pretty pebbles. There are tons of pebbles in that land pretty enough in coloring to be set as jewels.

Monte Casares is unlike anything that I had seen. It is a village of wide streets, carpeted with fine, thick grass and grazed by sheep and goats. Perfectly in Spanish character are the houses, only many are yet in rough brick, unplastered, and on each street corner there is a little shop where things are offered for sale. I came near saying, "things are sold." It seems quite a deserted village, so far as life or commerce is concerned. It was built I think, with grand expectations of being a port. Let us hope that it has not yet achieved its destiny. There was a soft mellowness in the air, as befitted its location, which is as near the equator as southern Georgia. In the suburbs happy children wearing short shirts played about, and among them were young ostriches, caught in chickhood, I assume, or perhaps hatched from eggs brought to town by the vaqueros. The ostriches were perfectly tame and

merely eluded the grasp of the merry children as they played. Here I saw many new plants, great climbing cacti that covered garden walls with a prickly tangle of arms as thick as a man's, and yellow with blooms as large as soup plates. There was, however, about the place that indescribable air of poverty, sadness and decay that seems indissolubly linked with the tropics.

At the inn we were fortunate in finding some of the leading estancieros of the neighborhood, among them Señor Fernando E. Etorena. From him we learned that good land in this region was worth about \$13.50 per acre; that sheep, mainly of Rambouillet blood, thrive during dry years and were afflicted with worms in wet years; that Romney rams were coming in; that to get sixty lambs from 100 ewes was considered a good increase. His labor cost was astonishingly low. The wage scale there is from \$8 to \$12 per month to the peon, with shelter, of course and meat, biscuits and mate. The señor thought, however, that the wave of immigration would reach him and that then much land would go under the plow. It did not look like an alfalfa soil, or a land suitable for wheat, but it may grow maize fairly well. I know no reason why it should not grow cotton.

“April 26: In the suburbs of Monte Casares (the name means Casares' grove or forest), are huts of bamboo and thatch set down promiscuously on the green plain, with many small flocks of sheep, goats and children. The goats' kids stand within

the huts and peer out of the doorways, looking strangely innocent and domestic. Doubtless they share their mothers' milk with the family. There are great eucalyptus trees, roses in bloom and very early in the morning children start for school carrying books and little baskets with their breakfast and lunches. There were ponies being hurried about bearing big bags of loaves of good Argentine bread and enormous carts, each drawn by four oxen. In some of these carts were families of women and children, journeying to perhaps some other land. To some of the gardens there were hedges of a sort of cactus, with tall, erect stalks as thick as a strong man's arm. These things I saw on a brisk morning walk while the doctor took another nap. My fur-lined overcoat made people stare in wonder, as I passed by, but there was nearly a frost last night."

CURUZU CUATIA.

"April 26: We came by train to Curuzu Cuatia in Corrientes. It has rained in Corrientes; in fact, the drouth has not been nearly so severe, and now the recent rains have made the level plains all a-bloom. Imagine a wide plain with park-like areas of trees like big apple trees, that is, trees in groups and areas, meadowy expanses between of hundreds or thousands of acres. This is the monte country, or region of trees. Imagine the plain a lively, tender green from the fresh springing grass and then areas of color—sometimes yellows, sometimes pinks

or reds, sometimes a blending of those colors. These were not small areas of color, but stretches of miles of it, and cattle in great droves were eating only the blossoms. Nowhere else in the world have I seen such a sight, the prairies of the gulf coast of Texas in spring being nearest like it. The trees are of the acacia family, and are called the *Nandubay*, which is pronounced 'nyanduby.' Crooked although they are, their stems make imperishable fence posts. In all the ride to *Curuzu Cuatia*, I do not remember to have seen one farm, although the soil looks black and good. It is, however, hard and impervious to water, so that great shallow pools stand here and there in the pastures, betokening the recent hard rains."

Millions of little flowers that look like crocus blooms, spring up in the grass and along the railway tracks. Our long ride in the slow train was enlivened by watching the people inside the cars and the sights outside. Across the aisle from me were many children, fat and roly-poly. Their mother ignored them, and finally went to sit with a mustached señor with whom she carried on a vigorous flirtation while the little six-year-old boy held the head of a very chubby and heavy three-year-old, both going to sleep, and they would have fallen off the seat had I not gone to their rescue. There was another and more pleasing family party, also with many children, clean in dress and person, that attracted my attention.

Curuzu Cuatia is a thriving little city, but not

attractive or picturesque. It is set out on a rather barren plain of black adobe earth. I walked early one morning when it was crisp and cold, with no frost and a bright sun. The town has perhaps 2,500 inhabitants; in the outskirts live many people in mud walled, grass-thatched huts, scattered around promiscuously as though they might be the dwellings of squatters. In the center of the town stands a truly splendid monument to Belgrano, an Argentine hero. The monument is a Corinthian column, which is tall and supports a female figure signifying Liberty. I could not but compare the artistic beauty of this monument in this unheard of Argentine camp village to the efforts of our richer people in American towns and cities, the comparison being not at all favorable to us.

Out in the suburbs a few little ostriches walked about in dooryards. There were not many trees nor flowers, since the soil and climate are both difficult and since the most of the inhabitants are only poor Indians. Our hotel was interesting and good; there were two patios, with rooms surrounding them and floors of red tiles; in our rooms there were neat iron beds, fairly free from fleas (turpentine between the sheets is the trick to banish fleas in the tropics). The windows were French, coming flush with the floor, with Venetian blinds and strong bars outside for which we are always grateful in a land where there seem to be a certain number of cut-throats. Perhaps I wrong them, but I feel safer behind bars. We met at the hotel a fine young Scot,

G. Norman Leslie, who invited us to view his estancia and promised to send a vehicle for us the next day. At the appointed time appeared an English dogcart drawn by a magnificent carriage horse. The peon who brought this equipage led his own saddle horse and when we started back he rode and led the way, himself a picturesque man, swarthy, evidently of Indian blood. His trousers were so full as to suggest skirts, and he wore a gay cloth about his neck. He rode a good horse, and seemed a part of it. We followed his pilotage out through the outskirts of Curuzu Cuatia. The road was very wide and untouched by the hand of man; doubtless it was good in a dry time, and most times are dry in that land. But there it had rained; it was as though we were in the black gumbo soil of our own West, in a wet time, and no roadmaking done. I observed a familiar plant, the cockle bur, thick along the way. It and the rich black mud reminded me of home. Water stood in holes by the wayside, and on the plain, beside every little pool, was an Indian woman washing clothes—surely not always her own—and on every thorny shrub were garments drying. Thus do these excellent brown people approach to godliness.

MR. G. NORMAN LESLIE'S ESTANCIA.

Wonderingly we forded a river twice; it was safe, however; we turned in at a gate and came down to the estancia headquarters at Los Ingleses. First we saw a brick-walled, reed-thatched shear-

ing shed and woolhouse, with a tiled floor, comfortable and very cheap (we had found such things in Argentina that cost up to \$10,000; this one served as well as any); then we passed the rams' shed with the little yards all paved with tiles, to be always dry and clean in front; then we sped on to the long, low bungalow where dwelt Mr. Leslie. I cannot tell how much I admire this young Scot, for his using native material in an inexpensive way and yet securing both beauty and comfort. His bungalow had, it is true, mud walls, yet they were glistening with whitewash; the roof was of splendidly made thatch; there were wide verandas on three sides and a floor of tiles. He could live, and did live, mostly outdoors. Within were books, pictures, things to remind him of home, including an outfit for playing polo, for Mr. Leslie was once an officer in the British army, stationed in India.

On the veranda were cages of birds with brilliantly red crests, the South American cardinals, seemingly content; others at liberty hopped about near by; a trap, worked by a string, threatened to imprison more of them. Fox terriers crowded and begged for caresses. In the stunted trees of the lawn oven birds called, and other sorts that I did not know. The oven bird builds a clay house as large as a medium-sized pumpkin, on a gate post or a branch of a tree. It is curious to see.

Mr. Leslie's welcome was cordial and complete. His cupboard was thrown wide and we were asked, "What shall it be?" and, indeed, it would have

needed to be a rare beverage that he could not have supplied, although from his appearance I should guess that he keeps them all for guests only. Breakfast next, for it was noon and we were all hungry. Our host had ridden far that day, for the estancia contains 7,500 acres and he had been back to some of the outlying places, working with stubborn black cattle.

In the cool, dim dining-room we were served a meal that made us wonder. It was served by a neat and comely maiden. "I have a whole family of Italians," explained Mr. Leslie; "they take beautiful care of me." As we ate we talked, over the coffee and between courses. "This is a good country for cattle and for sheep, if one takes jolly good care of one's sheep. I find the Shropshires do best; they are hardier than the Merinos and less subject to disease. Angus cattle? Father is a breeder of them at home, in Aberdeenshire, so I thought to have them here. They thrive jolly well. I have had a lot of trouble getting bulls out from home; they are so apt to die of tick fever, what you call Texas fever, but I am getting a start at last. I think the best plan is to send the cows south to be bred, bringing them back to calve. Yes, I can show you 1,500 good Angus cattle. I breed Romney sheep too, and they thrive. You must be watchful in this country; when it rains too much is the danger time; the sheep may go wrong in the feet or get lombriz (worms); but you shall see. It is a jolly lively life, for I am my own superintend-

ent and all. We have 7,500 acres, 2,000 cattle, 6,600 sheep and 200 horses. I breed race and coach horses."

Then we sallied out, first to see the Angus bulls, fat and saucy, and then out into the park (I can hardly call it else) that made his range. The little trees stood just nicely spaced over the green sward so that they looked as though they had been placed there intentionally. They had been trimmed also. On these trees grew curious striped pods like our string beans in the North; the animals eat the pods. We were in the dogcart when we met about 500 Angus cattle coming. We had seen dying cattle all over the parts where we had been, and in Uruguay I had been told of a man who was losing 100 a day, so naturally I had inwardly smiled when told that I should see fat cattle. There they came, fat, round and sleek, fit for a show, many of them, and testifying splendidly to three things: the ability of Mr. Leslie to breed them well, the goodness of his range and the suitability of the cattle to it. Assuredly I had never before seen so many good Angus cattle together. Asked if they bred well, he replied that they did, only that now and then some heifers would get too fat to breed.

What a picture the shining, round, black cattle made in the park of miniature but ancient and honorable trees. To myself I said, "His cattle are all right, but I know what the sheep will look like; this is no place for Shropshire sheep." We drove on and presently met the Shropshires coming, some

brown-skinned men bringing them slowly up to us. Then did I receive a shock from which I may never recover. Many of us in North America can muster twenty or possibly fifty, or very remotely possible 200 sheep of which we are proud; here came a great army of many hundreds of splendid Shropshires, well bred, very fit, fat, heads up and eyes bright. The grass was as green as our grass in spring, and pink with little wild flowers, and under the charming little green trees the fleeces were white as snow, for the hard rain had washed them. There was not a sign of disease or scab.

In South America many estancieros, even those of English origin, admit that their flocks have scab, even much scab, but contend that it is inevitable. But this Scot had not a trace of it, and yet he dips four times a year, for he fears his neighbors' flocks may be affected.

We saw Mr. Leslie's great round water tank, sixty feet across, walled with galvanized iron and filled by an American windmill. We watched the men ride two bronchos; I should think them as good riders as ours, and that is high praise. Then we secured data on the cost of operating the place. Wages were less than with us. He had sold his wool for $21\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, but the clip was lighter than it would have been in a cool climate. He was making some money, it was evident, but land was advancing in value. There was \$132,000 invested in the land. "Come to see my alfalfa," said he, with just pride. Eagerly I went. There were about four

acres of it. At present he cultivates no more land. It is good, and he will sow more alfalfa, and also Johnson grass. Locusts, Mr. Leslie thinks, make general agriculture impossible.

NORTHWARD IN CORRIENTES.

From my notebook I quote: "I am on a train going north through the province; now we are passing through a great forest of palms. Here and there, beside palm-thatched huts, are heavily-laden orange trees or little fields of corn. Great long-horned cattle, huge of frame, ancient of days, graze beneath the palms. Did ever you hear of the flowery pastures of Corrientes? Nor I, until this afternoon we discovered them, miles of land pink, other miles yellow, other miles green, then miles of the three colors deliciously blended, and grazing on them thousands of cattle and sheep. The painter who would dare paint it would be reviled and scorned. Now we enter grass so tall that it almost hides the cattle, but this coarse grass is not nourishing; the beasts are thin. Doubtless the land would support good grasses, however; it calls for the plow, but that may not come soon on these immense ranges, owned by native people, who are well content. It is, after all, a good land. As I close this we approach the northern limit of sheep-farming. I started with them in Tierra del Fuego and have traced them steadily north here, where bananas grow wild and there is both heat and rain, but no sheep, although natives do keep half-wild, long

wooled sheep. Now I will turn southward again to take up the study in Santa Fe."

On the train going up through Corrientes we saw many interesting sights. The trains, by the way, were equipped with cars that had double roofs to dissipate the terrific heat of the summer's sun. Corrientes presents a puzzle to the stranger; it is untilled. I quote from my journal:

"Just now we are passing through a curious forest of miniature trees, with also an Indian village, but there are no farms or gardens in sight. Now and then we pass ostriches. I amuse myself by watching for the clay-domed homes of the oven birds, perched on the telegraph poles. Here are other miles of grass land pink and yellow with flowers and grazed by great collections of cattle and sheep. I learn that if a man will place in a pasture 1,000 sheep and simply let them alone, they will all die within a year or two, presumably from internal parasites. They need shifting about from pasture to pasture. We are now in the latitude of Florida. Here are little pools of water under the trees, beside the pools are myriads of crocus-like blossoms and back a little way woodmen are cutting the little trees, each one of which will make a fence post and one in a thousand will make a railway tie—but that tie will not rot for a thousand years. The scene changes; we cross lagoons of dark and dangerous looking water; we enter a region of palms. Then we come to soil. In the south of Corrientes it seems to be rock near the surface or else hardpan and no

agriculture at all, but we begin to see little fields of corn and wonderful, marvelous orange trees laden with fruit. There were of course little palm-thatched huts and others covered with tiles and some with palm trunks, split, and laid on like tiles. Then it got dark, but not before we passed great pastures of tall wild grass and in it ancient huge cattle, very old, and then fields, thousands of acres, of haycocks as thick as they could stand—nice, green living haycocks. What they really were I give up; I suspected they were anthills. I fell to watching for oven birds' nests on the tops of telephone poles, about one to every ten poles, and then it grew dark and we went in to dinner in the dining-car.

“A great crowd of carriages surrounded us at Corrientes; we drove slowly to the correo or post-office. I found in a list on the wall that there was a letter here for ‘Ving, Joseph,’ so took courage. A grave and venerable man discussed the matter with us at some length; then he went to a safe and took from it a package of letters, three dear ones from home. Oh, I was glad! We came then to our hotel and I fell into a chair in the dining-room and began devouring letters, by the good light there. The latest one was forty-five days old. I was up at daybreak the next morning and sallied out to explore. This is the farthest north that I can get, but I wish I could go on—the farther north one goes, the more interesting it is. The houses are much like those in other parts, but there are more

patios and rare and lovely tropical things. Even the great church has a semi-circular garden at its front, a porch with huge columns leading at either side to the church, from the street, and enclosing the garden, which is half a circle. In the garden there are wonderful poinsettias, hibiscus and other blooms.

EXPLORING CORRIENTES.

“I explored the suburbs, where I could see the majestic river with steamships on it and steamboats, the far shore a long way off. Then by little footpaths I walked through a combination of pasture, garden and jungle, noting the great bamboos and the curious growths of one sort and another. The little brown women whom I met were taking care to wish me ‘buenos dia.’ And I found another lilytree. It is not the same species; it is lemon-yellow and the tree trunk has cunning little knobs studded on it, sharp as needles, but cone-shaped and two inches long. That gives the otherwise smooth, round trunk a singular appearance. This tree was in a small garden, and in the garden there was a tiny white house of mud with a thatched roof. I entered; a woman was making a fire of sticks in a shed, evidently a kitchen; I asked if I might have a flower and she assented. I crossed a suspension bridge over a gully and stood admiring the tree for some time. At last I picked one flower and left her a coin, she did not know the name of the tree, though if I understood

her aright it bears fruit, but as she also used the word algodón, which means cotton, I am at a loss to understand. The señora at this hotel does not know the flower and had never seen it, I guess. In her patio are orchids, curious new fruits, roses and oranges."

I sat a long time in the breakfast room of the hotel. Withered beggar women came to the door with staffs and baskets; the señora sent them out ancient loaves of bread, and they went away grateful. When one gets near the equator one finds much poverty and beggary; it is because people live so easily that they see no need of labor. And then they no doubt multiply rapidly under these conditions. A lad shined my shoes; I had no money less than a \$100 bill; we had a friendly discussion in sign language with some words about what was best to be done. I tried to tell him to return at breakfast time and showed him the amethyst crystals I had found which much interested him; he was in no hurry, but at last I borrowed 10 cents of the waiter.

MAKING MOSAIC TILES.

I stopped one morning in a factory where men make the beautiful mosaic tiles that are universally used for floors in Corrientes. They are very easily and simply made. There is a mould, say eight inches square, and in it a pattern of tin, like a fancy cooky cutter. This mould is of the shape of the pattern of the tile. The workman simply

pours from little pitchers different colored cements in each compartment of the mould, filling them to a depth of a quarter of an inch. Pure cement is sifted over this, after the mould has been lifted out, then comes a backing of cement and sand and then the whole is pressed hard by a great screw press and the tile taken out to harden. This is finally done under water. The work is done rapidly and the result is often beautiful. It is an industry well worth introduction into the United States.

Corrientes is more ancient than most of our oldest cities in the United States, but it has mosquitoes; also its cab horses are underfed and over-whipped. The brutality of the Argentine carriage driver is most repulsive to a North American. Here I became so indignant that I stopped our driver and got out of his carriage, but I could not speak Spanish well enough to make him understand why. It was at Corrientes that an amusing thing happened to me. Nearly all the plant growths were new to me, and I plagued the doctor by asking him questions that he could not answer until at last he disappeared, returning finally with smiling countenance. "Señor, I have found for you a man who lives here and who speaks English and who can answer your questions." I was happy. We went to meet the man who proved to be young and agreeable. Introductions followed and I learned that he had been to an agricultural college in the United States. He had also had

Argentine schooling. "I am so happy," I cried. "Now you can tell me the things that I desire to know." "Please ask me," was his calm and confident rejoinder. "Very well, what is the name of that tree across the street?" "That I am sorry to say I can not tell you." "Well, please tell me what is the name of that wonderful flowering shrub hanging over the wall." "Nor can I tell you that, either, for I do not know." "Will you, please, tell me the name of the strange tree that bears fruits as large as melons and that grows in the patio of our hotel?" "No, señor; I regret, but I do not seem to know any of the things that you wish me to know." "Pardon me," I said, blushing; "I did not understand. I thought that the doctor said that you lived here." "Well, that is true; I do live here." "No; but I mean," I cried with a deeper blush, as I saw how I was verging hard on the edge of discourtesy; "I understood that you had always lived here." "Yes, señor, that is right. I always have lived here," replied the unhappy young man.

I present him as a striking object lesson of how not to educate a boy, for he apparently knows not the name of one tree or shrub or flower in his own marvelously decorated city.

Near Corrientes I saw a sight rather characteristic of tropical lands everywhere—a house of bamboo, covered with thatch. Beside the house were great orange trees and banana plants. Under a thatched porch were seated a fat brown man and

a woman. Many half-naked children played near by. Out near the railway grew a clump of grass ten feet high, and there two slender children, a girl and a boy, worked at cutting grass in straight handfuls, using the family butcher knife. The grass was no doubt for the mending of the roof, for it had been very rainy. The sight amused. I could imagine the fond father looking out from his soft seat in the shade of the porch roof and saying, "See those poor, dear children. How hard they work. How I hope these others will soon grow up to be a help to them."

RECROSSING THE GREAT RIVER.

It was a warm day; mosquitoes were bad—the first to much afflict us. We were near the line of Paraguay and Brazil. A Uruguayan battleship lay at anchor, a reminder of the marvelous river that we had been following. We took boat again and crossed to the west side, to the town of Resistencia. The river was miles wide with strong current. It was a curious thought that this river came all of it from tropical mountains and forests—the greater part of it from an uninhabited land of forest and jungle. It is because it comes from the regions of tropical rains that it is so great a river; our own Mississippi comes from dry plains and semi-arid mountains; hence it is normally a far smaller stream.

The land at Resistencia had a new look; indeed I think it not so many years since the Indians

were here dispossessed. There are forested areas and open, with grassy glades between. The soil is as rich as black mud and much resembles our heavier black soils in Louisiana and the delta region of Mississippi.

Resistencia is a neatly built and ambitious little city. We met there Señor Juan S. Attwell, an Englishman of Argentine birth. He took us to his cotton farms, which he manages with the aid of Italian tenantry. The cotton was great, as high as my shoulder, fairly well laden with open bolls, and continuing to bloom. I think that frost does not visit that region. It had been poorly cultivated by ox-power and the stand was poor; yet the land would grow cotton well—that was evident. Alfalfa was growing well, also castor beans, which make trees, and there were oranges on trees which were larger than I had ever seen before; they were obviously old trees. There was no scale on the oranges; the trees have no attention after being planted. Some of the alfalfa did not look so well as it might; I advised that the land be plowed deeper, as it was a hard, black clay and subject to drouth. The intelligent Italian farmer agreed. The practical difficulty in growing cotton there is to get the labor to pick it. It seemed fine, however, if one wished to grow cotton, to be able to grow it in a land that would grow alfalfa, corn, oranges and I know not what else. In North America usually cotton is grown on poor soils; those at Resistencia were so fat and black. It is not a

paradise there, however, for one year in four locusts destroy most of the crops.

The fields of cotton were usually about two to five acres, cared for by Italian colonists who had also alfalfa, maize, oranges and tapioca (cassava). They were indifferently cultivated and often somewhat weedy. The cotton stood usually about three to five feet high. The plants were full of fruit. A part of it had been gathered; I should judge that I saw fields that would make 500 pounds (a bale), of lint to the acre, and perhaps I saw some that would make more. The defects in cultivation were a poor stand, and indifferent cultivation, which is usually given by aid of oxen.

Señor Attwell said that there was much land in the northern chaco adapted to cotton; that the climate though hot, was healthful, without malarial fevers; that land could be bought for \$15 per acre, more or less, according to location and quality. Labor was very cheap and of fair quality. It would seem that there was an opportunity for a considerable development of cotton-growing. Señor Attwell was desirous of getting North American cotton-growers to come to this country. The transportation out is by water to Buenos Aires, via the Rio Parana.

THE CHACO.

We rode all day on a slow train through the chaco, the interminable forest of northern Argentina. It is a land of forest with open spaces not

timbered but covered with large coarse grass. The timber is scrubby but valuable, as much of it is the quebracho wood from which is made quebracho tanning extract. The soils vary much. In general it is a perfectly level ground deficient in drainage, having more rainfall than regions farther south. The soil is heavy, much of it black, resembling considerably the buckshot soils of Louisiana. Such fields as I saw in cultivation had, however, a looser, richer soil than the Louisiana buckshot type. In fact, it may be said to be in its best areas a rich soil. It grows good alfalfa, fair maize (the climate may be too hot for maize), castor beans, cassava, glorious orange trees (the older ones almost like forest trees), rather stunted sugar cane (lacking moisture, I judge) and cotton.

A more level land I have never seen. We did not in the day's ride pass one farm or garden. The land is so level that a heavy rain puts most of it under water. No drainage canals have been cut. The one enterprise, a vast one, is taking out quebracho wood. All of the region has probably enough rainfall and heat and a good enough soil for cotton culture. It will not come in the level interior until a system of drainage is inaugurated. The present cotton lands are mostly tributary to Resistencia, lying west and northwest of that point. There is also much land in northern Corrientes adapted to cotton, but now given wholly to cattle. The territory of Formosa has a poor soil. It is covered with forests as well. The cost of clear-

ing up lands near Resistencia ready for the plow would not exceed \$12 per acre. There is also much land now ready for the plow.

I should guess that there is in Argentina as much cotton land as is in Alabama. It awaits immigration, clearing, ditching and cultivation. Continued high prices of cotton would no doubt do something toward stimulating this industry, but European immigrants are quite unused to cotton culture and do not take kindly to it. There is an import duty of 5 cents per pound on raw cotton imported into Argentina. There are mills using cotton in Buenos Aires.

TIMBER CUTTING IN THE CHACO.

Coming down through the chaco we enjoyed seeing the lumbering operations. It is all done with splendid big, raw-boned oxen. Quebracho trees are slow-growing, misshapen, crooked things, as a rule, but they work them up with some care, as their wood is valuable. A young Englishman, manager of a big timber company, told us the following anecdote: A North American company bought a tract of timber, with the mills and motive power, including the peons, to work it. Thereupon they sent down a new American manager. The new man was shocked to see the condition of things about the plant; of his peons not one was married; they all worked by task work, each one by himself; they brought in the logs by means of the slow plodding oxen. The American resolved

on sweeping reforms. First of all he commanded that all his peons should get married, and brought in a priest to marry them in a wholesale way; then he hired them to work by the day at better wages than had ever before been paid in the chaco; he would encourage them to work hard. Then he bought mules to do his logging.

Guess the result. It rained; the chaco became a miry expanse; there was no road save through mud and water; the mules could not and would not go; the men working no longer at task work but by the day, slipped out of sight in the jungle and went to sleep, and no one could find them. The married came to him, one by one, complaining thus: "Señor, this woman lived with me many years, and I had no trouble with her until after I was married to her; since then I can not trust her out of my sight; she is always running away from me. I wish you to unmarry me so that my woman will be true as she was before."

The American manager in his wrath renounced all that he had known in the states, reinstated the oxen and the task work, but he could not undo the mischief that he had done by imposing marital ties!

My most vivid memory of the chaco is of the clumps of giant pampas grasses, growing sometimes sixteen feet high, and of a horseman riding between the clumps. The white plumes and the yellow stems and blades made a strikingly picturesque effect and I wondered why we did not grow more of this grass in North America.

What is to be the future of the chaco? Very rapid indeed is the destruction of timber along the railway, and it is very slowly replenished. If timber operators with whom I talked are not mistaken the woods of the chaco will not endure more than twenty or thirty years. Will the land go to cultivation? Assuredly much of it will, but there will be need of great dredged channels to carry away water, for it is a flat region. It should grow cotton and corn and alfalfa on parts of it. There are now immense open glades covered with pampas grasses, so high that elephants would be hidden in them; these can be made to grow good grasses, and then cattle. It is, however, a tick-infested region at present.

INDIANS AND ENGLISH IN THE CHACO.

Few regions are less attractive than the chaco. Insects, mud, the vista forever shut in by ranks of gnarled and twisted trees, a hot sun and little chance of breeze—this is the chaco as I saw it. The young English manager of the great lumber company told me this story. The Indians of the chaco have never been conquered, but they have been nearly exterminated. He says that a great blunder was committed, for should agriculture be attempted there would be no source of labor. However, he admitted that in his own territory they still shot the few remaining Indians as fast as they saw them, because otherwise they would be in danger of their poisoned arrows, and that he thought

them nearly untamable. Probably under such treatment they are wild, to say the least.

I like this frank young Englishman, typical of a host of them that one finds scattered over the world. They are well born, well fed, well muscled clean-living fellows. They bring with them that love for outdoor life and hard exercise that characterizes the English. He loves horses and rides well, after the English fashion; he loves to administer and order about other people; that also characterizes the English; but he is kind and just and a good administrator as a rule. Also he is usually liked by his employes and subjects, sometimes devotedly loved by them, as I have frequently seen in South America and elsewhere. It is quite desired by Spanish landowners to employ capable English or American managers and superintendents; their habits of work and order, their liking to get up early in the morning and get out to see things stir—these things endear them to the land-owning class of employers.

From Resistencia southward we indulged in the luxury of a sleeping car. It was less comfortable during the day, however, than our common American day cars, although at night we enjoyed it. As there were no sheep in the chaco we continued southward. We stayed a day or two in Rosario and then went on to Buenos Aires. The distance is something like from Washington to Palm Beach. In Rosario I was busy interviewing landowners as to the cost of growing wheat and corn. Certainly

such studies are at the best most imperfect because yields vary tremendously, depending on the seasons, yet we learned some interesting facts. One of the men interviewed was Henry B. Coffin, an American landowner who has lived for forty years along the River Plate, as the Englishmen call Rio de la Plata. Mr. Coffin is a landowner and colonizes his land in part. Wheat is grown almost exclusively by colonists, who are not landowners but tenant farmers, commonly Italians or Spaniards, rarely Frenchmen. I quote Mr. Coffin:

“The best colonists are Italians; they make the most successful farmers. They are often from northern Italy. Next to them are the Spanish and French. Men of Anglo-Saxon blood are always a failure in agriculture in Argentina. The reason is that they must live too well; they cannot practice the economies that the Italians practice. For example, the Italian will rig three riding plows, with horses or oxen. One he will drive himself. One his young son or daughter will drive. One his wife may drive. If the children are too small to lift the plows and turn them around he will attend to that at each end, waiting till they have come out.” He is also economical as to food. Most native Argentines are large consumers of meat. The Italian is a small consumer of meat, and meat steadily advances in price. In every way he is frugal. He is an indifferent farmer when he comes to Argentina, but he learns the use of improved American machinery and advances. He is more or

less stupid, yet he will imitate the methods of any man who makes a success.

ITALIAN COLONISTS.

When the Italian gets money ahead he puts it in a bank and gets a small interest on it, say 3 per cent. He wears better clothes, his children are educated in good Argentine schools, he rides in a better vehicle, and is in most ways measuring up to a higher standard of living. Very often he plans to return to Italy to live, but the return is changed into a mere visit; he cannot endure the life of Italy after years of life in Argentina. He finds that he has outgrown his old surroundings and that the middle-class people of Italy into whose class he has really advanced refuse to give him recognition. There he must reassume the station of a mere peasant, and this he cannot do, so he returns to Argentina.

The Italian farmer or colonist sometimes saves enough money to buy land of his own, although not as a rule in the colony where he has lived, for the landowners holding the estates on which are situated the colonies seldom divide them or sell in detailed parts. As a rule, it takes him quite a long time to save enough to become a landowner. He builds his own house and on going away takes with him such parts as he can use again. Usually the walls are of adobe; sometimes it is built of bamboo poles, laid close together, and plastered with earth. A house need not have the warmth

that is necessary in North America, since snow is unknown.

The share that the colonist gives to the landowner may be 20, 30, or even 35 per cent, depending on the location of the land, its nearness to the railway, and the market. Then the colonist often hires a man to help him with the spring plowing and seeding (for maize), or the fall work for wheat, and gives him a share in the crop as his expected reward for his labor. This is a matter that varies according to location. It is not easy to learn what actual wages the colonists pay. They try so far as practicable to hire recent immigrants, for very low wages—lower than would be the rule of the country.

MAIZE AND FARM WAGES.

Mr. Coffin's land is largely rented for maize culture. The land is plowed (if it is virgin camp it is cross-plowed), harrowed and planted with American corn drills in rows from 30 to 40 inches apart. Formerly it was planted much closer, but experience has shown the wider planting to be the best. It is harrowed once after it comes up, and cultivated once. It has not been found that frequent cultivation has increased the yield in time of extreme drouth, though in times of normal rain it has helped. The yield is from nothing to 40 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. Yields of 80 bushels are not unknown. The deadly drouths come in cycles of about seventeen years, with lesser

drouths between. Locusts come more often; they were this year highly destructive, but it is about time, Mr. Coffin thinks, for them to disappear. Mr. Coffin himself sometimes hires labor and puts in a crop. The following scale of wages is paid:

Plowman, \$22 per month, with food, \$35.20 (gold) per month.

A less skilled plowman for less, \$30 per month. The men work only during winter and spring at these wages. After this they work at harvesting for from \$2.20 to \$2.75 (gold) a day, board included. The horses that the colonists use cost them \$35 to \$45 each. They buy unbroken horses for from \$22 to \$30 each. American machinery costs about the same as in the United States, or a little more.

The colonist prefers to buy alfalfa rather than grow it. He can often cut it on shares, giving one-half or perhaps two-fifths or three-fifths to the landlord, according to the demand for hay. At present alfalfa hay is dear, because of the drouth; it is worth \$12 per ton.

The plain facts seem to be that Argentina is a country of poverty, despite the inherent riches of the soil, which are very great. This poverty comes from the vicissitudes of the weather. Nowhere in North America would farmers live in the mud huts in which most colonists live. Nowhere would they be content to be surrounded by so few comforts and no luxuries. Drouths and locusts make vegetable gardens difficult or impossible in certain

years. Fruit trees are not seen on the grain-farms, as a rule. The Italian colonist, with great industry, working long hours, with all his family assisting, aided by the rich, easily tilled soil, and a climate that makes practically outdoor living possible, grows the grain, but an American farmer would rebel at these conditions.

COST OF GROWING WHEAT.

We also secured from Señor Julian Parr of Parr and Manfredi, Rosario, an estimate of the cost of growing wheat. I copy it here, using terms familiar in America:

Plowing per square, four acres.....	\$ 1.98
Harrowing66
Sowing and rolling	1.10
Seed	3.52
Cutting and stacking	3.52
Total	<u>\$10.78</u>
Average yield, 36 2-3 bushels cost.....	\$10.78
Threshing	3.96
Bag, cartage and railway freights	5.10
Total	<u>\$19.84</u>

Thus in this estimate it costs to produce 36 2-3 bushels nearly 53 cents per bushel, which is labor cost alone. The tenant farmer gets say 65 to 75 per cent of the crop, depending on his location. If he receives 70 per cent his share is 25.66 bushels, which cost him \$19.84, costing him to produce it a little more than 76 cents per bushel. To figure that the man owned the land would necessitate a valuation of it, say \$25 per acre, though that would be a low valuation for good wheat land in Argentina.

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A square (four acres) of land would then cost \$100, and interest and taxes would be about \$9 per year. This makes about 78 cents per bushel for production, thus:

Labor cost of 36 2-3 bushels	\$19.84
Add taxes and interest	9.00
Total cost	<u>\$28.84</u>
Cost of one bushel, approximately.....	.78

If there is a crop failure it falls entirely upon the tenant; that is, he must bear the cost of the labor and seed (he is saved the threshing expense) and in addition he must sometimes pay a cash rental for the use of the land that year equal to what the value of the crop would have been had he made a crop. And so he might have paid at least \$8 per square, cash rental. This seems incredible, but I am assured of its accuracy. Thus he would lose during that year of crop failure in plowing and seeding \$7.26, and in addition the rent, say \$8, or in all, \$15.26. This loss divided up between the good years, say one year in seven years, would mean a little more than \$2 yearly additional cost and would bring up the cost of production to about 85 cents per bushel.

The bare cost of seeding and harvest is charged at the lowest rates. Between seeding and harvest the farmer has no employment. We have made no charge for superintending or for the value of his time while he is watching his crops grow. It is not often possible for him to find other employment.

Señor Parr's figures are low as to cost of plowing and seeding. With hired labor, as Mr. Coffin has shown, a plowman receives at least \$1 per day. Even with the large plows in use he will take $1\frac{1}{2}$ days to plow a square, with four animals, worth say, \$160, and a plow costing \$50 or more. The use of the animals is worth at least \$1 per day, and of the plow 25 cents. Thus it costs \$2.25 at the lowest per day for the plow-team; $1\frac{1}{2}$ days then would make \$3.37 per square and not \$1.98 that Señor Parr estimates, and harrowing, seeding and rolling would cost in like proportion.

It is impossible to escape the conviction that the Argentine colonist is working for less than his work should be worth in the market; that his recompense is less than anyone would accept in the United States, and that he accepts it here because it is an improvement on his condition in Italy. Let us make an estimate giving conservative values to this operation:

Plowing per square (four acres).....	\$ 3.37
Harrowing	1.25
Sowing and rolling	2.00
Seed	3.52
Cutting and stacking	3.52
Threshing	3.96
Bags, cartage and freights	5.10
Rental of land and taxes....	8.00
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Total for 36 2-3 bushels	\$30.72
Add one-seventh of the loss of the year of crop failure	2.00
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Total cost of 36½ bushels of wheat.....	\$32.72
Cost of one bushel of wheat equals nearly 90 cents.	

This is near a true estimate. It is not perhaps so much a question of what does it cost the Argentine to grow wheat as "what will he willingly grow it for?" The latter question is not difficult to answer. It must be borne in mind that the colonist is almost always an Italian or a Spaniard (there are also colonies of Russians); that he is used to poverty; that he has really a chance here, even under hard conditions, to better himself in the world. He will continue to come and will take what the fates send him in the way of harvests. How much lower in price wheat might go before he would give up and the land go back to grass and cattle, I cannot guess. There is a rumor that at present colonists are nearly starving in the West, in Pampa Central and western Buenos Aires; that they are so desperate that they are stealing sheep for food.

The life of the Argentine farmer is one of variety. It began to rain in tremendous downpours early in May. (I refer of course throughout this book to the year 1911.) Thus wheat seeding went on fairly well, excepting that the poor work animals, weak because of drouth and scant feed, proved a handicap. The rich, black earth shot up the wheat plants with amazing luxuriance. When I left Argentina the fields were beautiful. One of my estanciero friends wrote me later about the outcome in his part of the province of Buenos Aires. There must have been a crop of 30 bushels to the acre on the ground, but yet it rained. The

soil of his province is all an alluvial deposit, not meant for rain. Plowed fields will not support the weight of animals nor machines, the binders sank down in the mud and the crop could not be harvested. Finally, with great labor and difficulty, a part of it was got in to the shock and threshing time approached; the engines used in threshing the wheat disappeared in the mud. Sometimes it would take days to rescue a traction engine from its grave in that rich, black, fat soil. When at last the colonists got their wheat to market they had less than 10 bushels to the acre in this particular region—which is not 30 bushels, as they had hoped to have. They do not have the fields fenced, so they can not turn hogs in to consume the refuse, as we would do in North America. The maize crop under these conditions, however, was glorious, so the colonists were not quite ruined, although greatly disheartened.

BUENOS AIRES IN MAY.

I quote from my journal: "May 3: The people at the hotel (the Chacabuco Mansions in Buenos Aires) seem glad to see me again, and it seems quite like home, only there is no fire here. A hotel with fire in Buenos Aires costs some incredible sum, \$8 per day in gold, so I will worry along. I wear my fur-lined coat always in my room, and when I write. What a rain we had this morning. All the streets were put aflood and part of the city is under water. Many houses fell down because al-

though built of burned bricks, they are laid up with mud mortar. The Spanish have an expressive word for a house falling down, 'derrumbiamiento.' One can hear the walls falling as one rolls out the syllables of that word. As to rainfall, it seems to be a case of either drouth or floods in this land. In Santa Fe, however, the drouth remains unbroken. It is now dark at 5 o'clock and not light before 7—which is strange for the month of May. I met today Señor Emilio Lahitte, chief of the bureau of agricultural statistics, and a strikingly intelligent man of high ideals. There are many of that type here. It is fine that the goodness of the world is not all compressed into one country or region. I am writing to Secretary Wilson suggesting that I bring home some young ostriches; they would be fine to acclimatize in our pastures, say from Kentucky southward. They are easier grown than turkeys and are larger and good for human food when they are young.

“There is a fine market in Buenos Aires where fruits are brought from Mendoza. I saw beautiful apples, but twelve of them cost \$2.50, so I readily left them. I learn some curious things about foods. There is here a market where one can buy Swift's or Armour's bacon and chipped beef. The initiated do not buy Argentine pork products because they are apt to make one ill, as I experienced. The reason may be that swine here consume the decomposed carcasses in the fields. It does not look as though there would soon be an Argentine pork in-

dust, partly because of the prejudice that is sure to exist against Argentine bacon, although there will no doubt some day be good stuff made here.

“I learn steadily points on etiquette. One must not touch an orange or an apple with one’s fingers; one must peel them with a knife and eat them with a fork. I offend because I take oranges and apples in my fingers. One may, however, pick one’s teeth and smoke cigarettes at a table. A man does not take off his hat when he meets a lady in a hall or an elevator, but he takes it off when he enters a bank. It is all a bit puzzling.

“At the hotel in Rosario one day I ordered bacon and eggs. ‘I do not think that they will have bacon,’ said the doctor, but they had. When the eggs came, no bacon was visible; exploration revealed tiny bits as large as postage stamps, reposing beneath the eggs.

“Once a day, usually in the evening after the lights are lit, I walk to the American Consulate on Calle Suipache to mail what I have written for my government and ask for letters from home. I enjoy these walks along the crowded streets, elbowing my way through the groups of idlers at the corners, stopping now and then to look in shop windows. The booksellers’ windows are interesting, especially those selling French and German books, and there are many fascinating maps; they quite make me wish to set off to new and strange regions to explore. We have the poorest maps in the

world in North America; it quite humiliates me to remember it.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

“I think that I shall surely have to go to the Royal Hotel, where they have steam heat. I have had dinner and am sitting in my fur coat, writing. It has been a happy day; I have felt well, got rid of a lot of work, and things came out well. I went out to the botanical garden, which is a pretty and interesting spot. There is a great mingling there of countries—Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia and North America, and then each province of Argentina has a spot by itself. I was happy under the trees of North America; they are not very big, nor are they all here, yet there are oaks, walnuts, pines and sycamores. They had mostly lost their leaves. Many flowers are still blooming in the garden. I was in search of my wonderful lily tree. I did not find the one bearing the red lilies but I found its kinsman—a tree with a yellow bloom. It is the palo borracho. It seems to be the *Chorizia* (or *Chorisia*) insignis. It is not blooming here; it may do so in the spring, or it may be too cold for it to bloom. I mean to go back early in the morning and meet a man who speaks English and learn what is the name of the red one, so that I can help to get it introduced into Florida and California.

“Saturday morning, 10:30: I went early to the Jardin Botanico, walking a great deal of the way to take off the chill after bathing. The sun shone,

and it was cheery. I was disappointed, after all, in finding the man who was to speak English for me, but the gardener was sent to accompany me. He had a catalogue, splendidly illustrated. We got along well together; he showed me the American trees and the palo borracho (*Chorisia insignis*); we found one lemon yellow lily on that tree; it evidently is too cold here for it to bloom well or else it blooms in the spring or summer. The illustration shows a fine bouquet of the blooms. He did not have the red species. The kinds here are: Family of Bombaceae *Chorisia crispiflora*, *insignis* and *speciosa*. I saw a catalpa; maybe it was one of the 'wrong' kind. It had a bad attack of blight. The honey locusts, of the North American trees, seem best; there is the common locust too. We saw the cypress (*Taxodium distichum*) growing magnificently, beyond all expectation in America, five years planted and as high as a house. I told my informant of its nature in North America, and he was so pleased and interested that he took me to see the Big Tree of California, a young one, but thrifty and pretty, and told me how he would take away the nearby trees to give it room. I showed him that either the white pine is much changed by its environment or else it is wrongly labeled.

“While looking at the American trees, and various beautiful things, I happened to remember my boy David—how he would if he were here go about smiling and enjoying. I could see him plainly, and

I said 'God bless the dear boy.' A finely uniformed guard near by looked about, bowed and took off his cap, wishing me 'buen dia, señor.' In reply I wished him 'muy lindo dia, señor'—'very beautiful day, sir.'

"Dreams are strange things. I dream interminably of North America and of home, but never of my wife and children; it is always things, people and events of the long ago. Repeatedly I visit with my father, who died twenty years ago. I think sometimes one sees things clearer and better in a dream than in waking hours. I feel that one knows best one's real self when one sees it perform in a dream. Last night in my dream I was a boy, about to launch a little boat on Darby Creek, which was in flood. In this boat I planned to float to the Ohio River and so on down to Louisville in Kentucky. My father came to me (I saw him, oh so distinctly) and asked gently if he could not go along with me. I awoke then and it was revealed to me with something of a shock that I had not always taken the father with me in my thoughts or hopes or plans, and that he had felt being left out just as in the dream. Poor old father, with a big, loving heart and a difficult temper that spoiled his life, how much his boy is like him!

"In the early morning I see some care-worn poor women; there must be many, of course, in a city of 1,200,000 people. I wrote out my speech to deliver some time at the University and Dr. Paz

is to translate it, and as I deliver it he will translate as I go along. I visited the 'Zoo' again. There was a monkey, with clothes on, loose up in a big tree, and folk were trying to coax him down. I saw a pretty sight at the 'zoo'—a wee, wee brave little laddie running at the hyenas' cage and shouting at them; the cowardly brutes looked as though they were eager to get at him, but he waved his baby hands and pretended to try to frighten them. An old grandfather near by smiled indulgently. I attended church services. It was a fine old building, with columns like a temple. There was a good audience of fine clean-looking people, chiefly men. How I enjoyed the singing, the mixed choir, and the reading and prayers and all. I could almost imagine myself in the dear old chapel at home. In the lovely park that lies in front of the city, towards the water, I wandered, seeing the flowers, the magnificent palms and the green grass so bountifully refreshed by the great rains. A little Italian girl came along with a big basketful of greens; at least the tops are of spinach. She had a pure and pretty face, and I watched her going out of her way to pass close to the flowers. She leaned far over from the weight of her big basket against her slender form."

TO BAHIA BLANCA.

On that Sunday night we took a train for Bahia Blanca, a seaport in the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires and nearly as far from Buenos

Aires as Chicago is from Omaha. Nearly every inch of the way is through a fertile, level land. There are, however, some uplifts of rock, and the old peaks of mountains that once emerged from the sea when all this region was below the sea and the river Parana was pouring down its muddy flood and redepositing it to make the fertile plains of Argentina. Now these rocky hillocks and mountain tops emerge from the level plain like islands from the sea. There are several lines of railway running to Bahia Blanca, which is planned, and probably destined, to become a great port. Our train was comfortable. I quote from my journal.

“May 8: We arrived here this morning at 9:30. We passed low mountains; the scenery reminds me of Colorado. We were met by a pleasant German, and he has spent the day trying to make us happy. It is an interesting new city, of great hopes. It is not on the water, curiously enough, but about three miles back; but they have built immense docks and elevators for grain from which they can load a big steamer in seven hours, and they are yet working at enlarging the docks. It is a great wheat-growing country. No passenger ships come here as yet. There is a park with gay flowers and yellow Scotch broom blossoms. They lost four crops of wheat in succession in the country tributary to the port; then the steamships ceased to call. They prefer to take all the wool to Buenos Aires, where the freight is higher. Well, such plucky men as

are here will succeed, no doubt. There is a wonderful grape-growing region near by. The hotel at Bahia Blanca is the finest that I have ever lived in. It has great marble stairs and columned halls; the rooms while simple are large and the beds fine; we rested well. From my train on the west line of railway the desert came into view soon after leaving Bahia Blanca. It was the same old desert of scrub brush that we left in Chubut. For an hour or two we came through a region of sand-hills; in a little valley were alfalfa fields and homes and the beginnings of vineyards and orchards; then came a wide region of wheatfields, new-plowed and ready for sowing, then the desert and brush. Now we have just crossed the Rio Colorado.

“There is quite a village here, but I see no signs of irrigation or agriculture. The whole land seems given to sheep as in Chubut. We have just had luncheon. I was not hungry but the soup was good; I ate some chicken, salad and oranges. The dining-cars, as they have no ice or refrigerators, carry chickens alive, dress them slightly, removing all the larger feathers, and cut them in chunks with a dull hatchet, then cook them slightly. Sometimes we see lads with armfuls of chickens at the dining-car door selling them. It is a full dining car. Diagonally across in front of us is a fine-looking young cavalry officer in red trousers, top boots and blue coat with a high red collar, the stripes of a captain. Opposite him is

a man of Jewish cast, only more bulky and masculine than the real Jewish type; he is one of the loud, aggressive kind with a very thick neck and wrinkles on it. 'Do you know, doctor, what I would do with such men if I were Czar of the universe?' 'Why, no; what would you do?' 'I would drown them, one and all; for I hate them. They are men who succeed, who scruple at nothing that brings success, who domineer others, who scorn others' opinions or delicacies or desires, who successfully bully their way through life and get more than the rest of us.' The doctor said nothing; what he thought I can not tell. There was a heated argument between this man and the young officer; the other and older men had little to say, but had quietly to express themselves now and then. Afterward I learned that the discussion was about some man who had been exiled or banished by a former president and who had now been asked to move back home by the present president. It is a wise man in Argentina who takes the attitude of the older men; they shrug their shoulders and make non-committal replies, unless they are sure of their companions. The young officer will live and learn, no doubt. The hook-nosed man is, I imagine, of the type that has often started revolutions.

AT CHOELE-CHOELE.

"May 10: Here we are in the desert. We got in last night in time for dinner, after dark, and found the landlord on the outlook for us. The kind

Spanish gentleman who had given us a letter of introduction to the manager of his estancia had telegraphed ahead that we were coming. The hotel is kept by French folk; two pretty French girls came to our room, set our table for us and brought in our dinner. I ate with my fur coat on. We went early to bed, for it was not pleasant trying to read in the cold room. There is a teru-teru bird in the patio; it resembles a monstrous kill-dee. The sun streams in. We are waiting for a coach. Here they call the lightest two-wheeled sulky a 'coach.' Well, it is just as well; it costs no more. We drive, I think, twenty-seven miles; the roads are good. There are here the largest wagons that I have ever seen; the hind wheels are seven or eight feet high; the front wheels turn under the body of the wagon. They hitch a drove of little horses or mules in front and load them with nearly a carload of alfalfa. There seems to be some agriculture along the river. We see the first sign of frost; in the patio the castor bean is killed; there had been no frost yet at Bahia Blanca.

"Early in the morning we were out to see what the land looked like. To one side stretched the desert, thinly covered with scrubby brush; to the other side a plain and on it alfalfa ricks. 'Good! We have reached the land of irrigation,' I cried. 'How dreadfully alike are all the small villages of Argentina, save that in the north one sees tropical vegetation peeping over the walls

that enclose the yards; here there is nothing. There is the 'almacen' that sells everything from macaroni to cheese and harness; there is the 'ferreteria,' where ironware is sold and maybe blacksmithing is done; there is the 'peluqueria' where the barber is supposed to shave a man at his convenience; there are the 'tienda and roperia,' where one buys cloth; and then there is a place where implements are sold, a large yard, usually, with sheds about it. Also there are 'fondas,' or places for workingmen to eat and drink, and hotels for the upper classes.

"In Choele-Choele the traffic seemed to be in alfalfa hay. From the fields came a wagon such as none ever saw outside of Argentina. It will carry seven tons of grain or as much baled alfalfa as could be piled onto it. There is a real advantage in this great wagon in a land where as yet never shovel has stirred either to make or to mend roads; the giant wheels will go over brush or gullies with unconcern, and the wagon once possessed is, I should fancy, the owner's forever, as no one could either break it or steal it. It is a good wagon moreover where one must send his wagoners many leagues with freight, or after it, as the most stupid or careless of drivers could hardly break anything about it. I imagine the employment of such men as one ordinarily sees driving horses in this land must be a sore trial to men reared in lands where horses are loved, understood and cared for. The whip is too often cheaper than oats.

“Our man left nothing to be desired when he brought our two horses, each drawing a two-wheeled cart with top. He led the way, driving one cart; in the other Dr. Garrahan, my guide, and I followed. Rain had fallen and the roads were heavy. Outside municipalities in Argentina I have yet to pass over one mile of road that had been made by the thought or care of man. There seems here a lack of road laws. Bridges are built sometimes, but there are no roads; what they term roads are places between fences where the traveler picks his way as best he may.

ALONG THE RIO NEGRO.

“Across the muddy plain we went toward the Rio Negro. The sun shone warm, though there was haze in the air. Our good, fat and gentle horse, full of alfalfa, jogged along, following its mate. We forded an arm of the river and entered a region with belts of timber, the beautiful native Patagonian willow, with also the giant bunch grass that we call pampas grass. The trees were in their autumn tints of gold. It was a sight that I had not expected to see in Argentina, being just as one might see in many a northern state in late October; here it is their November, and the leaves are not merely yellow, but they are falling as well.

“We crossed a great stream on a ferry boat and were on the Isla of Choele-Choele. The island is twenty miles or more in length and several miles

wide. It has a rich sandy soil, with some spots of hard clay. It is being put under irrigation; we saw the beginnings of farms. Unfortunately the units here are 250 acres, and the men are poor; thus their land comes slowly under cultivation. In Argentina they have come to invest and own homes. It is a cosmopolitan lot—Italians mostly, I should say—and then Spanish and native Argentines, Basques and Russians.

“We stopped for breakfast at noon, at a store of galvanized iron set down where there is to be, some day, a village. Around us were the newly-plowed fields and the small adobe houses of the new colonists. It would be a dreary prospect to one who had not seen what irrigation will do and who had not faith. At the store a peone set a table under a great shed, and presently we were filled with boiled beef, mutton, potatoes, squash and, to finish off with, soup. The scheme is to eat the meats first, then to finish boiling the pot a little while, when, presto, your soup is ready—a scheme that I commend to burdened housewives.

A CRUDE FERRY.

“We harnessed again and set out on our way. Some miles of journeying up the island we reached a ferry. The ferryman was away; the boat was small indeed. The señora, a vigorous Italian woman, flew about getting ready, sending a lad for a peone who was somewhere in the fields. She made

the boat ready; then she dashed madly up the hill to see that the bread that she was baking in a great mud oven out doors did not burn. A large brood of ruddy children watched her and us. While the peone was coming I went to see her home; it was a very small picturesque mud hut under a tree; there were grape vines of European sorts in the dooryard, the big oven, a pile of squashes half as big as the house, some very good maize, and the señora. One must never forget her. How I admired her, in her flexible-soled cloth-topped shoes, unfettered with too much clothes, walking with the strong, calm, free stride of the athlete, her face smiling, especially when she drew from the oven a loaf of really delicious bread, and giving us a taste divided the rest among her expectant children. Great are these Italian colonists. From their strong loins will come the new Argentina. The present lords of the soil, who so often toil not, neither spin, little realize that some day Argentina will be for the sons and daughters of women like this señora. It is the law of the universe that to those who labor, and bear children, the things of the earth will finally belong.

“We crossed the river after four efforts, and were on a lovely bank with willows great and small, set as though in a park, and tufts of the giant grass eight feet high. A short distance away was the margin of the desert, through which we were soon to pass. It was almost identical with the

desert that I had seen in Chubut, some hundred miles south, and between here and Chubut lay not one settlement excepting along the coast. It is an unbroken expanse of plain, covered thinly with desert shrubs, under which is some short sweet grass. Along the river the land is all owned in great tracts of from 12,000 to 100,000 acres. Back a little way it is fiscal, unpeopled and unstocked, except for a few wandering shepherds and flocks."

A DESERT ESTANCLA.

The desert was wet. Little birds flitted through the shrubs; three zorros or little foxes quarreled impudently near us for the possession of a bit of carrion. We noted that where the sheep had destroyed the brush the wind had swept away the soil, carrying it to drift about the fences or corrals. Presently a windmill from North America hove in sight and then the galvanized roofs of some small houses; it was the sheep station of Señor Antonio Balma.

What is a station like in the Argentine bush? This one was especially favored, for it lay against the rich valley lands of the Rio Negro, and so had its alfalfa field and its outlook toward trees. Apart from this, it was like many another station. It consisted of a galpon or shearing shed of galvanized iron, corrals and a dipping vat near by. The corral fences were made with thick-woven willow branches to stop the drifting sand, which neverthe-

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less buried them in places and half filled the corals. Beside the windmill, stood a round tank of great size, made of galvanized iron. It was used for irrigating a garden as well as for watering the stock. There were three small houses of mud, whitewashed and thatched with pampas grass and covered then with galvanized iron. Some huts, windowless and with earthen floors, completed the inventory. The señor was, I take it, a Basque; he resembled a prosperous working farmer of Nebraska. His señora was a plain but comely woman, moving about silently on errands of kindness, her feet shod in the cloth shoes of the country.

Dinner followed, with meats in various courses and home-made bread. I should say that the food of the camp man in Argentina was fully three-quarters meat, and if he desires a change, he cooks the meat in a different manner. We had delicious broiled mutton ribs and later saw the fire over which they were broiled, for the house possessed no stove and no fireplace. Instead, it had a mere platform on which the fire was built, and over it, high up, a wooden hood leading to a small opening in the roof, inviting the smoke upward. I sat in the room for some time the next morning and enjoyed the fire while maté and coffee were being prepared, but I could not see that any of the smoke went out of the hole in the roof. Perhaps it would have done so had we closed the outside door, but none of us thought of that.

I enjoyed thoroughly the six or eight children of the household; they were fine, sturdy little ones, well behaved and helpful to one another. The house possessed no chairs, but it had enough stools, home-made, and benches, and by the fireside sat a row of children, baby and all, enjoying the warmth while their mothers gravely boiled the coffee and made the water hot for the maté (Paraguayan tea). That was at breakfast time; like true Argentinians, we ate nothing, but drank much at this meal.

Afterward, with many adios and saluagos and hand shakings, we bade goodbye to the honest folk who had given us their beds, while I fear they had slept on the floor, and went on our way to visit another and greater estancia. The day was overcast; rain fell gently. Down the river we rode, mostly through the high camp and brush. We followed a great new irrigating canal for some miles and passed a camp where government engineers were living and surveying a greater canal that may carry much water from the river south to the desert. At last we came in sight of fine green fields of alfalfa and great ricks of alfalfa hay, Lombardy poplars, a white and really handsome house, with an avenue leading to it from the desert, between fields of alfalfa. We were at the estancia of Dr. Victor M. Molina. The estancia contains about 70,000 acres of land, mostly desert of course, but all good sheep land, so there is not much danger of overstocking.

The estancia carried only 8,000 sheep. The back

country awaits the windmill, the fence, stocking and, maybe, higher prices for wool and mutton. The sheep are dipped and shorn; the ewes are Rambouillets and the rams Lincolns. The location is about as near the equator as Dayton, O.

Let us imagine ourselves in a great, rambling, white-walled estancia house, enclosing two sides of a court. A high, white wall encloses the other sides. Within the court are grape vines with trunks as thick as stove pipes, figs in bearing, eucalypts, peaches and a fine apple tree. In the lot there are all sorts of American plows, mowers and harrows, a road-making machine and a gasoline traction engine. Toward the river we see an orchard of peaches and grapes; near the water on the bank there is a lovely flower garden with many chrysanthemums in bloom and some rare trees, among them a deodar. Through the native willows, avenues and walks have been cut by some one who loved trees; below flows the noble Rio Negro. I marvel at all this adornment and imagine it to be in part, at least, the work of the ferryman. As I wandered there, I gathered twigs of the Patagonian willow to bring to plant in my own land.

While we had breakfast, the mayodomo told of his having been up nearly all the night trying to find two would-be murderers who had assaulted one of the engineers; so the scene was not so peaceful as it appeared, although I had stood within six feet of a little bird that swelled out its soft brown

breast and sang to me, much as the mocking bird sings, only with less power. Then in the rain, which poured by now, we started off again, and the ferryman said with astonishment that the river had risen two feet since he had crossed last and it was still rising.

TRACES OF WELSH COLONISTS.

Things were exciting along the Rio Negro. Again we crossed the island. Just before we reached the coast, we came to a farm belonging to our guide, he of the horses, and a house perched on an artificial hill, like an Indian mound. "Whose work is that?" I asked. "The Galenses," was the reply. "Galense" is the term used by the Argentines to denote the Welsh. We stopped, and going inside, it was our delight to see a fine fire in a real fireplace that did not smoke. That, also, was the work of the Welshmen, who, it seems, had made the irrigating canals and afterward sold them and gone away to Chubut. "Why," I asked our Italian guide, "did the Welshmen leave this fine land and their good beginning here?" "Because civilization was getting too close for them," was the reply, meaning that too many Latins came too near. This amused me much as being an instance of the lack of appreciation that races have for one another, the Welshmen believing their ideals and civilization far superior to that of the Argentines. I could forgive the Argentines if only they would learn

of the Welshmen, or of some one, to build chimneys and to have firesides while there.

After a cup of tea, we pushed on, somewhat anxiously, for yet the rain poured, and when we reached the ferry the boat was some distance from the shore. With some peril we made the passage, and rejoiced. It was dark as we set out for Choele-Choel, distant three leagues, over a road which was a mere track winding through the brush. Soon the ominous roar of little Niagaras pouring down from the hills behind told us to have a care; we indeed came near putting wheel into a chasm washed six feet deep in the sandy earth. The guide wavered and turned, declaring it unsafe to proceed in the dark, and so we made for old Choele-Choel, a ruinous village on the river bank a mile away, left inland by the railway. Soon lights appeared, then wide streets running great rivers, then the inn. We put away the horses, then the heathen raged and I at least imagined vain things, for we were wet through and chilled and at the inn there was not so much as a chimney where a stove could be put and no place to dry wet garments. We had driven through at least fifty miles of brush and trees that would all have made good fuel. We had dinner and then stole into the little kitchen where the fat and jolly cociñero made ready the dinners of his patrons; there we warmed up a very little and slipped away to bed—the one safe refuge in Argentina in winter time.

In the night I awoke to hear a distant and mournful "hallo." "It is some poor devil about to drown," I reflected, as I heard the rain drip and the rivers ripple in the street and turned luxuriously over in my warm bed to sleep. You see I did not know the word for "drown" in Spanish, so I could be of little use. But the man had his revenge. He and a guilty conscience kept me awake most of the night. Was ever there a man so slow in drowning? In the morning I learned to my disgust that he was a mere guard in a penitentiary near by; that his bellowings were merely to remind the inmates of their sins, and the consequences thereof.

The rain put water over all the valley of the Rio Negro. We saw the cattle coming out to the highlands that skirt the valley. I take it that this valley has a fine, rich, enduring soil, full of lime and other mineral salts; that with irrigation it will grow fine alfalfa and also figs, peaches, apples, pears and many other fruits, but that because of floods one would occasionally have a wet dooryard. I look, however, soon to see a dense population on the Rio Negro, where soil and climate are both much as we are used to in Colorado. There are sandy valleys where by a sort of natural sub-irrigation alfalfa grows well and immense crops of seed are harvested. Dr. Garrahan and I could not but notice the fine, vigorous types of people. It should some day be the Scotland of Argentina.

We slipped back to Bahia Blanca again and to

our fine hotel. Eagerly I approached the steam radiators, but they were yet filled with icy vapors. Coal coming from England is dear in Argentina and we perhaps were the only guests who especially cared for fire. The hotel was losing money every week. What they lacked in steam heat they quite made up in kindness and courtesy to us.

CONSTRUCTION WORK IN CEMENT.

At Bahia Blanca I learned how they make palaces of marble. First of all they are roughly-built structures of cheap brick. Then come the Italians who coat them with cement plaster, making wonderful effects of great stone blocks, columns and cornices, all the beautiful architectural details that one could desire, and in general the effects are simple and good. It would be a pleasure to be an architect down there, for one's dreams could be carried out with ease and at small cost. The cement plaster is made of a mixture of two cements, one a white one, with sand and, I think, a proportion of lime. It appears to be singularly free from defects. I saw glorious columns that were indistinguishable from the finest stone.

In Bahia Blanca we found Dr. E. Graham, a veterinarian, a son of an English estanciero and a man who has traveled over most of Argentina. As an earnest of what Argentina can do, and I hope will do, I must tell something of Dr. Graham. He thinks in Spanish; it is the language that he uses

most, but he speaks good English. He is thoroughly educated, practical and a student, with the same ideals that good men have everywhere. "Come and see my hospital," said the doctor. It was equipped much as a veterinary hospital would be anywhere. As we were inspecting, a native teamster or coachman brought in a horse and stated plaintively his case, whereat the doctor replied with a laugh, "He tells me to cure the horse, so that he can use it at once!" he explained. Horses are not always well cared for in Argentina; there was a time when they were so common that if one got lame, sore or tired it was no matter; another was at hand to replace it. Few vehicles are provided with singletrees or doubletrees; the horses pull directly against dead, unyielding bulk, and bad shoulders are common.

"Come with me, here; we have an industry that may be new to you;" and he led to a shed where stood a row of meek asses, distinctly unlike North American asses, having dark stripes down their backs and shoulders, their bodies a soft mouse color. "Asses' milk is used for feeding babies; it is the best of milk for that use," he explained. In a pen were the little ass colts, with shaggy hair, great ears and soft, appealing eyes. "They get bran and water only, but they thrive well enough; we can not afford to give them milk," he explained. He obtains the asses, wild, from the region west. Cows and their calves are driven along the streets, the

calves' noses thrust in leather pokes. The cows are milked in front of any house where milk is wanted. This is not a bad scheme, if one wishes to be sure that the milk is not watered. All of the cows so used that I saw were a sort of old-fashioned Short-horn.

ESTANCIA SAN RAMON.

Dr. Graham's father is manager at Lopez Le-cube of the estancia San Ramon, only a few hours from Bahia Blanca, so we three went out one afternoon. The way lay through interesting fields of green pastures, covered with alfileria or bur clover, with here and there the giant grasses characteristic at one time of the pampas. The soil was a soft, dark-brown loam, evidently rich in organic matter. Under it at depths of from a foot to several feet lay the white "tosca" rock, which I suspect is largely of calcium. There were immense pastures along the way, their green fields sloping up to ragged, barren-looking mountains in the distance. There were great farms too, and farming villages where men lived who grew wheat and possibly some oats for pasture or early feed for horses in spring. This farming is done commonly by tenant farmers who put in 200, 300 or 400 acres to a man, and when it rains well they make good profit.

After the deluges of rain the men have abounding hope and confidence, and are afield in numbers, driving often six horses to an American two-fur-

row plow, sometimes with four or more plows in one field. They do not plow too deep nor too well, but rush the work to get as much ready as possible. How productive the soil looked. How interesting to remember its inexorable evolution. First, the country was the wild, unfenced pampas, covered with coarse grass. Then in the late 70's, or early 80's, came civilized man, the driving out of the Indians, and the partitioning out of the land very often in immense stretches. After that came the heavy stocking, often with horses, supposed to be useful in destroying the wild, coarse grasses, then the fencing and stocking with cattle, the stocking with sheep, the heavy overstocking that resulted in the disappearance of the old wild native grasses and the "fining" of the camp. It was noted that this had been hurtful, lessening the carrying capacity of the pastures, especially during dry years, since the plants left were annuals of various sorts, so there was a sensible reduction in the numbers of sheep and mixed stocking with cattle, horses and sheep. With the introduction of agriculture and the advance in price of lands and the coming in of the farmer, there came the division and subdivision of estates, and year by year the diminishing numbers of sheep.

After the plow what? California has shown that wheat following wheat brings soil depletion after a time. It is plain then that wheat cannot always be grown in this fertile country. But alfalfa grows

well and it restores soils. Some day there will be millions of acres of alfalfa and farmers themselves will feed it to animals. At present the withdrawal of land from pasture and turning it to agriculture means the total disappearance of that land as a producer of animals. The farmers buy their meat, or more rarely, steal it.

“I hope father will meet us at the station,” remarked Dr. Graham. “Oh, we can walk out; you say the station is on the place,” I remarked, jauntily. The doctor smiled, but the father met us with an American automobile. We bundled in, and were soon speeding away across pastures. To the left and right of us great Lincoln ewes were grazing. The sheep were of huge size and with distended sides looked fat. “Would you believe that these sheep were dying of starvation thirty days ago?” asked Dr. Graham. No one could have believed it; they were growing fat. Such is the richness of the soil and the feed that springs from it when rain comes.

“How do you like these fences, Mr. Wing?” “I replied that they were the best that I had ever seen, which was true. They were made of large wire, well galvanized, none of it rusty; the posts were of an imperishable Argentine wood; there was not a staple in it, for each wire ran through a hole in the middle of the post—which is the custom in Argentina, and every wire was as taut as a string.

We dashed across the plain at thirty-five miles an hour and at last, after passing seven miles through the pasture lands of San Ramon, came to a little vale that appeared to be an ancient wood of pines, eucalyptus and other trees. Dr. Graham manages 115,000 acres; he has 25,600 sheep, 1,200 horses and 6,000 cattle. The sheep were originally of Rambouillet blood, but for many years Lincoln rams had been used. Now nearly all of the sheep are of Lincoln type. A few showed Rambouillet blood. "Are not these cross-bred sheep giving you the best wool?" "Oh, no doubt of that," was the reply.

"Then why do you not use Rambouillet blood more?" "Why, I have worked so long to get my sheep to a uniformity that I hate to lose it by infusing Merino blood. Would you do it in the United States?"

"Assuredly we would; we do not feel that we can do without a percentage of Merino blood in any business flock," I replied.

Learning that I admired the Rambouillet, Dr. Graham brought up for my inspection a flock of ewes of that breed. They were marvelous ewes, denser-wooled and more inclined to wrinkles than those we breed in the United States. I begged him to take 500, 1,000 or 10,000 ewes and breed them to Rambouillet rams, as an experiment, putting their ewe lambs aside and when old enough breeding them again to Lincoln rams. He would thus obtain

that excellent cross-bred wool that we need in North America.

A FLOCK OF LINCOLN SHEEP.

“I suppose you have many finer lots than these in North America, Mr. Wing,” remarked Dr. Graham, as we stood looking at 4,000 Lincoln ewes with their heads up, eyes bright, backs broad and legs like pillars under them.

“Neither in North America, nor anywhere else in the world will you find such a sight as this,” I replied. For we could have taken 1,000 out of that lot fit to show at our fairs. It is truly a blessed region for sheep, when it rains (and does not rain too much). “I let my sheep out on shares to shepherds, furnishing the land, fences, sheep and cottages in which the men live. In return the shepherds take all care and do all dipping and shear, under my supervision, and they have each one-quarter of the wool and one-quarter of the increase above the original numbers in their flocks. In good years they make good profits; in bad years they work for rather low compensation, but so do we,” explained Dr. Graham. Then he told how the owner, Lopez Lecube, bought the whole place in 1880 for \$7,200 (gold) and today it is worth for land alone \$2,300,000. “When I came here first, many years ago, it was a sheep run; there were no trees, only a barren-looking wind-swept plain. With my own hand I have planted these trees.” There were pines that appeared to have been there half a cen-

tury, and fine eucalyptus and even a few palms, so mild are the winters.

“Come, we cannot spend all our time with sheep; we have cattle to see as well,” and we went to inspect some Short-horn bulls. We found them in comfortable quarters, in fitting for the great Palermo show, and soon had them out for inspection. “Is not this a grand one, Mr. Wing?” “Yes, but here is a much better one,” and I laid my hand on one that would have caused spectators to sit up and look at our International. He was a low blocky bull, thick, wide and massive, with marvelous loin and rib. “Ah, yes, that is a good little bull, a real good little bull, but he has no style; he will not get a second look from the judges at Palermo.” “You mean his neck is not long enough?” “That’s it; he has not the carriage he ought to have; the judges do not get very close to their animals at Palermo.”

“But Dr. Graham, which is the business end of a bull or a bullock?”

“Oh, yes, I know what your American packers like, but we have quite different ideals in our show-rings at present. However, I’ll take them both along, but you will see that your favorite will get no attention whatever.”

“Your cattle are better now than ours in North America, Dr. Graham; if your judges persist in selecting as you indicate, ours will be better than yours some day,” was my retort.

We visited the alfalfa fields; they looked well after the rain. We saw part of the horses and some exceedingly good ones. I wandered, looking at trees, shrubs and flowers, remembering that it was mid-May and at home on Woodland Farm the buds had opened on the oaks, warblers were in the branches and there was in the air a mingled sound of doves cooing and the drone of diligent bees.

What did it cost to operate this place? Counting interest on the land in use and devoted to sheep, with all other costs, the total was more than one with faint heart would like to contemplate, and, as in America, the feeling was that the land would pay better in agriculture. It is only a matter of time when the plow takes fair San Ramon, bit by bit.

A DAY AT CURAMALAN.

When morning broke at Curamalan in Southern Buenos Aires Province, I found myself in a great, roomy, comfortable bed-room, through the windows of which streamed the morning May sun. There was a great twittering of nesting birds, it seemed to me, such as we hear in Ohio in Maytime. I arose hastily and went to the window. My entrance to Curamalan had been after dark, so all that I had known was that we approached the place between rows of tall pines, that the house bulked large in the gloom, that as we entered we encountered a smiling hostess; and that she led us directly to a cheerful fire in the grate. Later a memorably good

dinner was served in the long dining-room, and there also, oh wonder of wonders, a fire blazed on the hearth. The next morning A. F. Taylor awaited me in the dining-room. It is the custom for people to take their morning bite as they like, one at a time, at different hours; we were the early ones. Mr. Taylor was the manager, an Englishman from Uruguay, South American-born, as much like a jolly, shrewd sensible, courteous North American as one could find. When we had finished our eggs, toast and coffee, we sallied out, for he had sheep in the corral to show me. As we walked we talked. The place once carried 300,000 sheep; it now has about 45,000, but they are practically pure-bred Lincolns. The place contains 170,000 acres. On it there are 3,000 horses and 13,000 cattle. Mr. Taylor's remarks are here condensed from memory:

“Away back in 1870 it was that the government wishing to open up and develop this wild country towards Bahia Blanca, from which the Indians had lately been driven, granted the land for \$400 gold per league (6,250 acres). There was another stipulation; the land was covered with the coarse, innutritious grasses; the owner was to stock the place with 50,000 horses, which were thought to destroy the coarse grasses and bring in finer ones. Horses were rather difficult to buy in sufficient numbers, so that when the day of counting came there were really only about 35,000 horses on the place. However, the Irish manager thought he could make

them do. The government counters were stationed at a point where the mares could be made to pass by them and were told to begin counting. They were city men; at any rate they soon complained that it was impossible to count as fast as they went by, and to move wild mares slowly was impossible. So it was decided to count how many passed in five minutes, then to count them after this by the hour, so many to pass in an hour. This was satisfactory to all interested; the mares were run through; after a few hours those that had run through first had made a detour behind the counters and were run through the second time, so that all was found satisfactory; a big dinner was given to all concerned and Curamalan was bravely launched on its career.

TERRIBLE RELICS OF DROUTH.

“There was not a tree nor a shrub within miles of here at that time. I suppose the camp fires (prairie fires you call them in North America), made the pampas treeless; you see that trees grow well when they are planted. I suppose if we had regular rainfall this land would be worth as much as your best land in North America. But we have our troubles. This walk that you admire so much is more than one-quarter of a mile long. It is dressed with a layer of burned bones. We use bones for heating our branding irons, and for other purposes as fuel, for we have no wood, and coal

coming from England is dear. This walk represents the losses of one bad year of drouth. In one pasture where I had a lot of good cattle, practically pure-bred Short-horns, every animal died. It makes a good walk, as you say, but I do not know that the shareholders in Curamalan would enjoy walking over it. Yes, we can grow alfalfa; we do grow it somewhat. With hay in the stack such losses could be avoided; we have not reached that stage yet in these parts. We grow alfalfa only in a limited way, for the bulls and stallions. Here are the sheep; what say you to them?"

The only thing that I could say was that they were magnificent pure-bred Lincolns, in splendid condition. The shepherd caught a few of them so that we could look at their wonderful wealth of fleece, and feel the thickness of their flesh and their great spring of rib. "Would it not be better, Mr. Taylor, if they had a little Rambouillet blood in them, to fine their fleeces?" I asked. "Yes, that would make the wool more valuable, but how would you do it without a sacrifice? One needs a sheep that is three-quarters Lincoln and only one-quarter Rambouillet, so you see it takes now two crossings to get that, unless one dared to use cross-bred rams, and we never do that in this country. Do you in America?"

"Indeed we do, on the ranges; we use them very much. What harm would there be in using on your best ewes some Rambouillet rams, saving the best

of the ram lambs, of this cross, and breeding these to the pure-bred Lincolns? Your result would be sure to be the very thing you seek—the one-quarter Rambouillet and three-quarters Lincoln, with good mutton and the best wool in the world.”

“It may be; but we are strong against using any but pure-bred sires in these parts. But come along; I will show you some of the cross-bred ewes.”

They were grand of body and glorious of fleece, and I marveled all the more that the suggested cross is so little attempted. Often the Lincoln ram is used on the Rambouillet ewe; it is seldom or never the reverse, so that in much of the best sheep country the Rambouillet is all but extinct, the Lincoln reigning supreme.

“That was a bad thing, that overstocking with sheep years ago; it seriously hurt the grass. I suppose men were led to do it by the coming of a succession of unusually favorable years. This land is all fit for agriculture, excepting the mountain, which is a small part, and is to be sold for colonization. I suppose it will bring about \$30 per acre and be used for wheat-growing,” said Mr. Taylor.

“You ask what it costs to care for these 45,000 sheep. We will step into the office a moment and get it all.” In the office three bookkeepers were busily at work, and at Mr. Taylor’s request the figures were soon put together, showing us that every item of cost of sheep excepting the use of land made a sum of about \$26,000. With the land used for

sheep and interest calculated it amounted to about \$124,000.

SOME HIGH-CLASS SHIRE HORSES.

“No, Mr. Wing, sheep-farming in Argentina cannot compete with grain-farming. You see we have few perennial grasses; in dry years the ground becomes as bare as your hand; the sheep keep alive by gleaning up the seed from the bur clovers; the cattle die, if one's land is heavily stocked; the old coarse grasses that kept cattle alive in bad years are mostly gone; the plow will take all this land unless prices materially advance for live stock. But come out and see the horses; we have a corral full of them.”

We found in the great corral a lot of high-class two-year-old Shire colts. How I wished for the genius and brush of Rosa Bonheur. There also were some exceedingly fine Suffolk colts. After assortment the finest of the Shires were placed by themselves, caught, haltered and led to great stables where each animal was given a large box-stall. “You see how tame they are, Mr. Wing? Taming is done when they are weaned; each one is then haltered and put in a stall for a week. It is a lesson that they never forget. Now tell me what you think of them.”

I could only say that they were magnificent; that Argentina was assuredly a great country for breeding good horses. They have a great horse-

man, Frank Grimshaw, caring for them. They use the best sires that they can find in England. "What about alfalfa pasture for horses, Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Alone it makes too much bone; the colts are too tall and leggy. With grasses mixed in it is ideal. It is the only hay that we feed. In truth, there is no other hay in Argentina in amount enough to be worth considering. It is true that we have some advantages for horse breeding here. We put our mares in the big pastures and get 75 per cent of living foals from them. Is there a land where there is not trouble? Our mares are dying right now, and some of the two-year-old colts; we do not know what is the trouble. Do you have the bot worm in North America? We have given for it every manner of medicine and even poisonous substances. We have then killed the horse treated and found all the bots alive and unhurt. We have had veterinarians here by the week and month. You will need to go beyond Argentina to find a land where the weary cease from trouble and the veterinarians are at rest."

Afterward talking with a veterinarian who had been called to Curamalan, I learned that a certain pasture and watercourse were infected with worm germs and this and the consequence of the drouth accounted for the sick and dying horses.

We strolled through alfalfa knee-deep to see magnificent Short-horn bulls taking their ease. They say there is no loss from bloating in the fall, al-

though there is some loss in the spring. We had tea in a handsome vineclad house, where dwelt Frank Grimshaw (a Lancashire man) and his dainty Scottish wife from Stirling.

I left the region of Bahia Blanca with sincere regret, conscious that my trail would not likely ever again lead to this land of fine men. I quote:

EASTWARD FROM BAHIA BLANCA.

“In my fur-lined coat I sit in the train going over a good roadbed through a land to the eye astonishingly like Wyoming, bearing eastward towards Tres Arroyos. The plows are busy, for some rains have come and I see a new thing—fields of oats sown for the winter grazing by sheep. We pass a village where many of the inhabitants are of Danish descent, and I confidently expect to see something different from what is typical of Argentina. Here I am disappointed and astonished; the only sign of the Dane is in some yellow-haired children on the street, and a few signs with Danish names on them, so surely is all else swallowed up in the Latin flood.

“Tres Arroyos is a city of possible 6,000 people and the most abominable streets that I have ever seen. They are nearly impassable, although there are stepping stones for foot passengers at the crossings. Again fortune is kind to me. I have a room into which pours sunshine and as I write a group of villagers gathers outside my win-

dow to watch my clicking typewriter. I have had a walk to the suburbs to see some really fine eucalyptus trees and to my astonishment and disgust I find that tomato vines are not yet frosted. The weather is unlike our fall weather at home; there is a steady chill in the air, a dampness from the nearby sea. There is less difference between the temperatures of day and night than with us.

“We met some estancieros who were farmer-like people, reminding me strangely of farmers I have met in Normandy or even very much of the type of men I have known who managed farms and enjoyed doing it in the United States. The Basque type is common here. Basques come from the mountains between France and Spain; they are a race apart. No one knows whence they came, and their language has affinities for some of the languages of the American Indians. They are natural shepherds and good ones—thrifty, hard-working and some of them resemble our ideals of old English Squires. An old fellow was so interesting to me because I could understand his Spanish better than that of any one I had encountered, so after we had left him I remarked to the doctor ‘Well, that man must speak good Spanish; I could understand nearly every word that he said.’ ‘On the contrary, Mr. Wing, he speaks about the worst Spanish I ever heard, and you understood him because his Spanish is so much like yours.’”

We visited one evening a great Italian café. It

contained 150 small tables; hundreds of people were drinking coffee, hot milk and other things. There was fine music and at intervals a moving picture show was given. I have seldom seen such excellent pictures; there was no flickering to them; all was as steady as in real life. They seemed often to end unhappily; the doctor said that was intended so that people would feel a little sorrowful and order something to drink to cheer them up. 'No one was drinking much; in fact, the people are exceedingly temperate in most of the country. Nice little children came in to watch the pictures. It was the chief place of interest in the town. It is curious that a bank building there is finer in appearance than any in central Ohio. It is of cement plaster on rough brick, but these people employ architects who are thoroughly educated.

We met by appointment two estancieros in the café; one was an Italian from near Naples; the other a French Basque. Now they are both rich. The Italian was a fine stalwart man; he must have come from a northern family, transplanted to southern Italy. He was intelligent, interesting, courteous and handsome. The Basque was not so big a man in any way, yet intelligent and courteous. They own many thousands of sheep, and the land on which the sheep live. I was interested in their telling me that men are beginning to sow oats for the sheep to eat as winter pasture, and that the mingling of agriculture and sheep was making numbers increase;

elsewhere in the province they have been decreasing gradually but appreciably.

I visited a man who has an estancia outside and lives in Tandil. It was the first time I had been in a town dwelling. Of course it was against the sidewalk, and one story; the hall led direct to the patio. In this case the patio was not closed at the back, but joined a small orchard. In the patio a lemon tree was full of fruit, and bloom; there also were small orange trees, a sweet cherry tree and roses. In the tiny orchard were a pear, apple and cherry trees, mostly pears, and a huge cactus tree. It was odd to see these things down in that part of the world. The señora took us to her dining-room. The floor was of American pine, scrubbed very white; the furniture was black walnut; there was a rug under the table. There were two large colored chromos of fruit and some fancy calendars on the walls. I liked the walnut sideboard; on it were two white china hens that we saw in America thirty years ago and the use of which I never understood. By the way, every railway car and nearly every room in South America has a duster made of native ostrich feathers. It is a useful article in a land that is filled with dust.

A DAY AMONG THE BASQUES.

It is often charged against Argentina that it is "a remarkably monotonous country, all alike and uninteresting to journey through." I did not find

it so. I found no two regions, no two estancias, alike. I spent a day among the Basques and Danes at Tandil. Argentina as a rule is level; in truth the great part of the eastern regions are doubtless old sea bottoms, and the wonderful fertile soil is no doubt a deposit from ancient rivers. At Tandil, however, are hills or real mountains of granite, standing up out of the level plain. They must have been islands once and in effect they are islands now. On all sides the level plains stretch away, covered with grass, oats or maize.

Tandil is a pleasant little city, with a good sprinkling of Danes among the population. The town is at least 100 years old. We had a day to wait at Tandil, so we climbed a granite mountain to see a balanced stone there. The stone, as large as a haystack, swayed by the wind, so that it will burst a bottle placed beneath it. Since our visit the stone has unhappily slid from its ancient seat and rolled down the mountain side. From this mountaintop we could look away over a lovely plain, seeing homes, farms, dairies and roads. This was especially interesting to me; much of Argentina suffers the curse of immense holdings of land, with an impoverished tenantry. Here was the beginning of better things, the division of the land among users of it, with all the civilization that this plan should bring.

Señor Indalecio Mendiberry, a Basque sheep-farmer and estanciero of some note in Argentina,

has produced many famous Lincoln rams. He lives in town, as might have happened in Illinois. His town establishment is fairly typical. We entered his one-storied cement-coated house through a hall that lead directly to the patio or inner court. The patio had in it an orange tree full of fruit, a lemon tree with both fruit and bloom, a cherry tree and palms, roses and flowers. The house enclosed two sides only of the patio, a high wall on one side and the other a fence separated from a little orchard of pears, apples and plums with an orange tree or two. The teru-teru bird stalked around and from time to time gave warning cries; it is kept as a sentinel to warn against intruders. The señora, much like a comfortable, kindly, hospitable housewife of Ohio, welcomed us to her sitting-room. A yard with a high wall adjoined the house and in this yard the carriage and horse were kept, when he had a horse in town; under a shed I noticed a pile of nicely sawn wood for the kitchen, there being no other place in the house where fire could be built. How I raged against the lack of fire in Argentina. The people, however, suffer little from the cold; they are used to it, and it teaches them some useful practices. For one thing they go early to bed and do not get up too early mornings. I have never seen a people enjoying better health than those fireless folk down there.

Señor Mendiberry is a big, bluff, vigorous man. In his carriage we sallied out. Near the city were

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really fine farm houses, all in Spanish style, surrounded by trees and shrubs and flowers. Some of these were the homes of Danish colonists, who seem to have done very well. It was interesting to see the light-haired children and wonder how many generations it would be before they had intermarried with the black-haired Italians and Spanish folk. The road had not been touched by man and yet the land was settled 100 years ago. We waded through ponds that put mud on our carriage step. What a shame, when all could so easily be made good. No doubt it will come some day; it awaits the coming of proper road laws, and their execution by a people who have not as yet had a vision of what roads may be.

A CHURCH AND SOME TREES.

A rather large and beautiful stone church claimed our attention. It was set in a grove of eucalyptus and other trees; beside it stood a fine schoolhouse. These were a gift of Señor Ramon Santamarina, a man who owned great estates there and who must have had noble aspirations. From the church we rode many miles along the edge of a belt of eucalyptus trees that he had planted. The belt may have been 100 yards wide and the trees set about ten or twelve feet apart. Eucalyptus trees are often beautiful; these were. Although planted only twenty years, they were many of them near sixty feet high and growing rapidly. Within

the lines of trees stretched a great pasture of some thousands of acres. On its farther sides were noble trees. On rising ground in the distance we could see his residence, and adjoining it a forest of pines, thrifty and grand. Grazing in the pasture were many good Short-horn cattle, in fairly good flesh. I have seen some great plantings of trees in my time, in Europe and America, but nowhere have I seen anything so noble, simple and beautiful as the concrete idea of enclosing say 10,000 acres with great evergreen eucalyptus trees.

Señor Mendiberry's trace of land includes 2,000 acres. He told us something of his life; how he had been a shepherd for Henry Thompson many years ago and had cared for his Lincolns; how when he left his employ he had taken the sheep with him and bought his place, paying for it \$24,600. I fancy he went into debt for his land. He has since paid for it and bought two other places. He has from 2,500 to 4,000 Lincoln sheep; many of them are exceedingly fine. He has bought rams from Henry Dudding and other well known English breeders. He breeds them nearly or quite as good as those from England.

There was a very good house on the estancia; a man was the cook and bottle washer. There was no stove; the fuel is not well adapted, they say, to burning in an American stove. At first I thought that the fuel on the great square raised platform under the big wooden hood (supposed to catch and

lead away the smoke), was peat; afterward I learned that it was sheep manure taken from the corrals. A few twigs also were added and after a time a right merry fire was blazing. When it was being kindled the *cocinero* cut chunks of tallow from a great mass that lay on the bench and this soon melted and made a good blaze. "Is that fat from a steer?" I asked. "No, señor, from a sheep; they are all like that here in summer-time." It was almost incredible; the fat was at least three inches thick. I enjoyed watching our breakfast cooking. We sat and watched it, laid on a twig at intervals and swallowed great volumes of smoke so that the chimney was quite equal to caring for the remainder. A kettle simmered on the back of the platform; in it bubbled broth that would make our soup. The bread in well-baked hard loaves the size of a big grapefruit, was brought from town and we dined regally on broiled mutton, soup, bread and tea, with wine for those who desired it. Then we went out again to inspect the sheep.

MUTTON A POPULAR FOOD.

I soon learned that the mutton-eating habit among the Argentines is established. On this typical *estancia* they annually kill about 180 big Lincoln sheep. These are consumed by five men, with the aid of occasional visitors and helpers at dipping and shearing time. I was told that they killed a

sheep every other day; it may be that they really kill extra sheep for the days when extra men are present. This would make a sheep last a man about ten days; he would consume about forty sheep in a year. There are 6,000,000 people in Argentina. Not all of them eat mutton, of course, but they all eat meat, as much as possible. On most cattle ranches sheep are bought or bred especially to feed the men. I have been on estancias where they killed five and even ten sheep a day. What is the effect on the people of this large consumption of meat? I do not know. They are a healthier people than we, but there are other things entering into the problem; I can not solve it. I know that in North America if I were to eat the vast amount of meat that some of these people consume I should be laid out; in Argentina I subsisted to a large extent on mutton, with the net result that I felt ten years younger than I did before I arrived there. Señor Mendiberry ate mutton as though he loved Lincoln sheep. He had surrounded his little home place at the estancia with a grove of North American black locusts, which grew well. A tiny bird hopped in through the open window, glancing inquiringly at us, intent on catching belated flies. After breakfast they got up a bunch of wethers for us to see; among them were some with little spots of scab, to be cured by hand-dressing. The shepherd quickly found the infected places, often on the bellies or near the udders; the scab was torn off;

a pint of dip was put on, using one of the coaltar preparations, and the sheep let go. The señor understands the nature of the scab germ; his policy was lame, however, in that he did not dip twice at short intervals. He dips at intervals of about four months.

LINCOLN SHEEP PRICES.

The ewes were great, a lot of them, with splendid Lincoln wool. A capitaz, cook and three men care for the sheep, one man devoting all his time to the pure-bred sheep at the galpon. There is practically no agriculture practiced, nothing is fed excepting to the stud flock. He receives 17 cents for wool. His fat wethers bring him \$3.96 each. He values the land at \$52.80 per acre. He is making a little profit. His land may some day keep many more sheep than at present. He is no agriculturist. To plow part of his land and sow oats for winter grazing would greatly increase the carrying capacity of his place. To drain it, in spots, would help protect his sheep from stomach worms, which bother in wet years. The Basques make good shepherds and good citizens; they are a little lax along scab lines, maybe, but they need teaching there.

The streets of all towns in the great province of Buenos Aires run northwest or southwest, diagonally with the points of the compass. All boundary lines in the province in the same direction. Argentina is a treeless land, and coal is brought from England

and is dear. Who does not see the connection? Every house is turned toward the sun on every side in winter; the sun is the sole fireplace, grate, heating stove and furnace. It is interesting to see the people come out of their houses in the mornings to warm themselves in the sun. I observed that children walked to school carrying books on their little heads; it is a good practice, as it makes them finely erect.

THE STORY OF SARMIENTO.

Sarmiento Day is a holiday, somewhat like our Washington's Birthday, and is to be forever remembered. Sarmiento was born in the west, in a little city, at a time when governments were weak and South America was in turmoil and trouble. Education was at a low ebb. Some young men conducted a school; I think they were young lawyers out of work. Young Sarmiento attended the school. There is a classic story told in Argentina reading books of how one day there came up a terrific wind, rain and hailstorm; tiles flew through the air, branches of trees were torn off and all was terror and confusion. "Today we will have a holiday; no muchacho will venture to come," remarked one Maestro; but just then they heard a persistent, if gentle, knocking at the great door. They made haste to open. There stood young Sarmiento with his books, drenched, wind-blown, frightened—but resolute. When the boy reached young manhood he resolved to teach the common children of the place,

to form a real public school. There being no building available at first, he held his school under a big ombu tree. Ombus have enormous roots that lie upon the ground and reach out in all directions, often making capital seats. Under a great ombu, then, in the edge of the half desert plain, young Sarmiento taught his school.

There was born perhaps 30 years before this time one Facundo-Facundo Quiroga, destined to be known over all South America as "Facundo." I cannot in one chapter make the reader see Facundo and the times that he represented. It is all strange to us. He was Gaucho-bred; or, as we might say, "cowboy-bred," only we do not breed cowboys from any especial stock. The gauchos were the half-Indian, half-Spanish dwellers of the plain, a class distinct from the dwellers in towns, and having, curiously enough, the same antipathy for and hatred toward townsmen as are shown oftentimes by our own cowboys. There, as here, the cowboy or the gaucho is frequently stripped of his earnings in short order when he reaches the town; he must feel that he has been unjustly treated many times. The Argentine gauchos were "ag'in' the government," against the towns that represented the government. There came the war of independence, beginning about 1810, when the independence of a part of Argentina was declared, and after Argentina was free from Spain she found herself distracted by internal dissensions, torn by tumults, having rival leaders whose sole purpose was to at-

tain personal success. This man Facundo was a political boss, brigand, stage robber and wholesale murderer. He began his career by escaping from jail and killing seven men. He was withal a leader of the gaucho element in its running warfare against the town. Perhaps the most terrible man of modern history, his hands reeking with blood and his pockets full of plunder, he was worshiped by his followers in the camps, but he left behind him a sad trail of death and desolation. He was beloved by his followers because he gave lavishly what he had taken with force and slaughter from the rich or the townspeople.

Sarmiento wrote a history of Facundo which is a marvelous piece of writing. I think that there is no English translation, but I will venture to translate some of it, just to give a hint of the result of Facundo's work. Here follows, from this book, a dialogue or interrogatory of a citizen of La Rioja:

Question: "What is the population of the city of La Rioja?"

Answer: Scarcely fifteen hundred souls. They say that there are only fifteen men of virility and standing in the city.

Question: How many citizens of note reside here?

Answer: There may be six or eight in the city.

Question: What number of lawyers have offices open?

Answer: None.

Question: How many physicians are there?

Answer: None.

Question: How many men visit in frock coats?

Answer: None.

Question: How many young Riojan men are students in Cordoba or Buenos Aires?

Answer: I know of only one.

Question: How many schools are here, and how many children?

Answer: There are no schools.

Question: Is there any public establishment of charity?

Answer: Not one, nor any elementary school. The one priest, a Franciscan, has a few children in the convent.

Question: How many ruined temples (churches) are there?

Answer: Five; only the mother church remains of them all.

Question: Do they build any new houses?

Answer: None; nor repair the fallen ones.

Question: What is the extent of the ruination?

Answer: Nearly complete; even the streets and avenues are in ruins.

Question: How many ordained priests are there?

Answer: There are only two in the city; one is a curate, the other a monk of Catamarca. In the province are four more.

Question: How many fortunes of \$50,000 are there? How many of \$20,000?

Answer: Not one. All are poor men.

Question: Has your population grown or diminished?

Answer: It has diminished more than the half.

Question: Does any sentiment of terror predominate among the people?

Answer: The greatest. They fear to speak, even the innocent.

Question: Is the money which they have good?

Answer: The provincial money is all counterfeited.

Sarmiento adds: "Here the works speak with all their horrible and frightful severity. Only the history of the conquest of the Mohammedans over Greece presents an example of so rapid a barbarization and destruction of a people." That, then, is a picture of the condition of things when Sarmiento was a young man. We left him teaching school under the ombu tree. Across the wide, dusty plain a horseman was discerned. He drew nearer and nearer, attracted no doubt by the sight of assembled people. As he nears the tree sheltered school he rides slower and slower. Finally he leaves his horse and approaches on foot. He listens to the exercises of the school for some time, hat in hand, gravely respectful. Then he bows a low bow to the young Maestro and walks away, mounts his horse and disappears over the plain. That was the meeting of Facundo and Sarmiento, the meeting of the old and the new order. It speaks well for the Argentine people that they recognized worth in Sarmiento. He climbed from one position of service to

another until at last he reached the presidency, and he was president for many years. He did much for Argentina. He introduced the Australian eucalyptus tree, and had a nursery where he grew small seedlings. When a constituent wrote him asking a favor he might get it or not; he was pretty sure to get by return post a few fine little eucalypts. Sarmiento visited the United States and had a deep admiration for our country and its institutions. He especially liked our schools, and through his efforts they were introduced into Argentina. I am told that the school system there is modeled after that of the United States. ,

Among other evidences of Sarmiento's greatness, he recognized the great waste of womanhood in South America—the same waste that we observe in all Spanish countries. I mean the waste of companionship between the sexes. In Argentina one does not converse with women other than one's wife, sister and mother; a man does not introduce his friends to his wife. Nor is there contact or companionship between young people of opposite sexes. One of the richest assets of any nation is that of the utilization of friendships, and innocent friendships are possible between men and women. This the Spanish people have not yet learned, guarding their womenkind as do the Moors. Sarmiento sought to have the sexes educated together, thinking that this would be the first step in breaking down the barrier that separates the sexes. Suffice it to say, however, that in this endeavor not very much has yet been

accomplished; only the lower grades are taught together.

AN ARGENTINE SCHOOL TEACHER.

In Ayacucho on Sarmiento day the little plaza was finely decorated with flags and streamers; the old church was decorated. After the midday breakfast I strolled out into the town, which is commonplace and poor in most of its features, but I stumbled on to a double file of children, perhaps a hundred of them, ready to march somewhere, and their teacher, a fine, stalwart señorita in black velvet and a big picture hat. It was interesting to watch the señorita arrange the children, curbing the turbulent ones and petting the timid ones. As they began their march, the teacher bringing up the rear, I went ahead and posted myself at the plaza where I could see the children enter. Soon they appeared from several directions, all passing me. Each little company was composed of children of one size, ranging from the smallest up to those ten or twelve years old. Each little troop had its teacher, a señorita, more often handsome than not; each señorita was well dressed and wearing a hat from Paris. I was struck, and amused, to see each teacher's facial expression; one could tell that look anywhere, and yet there was a difference; the teachers here had not the worn, anxious look that too often characterizes American teachers; they were all of them strong and comely; all had color in their cheeks and with ruby lips and fine Spanish eyes;

and good humor, mixed with a sense of responsibility, dominated their features. They say that women in this land believe a bit of color in the face is a necessary part of the toilette, and if nature leaves it off they buy it.

I studied carefully the little ones as they passed by me. Some were strikingly beautiful children; these children were Spanish or Italian, the probability being that they were Italian. Some were just plain and some were very uncomely; the latter represented the gaucho peons, of mixed Indian and Spanish blood. Take them as a whole they were probably a stronger, healthier lot than one would see in a North American town; the reason is worth seeking. Is it that there are no fires in the homes? Is it because the food is plain and breakfasts are served at noon?

The little ones marched around an elevated platform, finely decorated with flags and flowers; on the stand were some of the great men of the place, the Alcalde no doubt. Then the children sang the wild, strong, passionate music of the national song of Argentina—surely enough to stir one's blood. It was amusing to witness how like a lot of North American school children they were. Human nature is the same the world over. I observed that while there were many races represented in this multitude of children, there were none of negro blood. Negroes are rarely seen in Argentina; agriculture is a recent art. In days of slavery there was little profitable use of the negro slave and he seems now to have

been absorbed or to have migrated to a warmer climate.

When the song was ended there were fine speeches from the platform. Spanish men excel in oratory. Surely their speeches are carefully prepared, the sentences rounded and polished beforehand; then they are delivered with superb manner—dignified, forceful, and at times impassioned. Their gestures are graceful and telling. I know of no North American orator who has so fine a delivery as any one of several men whom I heard. Added to this the fact that their speeches are admirably short, on this occasion of no more than five minutes' duration, and we have the perfect oration. After the speeches were over, the children and the rest of us went to the Government house for a short time, where more things were said, then to the old church for a short time. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to holiday, and that night I saw marvelous fireworks, bringing to a climax a successful diesta.

From San Augustine we went by diligencia to estancia Los Inglesitos. I had long wished to see this place, for here had lived fine, sturdy, skilled Englishmen for nearly 100 years. There is some sameness about Argentina, but near the sea it is not like other parts. Here one finds little streams that they call rivers and that truly do have in them running water. A little way to the east begin wide stretches of marshland. We were fortunate in finding Herbert Gibson at home. His family own many vast estates in South America, and he now only

visits each in turn, counseling with the managers. We were greeted with a hearty English welcome. One could not ask for more. Always I will recall Los Inglesitos for three things: the truly beautiful and exquisitely bred Lincoln sheep, with fleeces of extraordinary length and finer than the typical Lincoln; the homestead with its coziness, and the garden back of it. In several ways this estancia is the most notable one that we saw in Argentina. It is a small place, as Argentine estancias go, of only 10,100 acres. The soil is not unusually good, though it is good black Argentine earth with tosca under most of it. It carries nearly 1,800 cattle and horses, and about 8,500 sheep. A study of the place was interesting as revealing the possibilities of sheep-farming in Argentina, but not as revealing things now being done by many estancieros. It is doubtful whether there are ten places in Argentina as profitable as this one.

IN AN ARGENTINE GARDEN.

I quote from my notebook: "It is May 27th below the Equator; that is November 27th in North America. I sit in the sun, out in a pretty little garden, trying to set down some things that will be worth remembering some day. I am in the south of the province of Buenos Aires, not far from the sea. What is it all like?

"At my back is a snug little white-walled English-built house with tiled roof; though seemingly a tiny place, it is capable of storing away in com-

fort a great many guests. Against the white walls clamber geraniums and honeysuckle vines. Over my head a palm lifts its protesting head. A formal garden stretches away with close-clipped hedges, its beds of brave chrysanthemums in bloom, and millions of narcissi making strong growth (for the rains came a few weeks ago and it is as though spring had come, though in truth it is the beginning of their mild winter instead). In the garden are arbors of wistara and grape, roses in profusion, cabbage, cauliflower, gooseberries in hedgerows, raspberries, now ripe, maize as high as my waist and enormous squashes. Marvel of this climate, the squash vines are yet unkilld by frost, though I have worn a fur overcoat for weeks, and killing frosts occur in mid-summer. Flanking the garden on either hand are noble trees, eucalypts that rise half to the skies, tossing their glittering leaves in the sunlight, pines too, and great weeping willows. The garden slopes right down to a little river that ripples and splashes over a stony bed. It is rare in an Argentine camp to find a stream of running water and a marvel to find one that splashes over the stones.

“About this garden, which charmed me, there was a strange air of sadness and loneliness that I could not fathom; I thought it due possibly to the fact that winter was coming, and the sadness of that change was felt in the air. That evening by the fire-side Mr. Runnacles explained it to me. ‘You like the garden, I see, Mr. Wing. Well, I keep it as

nearly as I can just as my wife planted it.' I gave a start. He was not, then, a bachelor, as I had supposed. I made inquiry and he replied. 'We lived here for some years. She loved the garden and planned it all and planted it, and its keeping was always under her supervision. Then it became necessary for me to take her to England. She died on the ship and I buried her at sea. I have changed nothing in the garden since then.'

"That told the story, the plants, free from that loving but restraining hand, had gone wild and rampant, although no weeds were in the borders and the paths well kept, yet the place was haunted by the memory of the vanished hand.

"The trees are musical with birds; one at least seems distinctly a mocking bird, singing away as though his heart were bursting with joy. The wind sighs and soughs in the pines and eucalypts and the sun is bright and warm when one is out of the wind. I go outdoors to get warm.

AN ESTANCIA BUTCHER.

"In the yard a man is busily dressing fine fat ewes that are to make mutton for the house of the manager, and the table of the peons as well. Very deftly the brown man removes the skins from the plump fat bodies. Seated expectantly in a circle around him are thirty cats of various sizes and colors, awaiting their chance at bits of meat. The cats are the police force that keeps rats away from the place.

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BOY.
 Plant, animal
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looks for all the world like American plug tobacco. It is silage, made from green oats and alfalfa. It is simply put into these pits green, tramped in with horses, then covered with earth. Thus treated, it keeps perfectly. When feed is wanted, the earth is removed, the silage cut with an axe, taken out and fed to bulls in the paddock.

“Our host is E. O. Runnacles, until recently manager of Los Inglesitos. Señor Runnacles is of English birth. He is a successful stockman; he has Los Inglesitos in capital order. The place is one of the Gibson estancias. The Gibsons came to Argentina eighty-five years ago and established themselves near the sea. Here, as elsewhere, they have been notable breeders of Short-horn cattle and Lincoln sheep for many years. The Short-horns are bred not for showing, on this estancia at least, but for the market. The bulls are many of them as good as we send to shows. They believe in good bulls and the results justify the belief.

THE GIBSON ESTANCIA.

“These Gibsons are men of independent thought and character. They breed a sort of Lincoln that is distinctly different from any that I have seen elsewhere. The origin of these sheep was of course Lincolnshire, where they were bred by Kirkham. His flock was dispersed in the '60's, and taken to New Zealand. Thence the Gibsons imported them, bringing over 300 ewes. The sheep have been bred especially for their unusually good covering of long,

lustrous wool. One can in short order select here a pen of sheep that would puzzle a judge who had not seen them to name the breed, they are so distinctly different from the regular English type. They have often a splendid covering over the heads, with locks coming down nicely over the face; also they have long, lustrous wool that almost drags the ground. They are somewhat smaller than Lincolns that modern Englishmen breed, but they fatten astonishingly and are of nearly perfect form.

“The management is in one important essential unlike any that we have seen. Each year there is plowed about twenty per cent of the land which is sown to oats, alfalfa and grasses. Thus the camp carries many more animals than camps left in a state of nature. For the rest, the care taken is of the customary simple sort. The sheep are carefully dipped four times a year and kept clean of scab. They are pastured out always of course, for no snow comes, and with moisture grass is green the year around. Lambs and wool are sold—astonishing amounts of wool—as much as eight and one-quarter pounds per head for the whole lot of sheep.

“One thing here that impresses me much is the quiet energy of Mr. Runnacles and the way he trains his men to care for animals. South America is not a land where kindness is customarily shown to dumb beasts. At Los Inglesitos there was no sore-backed or sore-shouldered horses and the sheep are handled with care and gentleness.

“Herbert Gibson is one of the most original and

brilliant men connected with agriculture whom I have met in the world. It was a delight to hear him tell of Argentina, past and present. Then the thought drifted to old England; we recalled mutual friends and finally I mentioned Wedderlie. Then with sparkling eyes spoke W. O. Wills, the Scott, who is the new manager, 'Wedderlie, did you say, Mr. Wing? Have you been there?'

" 'Yes, do you know Wedderlie?'

" 'Indeed I do, man. I was born and reared on a neighboring farm.' What memories were awakened then, and it was long after the hour for farmers to retire when we reluctantly bade each other 'good night.'

" 'I find this place makes a splendid profit, far in excess of that made by most other estancias that I have seen. They plow land, grow oats, alfalfa and grass for the sheep instead of depending on native camp. They have a good class of sheep; they sell lambs for long prices; they have had good management. E. O. Runnacles would make a thing pay anywhere; here, backed by such a man as Herbert Gibson, on this good camp, it had to pay. Land here is worth \$40 per acre.

" 'The shadows have come; the short May day is drawing to a close; the chrysanthemums hang their heads; the parrot scolds and wipes his other eye; the cold wind sighs in the tops of the eucalyptus trees; my work in southern Buenos Aires is done. Tonight I reluctantly turn my face northward.'

The next morning on the Avenida, a respectable

looking young man stepped up to me saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am unfortunate. I have been working on the docks and now have no employment. I have spent the night on the streets and I am very cold." As he spoke he shivered wretchedly. I was glad to help him and wish him better luck. A South American port is no good place in which to be stranded.

Speaking of this unhappy fellow reminds me that at the American consulate one saw frequently the drifts and wrecks and strays that are cast upon foreign shores—men begging to be sent home. This the consul was often able to do on returning ships, perhaps getting the men an opportunity to work their passage. The wage scale in South America is advancing, but it is still far below what it is in the United States. There is not the same appreciation of the honorable character of common everyday manual labor that we have in the United States. I think few eminent South Americans would boast of having been at one time ditch-diggers or plowmen or shepherds, and rail-splitters in a treeless land are naturally out of the question.

A young German business man of good education told me this story. When he went to Argentina he had difficulty in finding suitable employment. Rather than be idle he took a pair of horses and plowed up a forty-acre field and sowed it to wheat. He enjoyed the work. Unhappily, as he related, it took him years to live down the disgrace of having done this kind of work.

IN WESTERN BUENOS AIRES.

We spent a day in Buenos Aires, to allow the doctor to see his sweetheart. I read and wrote letters and engaged my passage home on the steamer Vasari, to sail July the 8th. It was amazing what comfort I felt with that ticket in my pocket. It had for some reason far more reassurance than did gold, and already it seemed to me that I had been years absent from home. We bought tickets then to General Villegas, a town in western Buenos Aires, nearly 300 miles as the crow might fly.

“What a clean country Argentina is now. There is no dust; there are no chimneys, so there is no smoke. The locomotives do not smoke. Perhaps this is because coal is so dear that they must use it with caution. I find that I can wear a linen collar for days. I have been all day in a state of wonder—wondering that I am so warm and well; that I am so fortunate in life, given work to do and strength to do it, given appreciative eyes and a chance to use them. Today all these things come over me, and I can sit here in the car and look across the seas to Ohio and see all the environs of Woodland Farm—the fields, the forest, the homestead, my señora with her cheery voice and radiant smile, and the big, sober boys who are mine. I can see that señora of mine walking about the lawn looking at the flowers and stopping to pass a cheery word with a neighbor or neighbor’s children. I close my eyes and am in Paradise. The conductor stops to watch my machine and to exclaim at it ‘por pasatiempo?’ ‘A mi,

señor," I smiling explain to him, and he nods in appreciation.

"What is it like outside? There are no trees except at the estancia headquarters or at the rarely seen villages. The peasants go over the land with two yoke of big oxen dragging American sulky plows, the men usually walking, as the oxen are none too strong after this year of famine. The way has been monotonous, but here and there rise fine eucalypts. As I write now there is not a tree in sight. We go straight west; the sun streams in from the north, and it seems only natural that it should be so, since we become accustomed to things. For some reason today I am strangely filled with the joy of the world, with a sense of the essential order of things and with gratitude that I am given part in it. A little way to the southwest of us in Pampa Central three crops have been lost in succession, and famine with starvation hovers hideously over the huts of the colonists, who because of their great need steal the sheep of the estancieros and devour them. The government is sending seed grain and food to these poor people. Let us hope they are to have harvests this time.

"We pass through a hill. It is nearly or quite six feet high, and thus we pass through a cut of that depth for a little way. Whatever on earth made that rise in the ground? All around us for scores of miles is land as flat and smooth as it could be planed. General Villegas proved the typical camp town, drier and dirtier than some; but the hotel

was tolerable, and we slept well in happy anticipation of the morrow, for then we were to go eight leagues across the plain by coach to estancia Blanca Manco, where dwelt a friend whom we had as yet never seen, George Wright. We were in the western part of the province of Buenos Aires, a province half as large as all of France, and France is as far across in its longest dimension as from New York to Chicago.

“It did not take long to secure a team of three horses and a light carry-all, and soon we were rolling swiftly out into the camp. A long, wide, straight road stretched away before us, farther than the eye could reach. It was not like anything in North America; there were only a few houses or farms along the way. There were few places near town. Then one could ride and ride without seeing aught more than an occasional ‘puesto’ or small house in which lived some fence guard or peon, who looked after a pasture. Presently we came to an alfalfa field. It was a pretty wide strip. There were many stacks of alfalfa hay in it. Short-horn cattle were scattered about in the field. In the distance I saw next the sky a curious dark line, somewhat lumpy. I wondered vaguely; mayhap it was a ‘monte’ or some sort of forest planting. What could it be? Then I awoke to the fact that the line was composed solidly of cattle. There were a thousand or more grazing on green alfalfa in June, which is the December of Argentina. If their alfalfa got short there were the stacks ready for them. The sunlight

streamed down, though the air was cool. This, then, seemed a cattleman's heaven.

“A great estancia house stood beyond the cattle, with its white walls, and about it were numerous dwellings and structures. It would have been an interesting spot to visit, but we passed on. There were eight leagues between us and Blanca Manco, and Blanca Manco held our breakfast. What an interesting soil study it was as we drove along. In the eight leagues we passed there was not one watercourse. In places there was water a few inches deep in the road, extending for a quarter of a mile. Why not ditch it off? Where would the ditch run? It was 200 miles to any running watercourse. There is in fact no need of drainage, except possibly at some places in the roads. The rainfall has been so nicely proportioned that the soil takes up every drop. It is like the legs of the man, as specified by Lincoln: they should be just long enough to reach from his body to the earth.

“This land is like that. With marvelous accuracy the capacity of the earth has been proportioned to the rainfall. With a large rainfall it would be necessary to cut drainage canals hundreds of miles long. As it is, the sandy subsoil takes up all the water that falls; in fact, it not infrequently cries for more. Whence came these thousands upon thousands of square miles of rich, level earth, so much alike in every part? What ancient river left this soil in the bottom of a shallow sea? Doubtless the great Parana should have the credit. We were in-

terested to see the beginning of roadmaking; men with wheelbarrows were grading up middles, wide and rounded. The sections of soil that they cut through were marvelous. The topsoil was black; under it was a friable brown earth, with a fine sandy subsoil. All of it was rich and capable of producing, with moisture, great crops of almost anything. What makes this special soil so good for alfalfa is that it has a porous subsoil that is not found in all of Argentina. It lets the alfalfa roots and the rainfall down and thus encourages alfalfa to make its glorious growth.

“Perhaps it was typical of South America to see these gangs of men with wheelbarrows making roads when horses could be bought for \$25 per head. A few short years ago no man hereabouts knew how to work a horse except under the saddle. This soil could work very satisfactorily with road machines or scrapers. We were glad to see any sort of road being built that would raise us above the water. There was no water on the fields; there the earth had drunk it all down and the alfalfa was making use of it. Here and there, fields of oats were lushly green and were pastured; men were busily plowing for wheat.

“Reaching Blanca Manca, we drove into a field, meaning that we went ‘across lots’ to the headquarters. After passing three or four miles inside, we came to the house of a colonist who told us that we must go back and follow the road around, which we did, arriving just as they were sitting down to

breakfast. We had a hearty welcome. 'Oh, Mr. Wing, why did you not let us know? We should have had something fit for you to eat.' How well I remember that breakfast, at mid-day—the muchness and the goodness of it. George Wright proved to be a Lancashire man, long in Argentina. His wife grew up in the country, and yet she has the manners of an English-born woman, kindly and hospitable. For years they have read *THE GAZETTE* and find it a never-failing source of pleasure.

OVER ALFALFA FIELDS.

“Soon after breakfast we set out to explore, with a pair of native criollo horses and an American buckboard. We drove miles and miles over alfalfa fields most of the way, among fat cattle and among some that were not fat, seeing the great Australian tanks of galvanized corrugated iron, round tanks sometimes sixty feet in diameter and eight feet deep. As we went, George Wright talked; it is easy for him; he is an enthusiast. 'This is one of the small places, Mr. Wing; it has in it only 25,000 acres. It is worth now about \$32 per acre. Would you think it possible that so late as 1904 this land was wild, covered totally with the coarse, innutritious grasses of the pampas and with no water apart from some shallow pools that early went dry? Here is the old mudhouse in which we first made our start at subduing the wilderness. How do we do it? We usually call in the aid of the colonist; we let him land for sowing it to wheat. He plows it and sows wheat

for from three to five years; then seeds alfalfa and moves on. He sows from 400 to 1,000 acres of land. He gives us about twenty per cent of his crop, delivered at the railway. When he has a normal crop, it is around twenty bushels to the acre; when he has a big crop no one knows how much it is, for he cannot gather near all of it. An enormous amount is lost because of his inadequate equipment. He makes some money; we have one man, a Belgian, who has made a small fortune with us. Usually the colonist does not do that, and I have never known an Englishman to plant wheat at a profit; he makes it too costly a proceeding. The farming of these colonists is very crude, Mr. Wing, and they rob the soil. It worries me to think of their methods and what may come from them of damage to Argentina.'

"Here I laughed and replied, 'Mr. Wright, nature has put in this soil enough plantfood for a thousand years. I feel sure that you need not fear the few years of wheat that the colonist has; the alfalfa will restore the land in short order. I know of no land of so uniform and widespread a richness as this.'

" 'Well, that may be so, but I am beginning to sow alfalfa on the fresh sod, turned by myself. Come and see my plowmen.'

"What a sight that was, and how it would have enthused any one loving to plow. Imagine a smooth pasture field from which the grass had been mostly burned off—a field without stick or stone within 100 miles, limited only by the fences that were too

distant to be in view. A dozen or more plowmen, each on his own particular land, turned over the soft black loam, using English two-furrow walking plows with wheels. A native plowman had started each land and the furrows were as straight as possible, and so long that the eye could not discern the ends. 'How long are your furrows, Mr. Wright?'

" 'Not very long; I do not believe in the long furrow—maybe a little more than a mile; if they are longer than that I think it a little hard on the horses. As it is, the men travel about twenty-two miles a day. You see we require them to plow a definite number of furrows morning and afternoon. It is fifteen miles back to the headquarters; we move everything over here; these few squares of galvanized iron make their tents; they have dug the well in short order and the water is good. Their cook and feed for their horses are here.'

" 'We drove among the cattle. 'The place,' he said, 'is not yet nearly developed, so we have only about 7,200 cattle at present and about 5,000 sheep. We breed almost all of our own cattle on the alfalfa, as you see. Alfalfa does no harm to breeding cows. It is bad for sheep, though; see what ruin it has worked with these Romney ewes.' It was rather laughable; the ewes scampered off as best they could as we charged down on them with our team. I have seldom seen such ewes. They were so fat that their legs did not come down parallel, but were spread apart comically; their backs were so broad that one could have emptied a peck of wheat on any one of

them without losing any of it off. As they ran their rumps shook with the accumulated fat. Indeed, as breeding ewes they were, probably, ruined, and yet they had been taken from the alfalfa and put on wild grasses for some time.

FLOCKS ON ALFALFA.

“ ‘We get fine, fat lambs on alfalfa pastures, but if we ever do a large business with sheep I think we will buy our ewes, breed them and when they get fat send them off with their lambs and buy more.’

“ ‘Through herd after herd of grazing Short-horns we drove, admiring the good breeding and the good flesh. ‘This is a paradise, Mr. Wright, Why do you not plant maize, too? It goes so well with alfalfa.’

“ ‘It has not yet been proved here; we have the locusts, you know, and we have not labor enough to cultivate maize. What has been sown has mostly failed; the practice is to drill it in and let it come, or go, as it likes. It has not yet made a good crop.’ Later, on a neighbor’s estancia, I saw a field of maize, quite a total failure; the weeds and grass were three feet high and the maize four feet. ‘But I should not expect in Ohio much better results without cultivation’; I remarked. ‘No, maybe not, Mr. Wing; but we have not labor, nor patience, for cultivating maize here and then we have drouth and locusts. We do better to stay with our alfalfa, I think.’ ”

They sow a lot of seed—as much as twenty pounds to the acre, and sometimes it fails. It is sown, preferably in May or June—their late fall—and sometimes in August instead, their spring, and last year a very wide acreage, as large as my brothers' farms and my neighbors' farms combined, was lost. The land was a mess of weeds, as it would be in our southern states if alfalfa were sown there in the spring. "Last year I sowed \$20,000 worth of alfalfa seed," remarked Mr. Wright.

We came home to a good dinner. Mrs. Wright had provided for the North American guest most delicious cornbread made from yellow meal. It was the first that I had tasted in Argentina. Their maize is all of the yellow flint species and would be simply delicious if they would use it. What a good bed I had that night and how I enjoyed it after my forty-mile ride! Next day we drove to another beautiful estancia, Drabble. The manager, W. Melville, was unfortunately absent, but we were shown about by the very courteous mayordomo, Mr. Talbot. There we saw the stacking up of thousands of tons of alfalfa in the fields; animals eat it at will. What superior bullocks we saw, too. They breed and develop splendid Shires at Drabble. There also we stayed for dinner and a cozy fireside, afterward racing with the train to see which first should reach the station. The ostriches leisurely plucked alfalfa.

It makes one quite wish to go out there to farm. There are, however, difficulties, mainly due to the climate and locusts. George Wright had planted

some thousands of small trees about his new place. They started well. A hailstorm came (they call it a "rough" storm), and he had 1,200 of them destroyed, so that they had to be cut down to the earth. They would, however, in this soil speedily make swift new growth again. He finds the box elder of our land one of the good trees for his climate. For some reason that I do not fathom, the eucalypts do not thrive that far west. Then they have the locusts that come once in a while—perhaps yearly for several years, or perhaps none for several years. Locusts destroy gardens, trees, flowers and grain—all but alfalfa.

THE WOES OF COLONISTS.

I have kept up a correspondence with Mr. Wright since returning home and this is the strange tale that he tells of the behavior of the elements in 1912. I left Argentina, as it was well soaked with water. The colonists got their grain sown in some shape. It grew marvelously and promised a yield of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. Harvest time came and with it rain. Now this strange land was not made for rain in summer; it will not bear the weight of horses or wagons when well soaked; so the colonists took their binders to the field and the rich black soil, turned to mud, promptly engulfed them. They could not harvest the grain. After a time in some manner they did get a part of their rank, tangled crop harvested; then came threshing. Traction engines proceeded out with threshers to

get the grain; the treacherous black earth swallowed up the engines so that oft-times it took days to dig them out of the mire and set them on their way again. When at last the poor colonists got to market with their wheat they had only a fraction of what had grown; their expense had been dreadful; they were in many instances hopelessly ruined. I think, however, that of all the parts of Argentina that I saw, the opportunities for money-making were best in this great alfalfa-growing region, which extends over into the state of Cordoba and also into Pampa Central.

When a really serious effort was made to set up stock-raising in Argentina, leaving the old system in which the uncounted herds roamed at will over the vast, unfenced, unmeasured pampas, there was need of fences of some sort. There was not a shrub or tree for post timber; wire had not been made cheap enough for use, so they fell back on that primitive barrier, the moat. Ditches were easily dug in this soil. To dig the ditches they imported Irishmen, just as we did in North America. Doubtless the Irishmen came meaning soon to go back to old Ireland; they ended by learning to love the land, just as already I, after barely 100 days, have learned to love it. Many of them forsook the spade and bought small flocks of sheep and rented land to put them on. I imagine the rentals were the merest nothing. The sheep cost but a trifle. They bred like rabbits. The wool only was sold. The thrifty Irishmen bought land; they became estancieros. Today

their grandsons are men of influence and wealth. Quite commonly, they have intermarried among themselves, yet they all use the Spanish language more freely than the English, though commonly English is yet the language of the fireside.

A grandson of one of these Irish immigrants was my guide and interpreter throughout most of Argentina. He was a fine young man, educated at the Ohio College of Agriculture. He was a veterinarian and a man of promise—Dr. L. P. Garrahan. It was at his suggestion that I made my last visit of study in Argentina to the estancia of his uncle, Robert Murphy, at his estancia La Anita, west of Buenos Aires, a day's ride by slow train. It was a lovely day in June—their December.

ESTANCIA LA ANITA.

Robert Murphy proved to be just such a man as one would find in the United States farming or in the cattle business, with maybe a little more culture and courtesy than we have had time yet to take on; a stout, healthy, vigorous man, every inch of him an estanciero and a lover of good cattle. His farm lies in the very good alfalfa-growing region, with the rich dark topsoil and the sandy subsoil that alfalfa loves. We went first to the estancia house—one of the comfortable and commodious, though modest, dwellings that rich estancieros provide for the comfort of themselves and their friends. There was a good fire blazing in the grate, for the time was near mid-winter, and the night air was chill. About

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the house were plantings of trees; willows that make fuel and shelter; American black locusts; red cedars (which thrive wonderfully); paraissos or chinaberry trees, which are proof against the locusts, and numerous ornamental trees, including some palms. The eucalypts here do not grow well; they seem to winterkill, though nearer Buenos Aires they grow marvelously, as they do farther south also, where it is much colder. The locusts had invaded his territory last summer. He had covered over his choice trees and flowers with canvas to protect them from these horrid pests. While we were looking at the garden an enormous bird came flying with piercing cries, toward us. To my astonishment it settled down within two yards of us and continued for a little time to emit its loud cries. Mr. Murphy laughed and talked to the bird, which seemed pleased and began eating grass on the lawn, now and then joining in the conversation in a voice that could be heard half a mile. It was a tame chaja bird, looking somewhat like a long-legged eagle, but subsisting mainly on grass.

We drove out to see the fields and the cattle, Mr. Murphy on the way telling us of his plans and procedures. "I have other estancias. This small one of 5,000 acres I choose to make my home place. Much of it is now in alfalfa, and I aim to put more land still in alfalfa; then it will carry perhaps a fourth more cattle than it carries now. What is the land worth? It cost me in 1901 \$24,200 gold, and to-day it is worth in the market \$272,800. That shows

how land values have advanced in Argentina. It is earning on its present value more than 10 per cent. It is valued at only about \$54 per acre; you see the quality of the land. How does it compare with your best land in North America?"

To this I had to reply that it was much like the best lands of Nebraska, with the advantage that here there is no snow or ice and cattle can of course graze the year round.

"I have another place north of Buenos Aires with a much richer soil than this, and more rainfall, that I lease to men to grow linseed on. I get more than \$10 an acre rental for that land, and I value it at about \$140 an acre, gold. But of course such values are not common in Argentina, and I do not see how land can continue to advance in value, because as a rule it can not earn interest on higher valuations than are at present common.

CATTLE AND PRICES AT LA ANITA.

"Well, here are the cows; what say you of them?" They were simply nice, tidy, practically pure-bred Short-horns, with great lusty calves, wonderful to see. They were grazing the short alfalfa. It gave a fair bite and was green and, possibly, growing a wee bit.

"I am sorry that you did not come sooner; I recently sold my steers, under three years of age; 500 of them brought \$28,000, gold. I suppose many men do better than that in the United States, but these were young cattle and of course they had nev-

er been fed maize or anything but grass and alfalfa that they picked for themselves. I sold also 55 calves for \$24.20 per head; they went for slaughter, and I sold 380 cows, fat ones, for \$32.56 each. All were grown on the place. The total sales of cattle thus foot up to \$41,703, gold. Is that good for a farm of 5,000 acres in North America?"

"I do not know; our large land-owners do not as a rule tell us of their operations. I guess you are up with them, but tell of your expenses."

"Well, here is my payroll; I am my own superintendent. I have one capitaz who has wages equal in your gold to \$422 a year; part of that is a premium I pay him of 25 cents each for every calf that is raised. Then there are, all told, six peons whose wages are, counting food, \$24.20 each per month. Then I suppose I pay out for extra labor during haymaking about enough to make my labor bill sum up a little more than \$4,000 a year, gold. Mind you, that is allowing me for superintending \$1,200. Then there are repairs and dip and all that. Well, all the expense foots up—let's see; may I put in interest on the investment at 8 per cent? Very well; let's figure a bit. Here it is: total expense, \$31,486 and total revenue from cattle, wool of my 250 sheep and pelts, \$42,223. I am not borrowing money, but just allow that the land ought to earn at least 8 per cent on the capital invested. What we get beyond that is profit. We get more than 8 per cent, a little more than \$10,000 or \$2 per acre. I am sure you would count that very small in North America.

"But we can and will do better when we get more

alfalfa. We are going to lose a lot of cattle this winter. There is no escape for it. The locusts ate and destroyed our winter grasses—those that come from seed each year. Those grasses alone can make growth during the winter; men say that alfalfa will, but here is a pasture from which all cattle have been kept for more than a month; there is no growth whatever.” A heavy sigh came and a look of sorrow passed over the genial face of our host. Apparently he was right; he no doubt had to take the hides from many of the cows before August.

“I do things in an old-fashioned way, Mr. Wing—a way that men with large places can not well imitate. For example, I take the cattle off the alfalfa at night and put them in paddocks, so that they can not trample it while the frost is on it. The frost does not harm the alfalfa, if it is not touched until it has thawed out, so we carefully exclude the cattle until the sun has warmed it again. That pays well. We have these large tanks fed by your American windmills so convenient that cattle do not have to roam far to get their water. We handle our cattle as gently, I am sure, as you would on your stock farms in North America, and they are as gentle. Would you like to see what we can do with alfalfa feeding alone in the way of making fancy beef?”

We drove to a small paddock where he had four fat steers, three years old, that he was feeding with a little alfalfa hay; they also picked green stuff. It was incredible; they were fit for the International show. They had thick fat all over them—far too much of it, the packers would say, and, being pure-

bred cattle, well selected, they were very pretty. "I just saved these back to see what prices they would bring later on, when fat cattle are scarce. Will we not some day feed maize to our cattle? I doubt its coming soon, Mr. Wing. This is a glorious land, but a devilish one too, in some ways. Alfalfa, grass and sunshine are sure; all forms of crop growing are uncertain. Then our farmers are not cattlemen, as are your farmers in North America; they own nothing but the work animals they use and maize is dear to buy and our maize is very hard and flinty. It would require to be ground before it could be fed to cattle. We have no part of Argentina where maize or wheat or anything else but alfalfa is a sure crop, owing to drouths and locusts. Alfalfa is the bedrock on which Argentine prosperity is based, and year by year this foundation is widening.

THE WORK OF THE VAQUEROS.

"Come and see the men marking some calves."

That scene revived old memories; it was done nearly in the same manner as we did it on the old Range Valley ranch. The cows and calves were run through a chute which separated them, putting only the lusty 500-pound babies in a corral by themselves. How fat and fine and pretty they were! Then by hand they were caught by the necks with riatas, snubbed to posts and caught by the heels, thrown on their sides, all the men working afoot, because Mr. Murphy wished the babies treated gently. At this point his practice is new to me; he ties two

feet together and lets the calves lie until all in the corral, or at least a number, are caught and tied. The tying takes but a moment; the other ropes are removed. They are then branded, as with us, only that the steer calves are branded down on the leg—so low that the brand does not injure the hide. When much younger they are dehorned with caustic potash or a chemical dehorner. He had not heard of our American use of common powdered concentrated lye, but promised to give that a test.

That night, as I was undressing preparatory to going to bed, a man came bringing me a large revolver, carefully loaded, which he handed me with a smile. "Why, I do not need this!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I am not afraid." "No, señor, but the patron desires you to have this by your bedside," was his grave rejoinder. I yielded and in the morning, which succeeded a night of peace, Mr. Murphy explained. "I felt that you might wonder, Mr. Wing, at my sending you the revolver, but I have had so sad an experience recently that I wish all who are under my roof to have means of protection." Then he told me this story. Himself kind and considerate, his peons were his devoted subjects, happy to do anything whatever he requested. He employed, however, a new man, a stranger to the neighborhood, from Corrientes. He observed that the new man had a sneaking way about him, and seemed fearful of some impending event. Then he learned that the man was a refugee from justice, that he was, indeed, a murderer or worse. When he knew these facts Mr. Murphy went

to the man and frankly but kindly told him that while he would not give him up to justice he could not have him longer about the place. The man sullenly assented and Mr. Murphy thought that he went away. One evening, however, as Mr. Murphy was driving to the railway station this man sprang out from behind a bush and attacked him with a large knife, such as every peon carries. Happily, Mr. Murphy also had his knife with its ten-inch blade, and, drawing it defended himself, stabbing the man repeatedly and being himself also dreadfully wounded. He escaped at last, and recovered from his wounds, while the man was never seen again, so he could not have been fatally hurt. "You see, Mr. Wing, that this is not yet a tamed and gentle country," remarked Mr Murphy.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

I learned many interesting things from Mr. Murphy. The locusts, or large grasshoppers, come swarming down from the North. The brood that arrives on wing does comparatively little harm, as the insects are mature. They lay eggs, however, in incredible numbers, and the young brood swarms over everything and destroys nearly all vegetation. After a time the insects rise up and fly away to the North again. The next year and the next they will return. Year by year they increase in numbers and destructiveness, until finally they overwhelm the country. "They fill the wells, stop the trains by opposing veritable barriers of their own bodies, ob-



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struct the rivers in which they drown and sometimes by the accumulation of their bodies form a bridge over which the rearguard may pass."

There is a law that demands that the estancieros destroy the locusts. A happy thing it would be if that law could be observed, but what can a man do with 10,000 acres of land, a half-dozen peons and a million million locusts to kill? What they do is this. When they have notice that the "inspector of locusts" is coming they see to it that there is made ready a splendid breakfast, which is served at noon. They tarry a long time over the coffee and the wine that follows, and become exceedingly friendly. At last the inspector arises. "But señor, the locusts. My duty! What are you doing to destroy the locusts?" "Ah," the host replies. "Certainly. I forgot. We will go now to see. I will show you all."

In a field or paddock a hole has been hastily dug, and some fuel brought, perhaps some straw. "You see this hole, señor Inspector? Well, it is my plan to put the locusts in this hole, and here to consume them with fire. May they burn for ever, the little devils." "It is well," says the inspector, who then rides away well content, having performed his duty and having the reward of a pleased conscience and a full stomach.

ROADMAKING AND FENCES.

Mr. Murphy loved a good road and kept in fine repair the bit that lay between his house and the railway, although he told me with some bitterness

that certain of his aristocratic neighbors had gossiped maliciously over the fact that he and his son had worked at this road with their own hands, doing peons' work. Industry, in that land, seems a virtue to be kindled in the heart of a hireling only.

Everything that Mr. Murphy did was well done; his fences showed his usual thoroughness. We in North America have much to learn from Argentina in the matter of fences. Their fences far excel ours in strength, durability and efficiency. They rarely use woven wire, but large, smooth, galvanized wires, which they put through the posts, holes being bored for this purpose. There are wooden stays between the posts; the wires pass also through these stays. The wires never rust, being of English or German manufacture and well galvanized. They are always splendidly taut, being held so by good ratchets, one to each wire. The Argentines know how to brace an end post so that it can stand against any strain—a trick that we should learn in North America. The way it is done is to excavate a little way beyond the end post and plant there a solid block of durable wood, a "deadman." From this a stout twisted cable reaches to near the top of the second post, usually set about four feet from the end one. A stout bar of wood horizontally between the tops of these posts completes the brace. The diagonal wire cable passes into the earth just where the end post emerges from the ground and anchors behind it, a few feet away. Thus the cable is not in the least in the way, and no force that

can be applied to the fence will dislodge or move ever so slightly that end post. Moreover, it has taken the minimum amount of material.

Mr. Murphy's big warm Irish heart welcomed all sorts of bird life about the place. Among the interesting birds was the "perdice," a small partridge-like bird, larger than our quail, with a long neck. It is said the bird is of the family of ostriches. Perdices are great runners and seldom fly. They are exceedingly neat and trim in appearance and make delicious eating. They ought to thrive in the southern states of the Union and in California, and should be introduced. Men catch them with nooses of fine wire on sticks, riding hard after them on horseback.

FRIGORIFICOS AND PACKERS.

We should have been glad to linger longer at La Anita, for there was an air of comfort about the place, comfort for man and beast, and it seemed thoroughly safe and sane from a farming and cattle breeding standpoint. With genial Mr. Murphy we went to Buenos Aires, where a few days' work remained to do. For one thing, the doctor and I made two journeys of study to "frigorificos," or freezing works—one at LaPlata and the other near the city of Buenos Aires. We found very little difference in methods of killing cattle there and in Chicago. We found, in fact, that one great plant was owned by North American packers. At La Plata the steamers came close to the frigorifico and

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Figure

TO COUNT.

Now one day in the
cage were many
them company and
on the floor by
was very cold and
the pigs, thus keep-

ing their feet warm. The pigs, accustomed to monkey ways, did not object. The combination might work well in some of our zoological gardens.

I left Argentina with real regret, conscious that in my short remaining term of life I could hardly hope to see it again. I had seen none of the great breeding farms on which are kept high-class pure-bred cattle and sheep. Sometimes one can find on such farms as many as 10,000 pure-bred animals kept in splendid order. Argentina is distinctly a foreign land; there is in it no hint of the United States, apart from the use of some of our agricultural machinery. Even that is being imitated in England and made there for Argentine trade. The people neither know us nor care much for us in any way. They have some faults, yet the better I knew them, the better I liked them.

I spent one morning studying the central market of Buenos Aires. This is a wool and hide market, with considerable wheat also stored and shipped. It is the greatest market in the world and housed in probably the largest building in the world. Here a great part of the wool of Argentina is consigned, although there is a similar building of less scale at Bahia Blanca and much wool is exported direct from the various ports of Patagonia to Europe. The wool is stored indefinitely. It is bought and assorted. The wool destined for the United States is most carefully selected, to have it as light-shrinking as possible; it is then skirted; this process takes off the inferior wool of the legs and bellies as well

as the heavy locks of the breech. From this market it goes to private warehouses, where it is baled for export to England, Europe or the United States. A large percentage of the wool ultimately destined for the United States passes through London and is there bought by our buyers. Doubtless, a similar great building in the United States, say in Chicago or New York where would come nearly all of our wool to be assorted, classified and sold, should be of great advantage to both manufacturers and producers.

Señor Estevan Castaing, the president of the market, showed us in person the market and the various sorts of wool displayed therein. It is notable that the wools of the South, having in them more sand, are heavier than those of the province of Buenos Aires, while the wools of the North lack more or less in strength of fibre, although because of their light shrink they command high prices in the markets (the wools of Entre Rios, especially). Señor Castaing says that the amounts of wool received shrink year by year. This is due to the laying out of sheep farms in alfalfa and maize. He predicts that in time wool will cease to be a great item of export from northern Argentina, though the Patagonian provinces will continue to grow, with some rapidity, in their production of the staple.

In all the world I have seen no such vast building as this. It covers many acres and is several stories high. It was interesting to walk to the several parts, finding in each one the produce of a separate

province or region. Railways enter the building at convenient points. As illustrating the wealth of Argentina, I present the following table showing the volume of produce sold at this market from Oct. 1, 1889, to March 31, 1910:

Wool	1,828,766,620	Kgs.*	sold for	\$519,223,924
Sheep skins.....	361,408,300	"	"	90,715,538
Cow hides.....	185,991,200	"	"	63,191,930
Grain	1,189,740,000	"	"	35,215,228
Various	47,229,860	"	"	14,473,257

Total 3,613,135,980 Kgs. sold for \$722,819,877

During the last financial year (1908-09) the following is the produce received and sold with prices:

Wool	113,714,000	Kgs.*	sold for	\$33,326,030
Sheep skins.....	23,393,200	"	"	5,001,055
Cow hides.....	15,649,200	"	"	5,320,628
Grain	90,985,000	"	"	2,976,748
Various	3,551,300	"	"	1,101,992

Total 247,292,700 Kgs. sold for \$47,726,453

*A kilogram is equivalent to 2.2 pounds.

GLIMPSES OF MONTEVIDEO.

Great river steamers ply between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. One leaves at eight in the evening and arrives at six in the morning. Usually the steamers are crowded with people. Montevideo is on the river, but at its very mouth, so one side of the city fronts the sea. One approaches through a big and sheltered harbor basin of hundreds of acres, protected by a gigantic seawall. One beholds rising ground, hills and rocks, evidences that one is in a new land, has left behind the eternal spaces of low, flat plain. Montevideo

was founded, however, long after Buenos Aires, yet it is an ancient city, from a North American point of view, dating from the year 1717. It is solid, stone-built, substantial and picturesque in parts.

I found myself in Montevideo in an environment quite unlike that of Buenos Aires. For one thing, Montevideo is a little city of about 310,000 people, while Buenos Aires has nearly a million more. Uruguay, however, is a little country, with only about the area of Ohio and Indiana combined. There are long lines of granitic cliffs, many small streams of perennial water, and the trees, grasses and vegetation are distinctive. And well as I liked the people of Argentina, I liked those of Uruguay better. They are not usually so rich; they seem more friendly and more interested in one. I had received great kindness in Argentina, but the Uruguayans made special effort to be good to me and through me to show courtesies to our Government.

I spent some time in Montevideo, because at the season of my visit I could meet many more estancieros in town than I could by going to their estancias. They would come to the city with their wives to shop and go to the theatre and enjoy the change of life and scene for a time. In Montevideo I engaged apartments in a sort of marble palace, the owners of which were temporarily reduced to the necessity of accepting lodgers. I was assured that my room had sun every day. That was, I think, true; the sun came in from 11:15 in the morning to 11:30,

then it forsook me, and it was not convenient for me to be in my room during that time. The sea winds swept in cold and chill; there was usually a hard frost every night, yet in that marvelous climate semi-tropical plants, palms and flowers persisted in the parks, biding their time. I quote from my journal:

“ ‘Hark from the tomb.’ It has been a fine enough day outside, but no ray of warmth has penetrated these marble halls. I do not need an overcoat outdoors, but when I come in to write, I must put one on. I have been very hard at work, securing data from great estancieros, among them Alejandro Gallinal. He gave me an account of one of his places where the land alone is worth more than a million dollars and the animals on it more than a hundred thousand. These are Uruguayan dollars, too, worth \$1.03 in our money. Señor Gallinal interested me because of his extreme thoroughness; his book-keeping is so good that he knows the cost of every detail of the work of his estancias and even what it costs per day for food for the men. He values his land at \$32 per acre.

“Dr. Daniel Garcia Acevado went with me to call on Señor Gallinal. The doctor is worth description. He is an ‘abogado’ or lawyer and has his office in his dwelling opposite my house. He is a small, dark man, rather intense, exceptionally intelligent, and very kind and courteous to me. In some way he is connected with the Government and has taken it upon himself to help me with my work.

On our way home this evening, we dropped in at a warehouse belonging to a native woolen mill, and saw there good stuffs and truly splendid blankets, thick, soft and warm. I never saw better woolens of the coarser, more useful sorts than they make here, but they tell me that they send the wool to Germany to be scoured and perhaps spun into yarn for the weavers. The Government is imposing all sorts of protective tariffs in order to encourage the building here of manufacturing industries. Unhappily, they have neither coal nor water power, so it will not be so easy as it was with us; nor have they the great market that we enjoy.

“Just now two of Dr. Garcia’s boys, one ten, the other twelve, I think, came to call on me. They are a revelation to me; so courteous, so self-possessed, modest and withal intelligent, interesting and interested. The custom here is to treat the boy at home as though he were a little gentleman and to teach him to be a little gentleman. I must say that the doctor has succeeded beyond what I thought possible. At school these lads have had English, so we read together, they correcting my Spanish and I helping them with English pronunciation.

“I took a run out to the zoological garden with these boys. This we did at my invitation and certainly I assumed that I was host, entertaining the boys. Judge then of my astonishment and amusement, when the older lad gravely insisted on paying the fares on the street cars, and tried hard to pay

admission at the gates. I was the stranger, the guest; they were the hosts.

“June 16: I have secured an interpreter, Samuel Aguirre, a half-Indian lad, merry-hearted and laughing, with nothing on his mind but his hair, which is thick, black and long. I like the boy and together we shall presently enjoy exploring the inviting estancias.

“June 20: Cold, cold, cold. How one hates to get up in the morning, fireless, bathe in cold water and dress. The curious part is that it seems to agree with me. I gain in weight and no one seems to have a cold in this country, or a cough, but many have chilblains on their hands. There is, however, a cozy English club to which I have access and where I go to sit by a cheery coal fire in the evenings. It has been a happy day.

THE URUGUAYAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

“With Señor Eugenio Z. O'Neill, secretary of the Association Rural of Uruguay, we went to the agricultural college. It was a lovely ride through tree-embowered and flower-decked suburbs. The road was fine! it was made of crushed granite, and there were along the way little fields and orchards. There were fuschia trees and camellias in their waxy bloom; orange trees, yellow with fruit, and all manner of interesting things. It is strange when the nights are so chilly to find that frost has done no harm to the vegetable world. Oats seem to be much

sown in the little fields, for pasture and for forage. Appearances would indicate very good yields.

“We found the agricultural college equipped with rather fine buildings and interesting professors, all Germans, but they speak English and Spanish. I was much impressed with some of these men. They have many plot experiments and all they lack is students, of whom they have not many as yet. Two of these professors, who are brothers, walked here from Ecuador, taking four years to do it, and studying the world as they came over it. I can hardly imagine our people doing such a thing. These men are inseparables; they go together to study and observe their plots and experiments. I am delighted with the little agricultural college. Truly Uruguay may well be proud of it and some day, let us hope, it will have a thousand students as it deserves.

“I went another day with Dr. D. E. Salmon, long chief of our Bureau of Animal Industry, now chief of the veterinary department of the Government of Uruguay, to see his new and splendid buildings, where will be housed the great veterinary college that the doctor is establishing here. The new buildings were being erected in what had been an old English garden, so that I roamed delightedly about looking at trees, shrubs and flowers, some new to me and some old friends. I lodged in the same house with the worthy doctor, by the way, and often shared with him the heat of his kerosene oil stove, or sharpened for him his razor, and together

we used often to dine at night at the Uruguay club. There we discussed many agricultural problems.

BY RAIL TO MONTEVIDEO.

“On train, June 24: We left Montevideo by train soon after daybreak. The roofs of the railway carriages were white with frost. I am very happy to get afield again, and I think that Samuel (my interpreter), is still happier, for he has not been out of the city into the real camp for seven years. Samuel’s father was a Spanish priest, who got hold of some pamphlet that converted him to Methodism. Then he came to Argentina and in Entre Rios married a woman who must have been largely of Indian blood. Samuel is the fruit of that marriage, and the mother has had him in Montevideo receiving an education from a Methodist school. Just now, he is a Government stenographer; hence he is detailed to act as my interpreter. He is overjoyed to get to the camp again, after so long an absence from it, for he was country born and reared. I like the lad and enjoy his company. It is an inspiration to “chum” with a lad.

“All the world is green along the way, excepting the new-plowed fields, but it is a wintry sort of greenness. The sun shines feebly, and there are many tiny flowers in the grass, though what they mean by coming at this time of year is a mystery to me. We are passing through a region of small farms and gardens, with orchards and lines of eucalypts, some of them very fine. The farm homes,

however, are distinctly of the peasant type. There are men afield with oxen plowing, but the poor oxen are thin and look weary; there have been four years of bad harvests because of drouth and locusts. The land rolls like parts of Nebraska, and the soil is black and must be naturally good. We go northward. It will get warmer as we climb over the curve of the earth toward the more direct rays of the sun. My fellow-passengers are all wrapped well in cloaks or ponchos and some have wrapped immense scarfs around their necks."

We left the train at Durazno. The name signifies "peach," but it is hardly a peach of a village. There we took a stagecoach for Trinidad, perhaps thirty miles away. We made one change of horses. I was happy to sit up in front with the driver, wrapped in one of Uncle Samuel's army blankets, which, next to my fur-lined coat, was my most prized possession in South America. We had four passengers, a young lieutenant of the army, gorgeously appareled in red and gold; a schoolboy going on a vacation to his father's estancia, and a few men wrapped in their great ponchos, ordinary citizens of the country. We passed guard houses along the way with soldiers in them who came out to inspect us, possibly looking for some one. The country along the way was rather bare and undeveloped looking, with rock outcropping along the tops of the ridges and thin grass eaten close by hungry cattle and sheep. There was a new railway, done by North Americans. There were not many trees excepting

where eucalypts had been planted. The homes were poor and primitive.

REVOLUTIONS IN URUGUAY.

As we drove along I reflected on the strange fact of Uruguayan wars and revolutions. We in North America are accustomed to laugh at these conflicts, as though they were not serious. We mistake greatly there. The Uruguayan is a brave man and a hard fighter. The wars are dreadful enough. There are many killed and the manner of their killing is sometimes unspeakable, because it is not usually convenient for the revolutionists to take and care for prisoners. Men told me that on each side it had been a custom to put prisoners to death by cutting their throats. There remains a dreadful hatred in Uruguay between the rival parties—the Colorados, in power and having the government, and the Blancos, out of power and forever seeking by revolution to get in. Samuel told me that he was a Blanco and that no matter how many times they may be put down they would surely rise again; that there would be no rest until the hated Colorados were conquered and their government overthrown. As the majority of the people are Colorados, it is evident that a victory on the part of the Blancos would only result in a short cessation of war, when it would be resumed with greater fierceness than ever.

The revolutions do not seem to have for their object any intelligible reform of government. In fact.

the Colorados seem to give a fairly intelligent and progressive government; it is more a revolt against being governed by a class that is hated. The reason for that hatred is simply that every Blanco has had a grandfather or uncle or a brother or some other relative who has perished at the hands of the Colorados; and the other thing is as true that the Blancos have inflicted dreadful damage upon the Colorados. It is a Kentucky feud carried to be a national issue. There is one hope, however; some of the more intelligent and patriotic men like Dr. Garcia Acevada have formed a third party, pledged for peace and reform, and inviting adherents of both belligerent parties to join them. Not much has yet been accomplished by this movement, however.

We could see the effects of the revolutions in the small numbers of horses in the land. At the outbreak of a revolution the Blancos capture as many horses as they can and the government confiscates and removes all the rest, restoring them when peace is again established. When revolutions shall have ceased in Uruguay that little country will, I think, take a leading place in South America. It has the men of intelligence, education and ambition to place it there, and resources to back them. The land can support ten times its present population.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRINIDAD.

Trinidad is a large town with a fine plaza, all aflood with sunshine. From our hotel windows I could see a fine old church and a large and rather

artistic castle or fort filled with soldiers. As it was Sunday morning, I slipped into the old church for a prayer, in which Samuel, as a loyal Methodist, would not join me. Then I walked in the old town, coming presently to the jail. First we entered a large jail yard where paced sentries with muskets. Along one side of the yard was a high iron fence and back about thirty feet the jail proper, consisting of a row of rather large one-storied rooms. The yard in front of the rooms was divided by the high iron fence into little yards about thirty feet square and in each yard were cots on which slept the prisoners, wisely preferring the outdoors to the company that I assume would be in their stone-walled rooms. That morning the prisoners were out at the fence conversing with friends; often there would be women and children who had come to say "buenos dias" to their husbands and fathers, and perchance to bring them some small articles of comfort. Meanwhile, the guards discreetly turned their backs on the conversing groups, being much too polite to spy upon them and perhaps having some sympathy with the imprisoned as well as with the imprisoned's gentle friends.

I can not say that the faces of the "penados" or imprisoned ones favored the thought of their being turned loose on a sorrowing world. Spanish justice is, I think, fairly shrewd and just. While it may be unduly lenient to some, it shrewdly grasps the idea of which man ought, on general principles, to be kept imprisoned.

We realized some of the disadvantages of revolutions when we came to hire a man with horses and carriages to take us on to an estancia that we wished to visit, the great Tidemann place. We had to pay him enough hire to have bought his horses and "coach," and the horses, hitched four abreast, had been afflicted with revolutions, locusts, drouth, famine and, I think, some of the plagues of Egypt beside. However, thanks to the liberal use of the driver's whip, they bore us along right rapidly. The distance was some ten leagues, more or less.

We left the tidy little city of Trinidad, a city far from "the madding crowd," never yet having heard the shriek of the locomotive, though it has heard the horn of the automobile; we left the town and its nearby small farms and orchards, and soon in a little valley through which flowed a small stream, came to such a scene that I rubbed my eyes in wonder. There was the cornfield in shock, just as at home, in part unhusked; there were green fields of wheat or oats (mind you, this was in June, mid-winter); there were willows by the stream; there was a farmhouse and farmyard. Though the house was South American, it had about it a homely tang of the North and the cocks crowing in the farmyard and oxen munching cornstalks completed the interesting picture. But it was not Iowa or Ohio, for the next rise brought us to the open pasture lands, with only in the far distance the clumps of trees that betokened estancia houses or puestos of the laborers or peons.

THE LIFE OF THE CAMP.

We watched the life of the camp as we rode along together. Owls sat gravely on the fence posts. Samuel told me of the Englishman who demanded "*lechusa fresca con aceite*" at the restaurant; that is, he asked for "owl, fresh, with oil" when he really wished "*lechuga*" or lettuce. He was indignant when after a long wait the willing moso brought from the bird market nearby a small owl in a tiny wooden cage. Many small birds flitted about; hares as large as our jack rabbits coursed in the pastures, and the roadside was dotted with small flowers. Along the way we passed many flocks of sheep of various breeding. Some flocks lacked much in uniformity, as was natural with careless or shifting owners. At last, in the distance, lifted a dark belt of trees in full leaf, eucalypts. "Estancia Tide-mann!" exclaimed our driver. Looking back, we saw Trinidad in full view, though many miles away, and we were yet more than an hour from the estancia.

"Whoa," and the driver drew in the horses, while Samuel sprang to the ground and pounced on a little animal, cowering under a shrub. At once the little beastie curled up in his hands resignedly, tucking its queer, wedge-shaped head between two bony wing-like parts of its shell, its horny tail over its hairy abdomen and covering its stomach with four strong feet, armed with claws. It was an armadillo or "*mulita*" (little mule). It had a shell like a turtle only jointed so that it could move it about in one way and another. A curious little animal this, meek when

captured, yet resisting with all its might any touch on its front; the back cares for itself. This one had been caught and ear-marked by some playful boy. It "played possum" with us, yet now and then made a vigorous effort to escape. That night it entered into its eternal rest, in the stomach of our cochero.

We turned into a charming avenue of trees that led to the estancia house. The winter sunlight filtered down through the interlaced branches of great eucalypts. All were in leaf and many in flower. It was a place of hush and mystery, apparently of great age, yet only twenty-five years planted. We turned down a side-road and came to the great stone-built estancia houses, and there met us that grave and genial Otto Steinich, the manager. So we gave the horses to the cochero with much money of the land, and with gladness followed our host into the house where a real fire bloomed in a real stove of iron and all the house gave out that unmistakable air of cheer that comes from Germany, mother or grandmother to all of us Anglo-Saxons.

Soon we were out to see what we could before night—the trees, first, the farm and men cutting lush oats, knee-high, to be fed to milking ewes or horses or bulls thin in flesh. We saw the orchard and the piles of bitter maize. They have there now a type of maize called "maize amargo" that will not be eaten by locusts, though the grain is good and the "bueys" or working cattle eat the forage when it is dry.

THE MANAGEMENT OF AN ESTANCIA.

In the evening we talked of the problems of management, here and elsewhere. Mr. Steinich told me the astounding thing that they had not dipped their 55,000 sheep in fifteen years, save that sometimes they had dipped some small band that had been accidentally exposed to scab. We talked of stomach worms, too, and of footrot, and of type in sheep, and I learned that he had what he called the "German Merinos," of Negretti type, very nearly approaching our Rambouillet type. His simple method of eradicating stomach worms was adopted after trying many other things. Brine, as strong as it can be made, is the cure. It is administered thus: the sheep are fasted for twenty-four hours, or at least deprived of water, then let go to the salt water and allowed to drink all that they like of it. Then they are kept for six hours from fresh water, and afterward are allowed to drink. Only about two in 1,000 die from the treatment, which is administered in time of need, to 55,000 sheep. It is plain that there is merit in a remedy that does not depend on catching and drenching each individual.

The cure for footrot is the result of years of trial, as well. They take 10 pounds of flour of arsenic, 15 pounds of crystallized soda and 55 pounds of water, boiling together for two hours. They carefully refill the kettle from time to time, so that the solution does not become too concentrated from evaporation. After the horn is carefully trimmed away, all the suspected sheep are run through a

shallow trough, containing no more than two inches of this liquor. Care is taken that the sheep do not at once go to pasture, as their feet would poison the grass.

The flocks were worth studying. Some of the sheep were in the barns. It was a fine type of wool that the big Delaine-like ewes carried. It was white, clean, "opening like a book," with enough oil and not commonly too much. The estancia comprises 42,500 acres and the land is appraised as worth \$32 per acre. It is rich and black only where the granite rock sticks up through it. It is divided into many pastures of from twenty to 500 acres. The flocks are from 250 to 1,500 together, seldom more. They are classified according to ages, more or less, and according to character, when it is advisable. Of the 55,000 sheep, there are really no more than two or three types, not widely differing. They were feeling well, already in good flesh, and yet only a few weeks back they were dying sadly. Within the year just past 10,000 had died of the effects of drouth and locusts together, though it is said that the drouth had been so bad that even the locusts died for lack of feed. Now with the green and fairly abundant grass loss would cease.

ESTANCIA METHODS AND PRACTICES.

What of management? The fences were of splendid construction, with stone posts and tightly strained wires. Lambing is in September and October; the lambs are castrated and tails docked,

as seems the way the world over. Shearing is by machines, forty of them in use; the pay is four cents each to the shearer, besides his food. Thirty-seven men work on the place with one English capitaz and several Uruguayans. That is less than one man to 1,000 sheep, but so good are the fences, so strong the gates, so well systematized the work that these men do it all beautifully. There are also 5,500 cattle and 200 horses on the place. The peons have \$13 per month and their food; that costs about \$100 per year. What does it cost to operate a big place like this? Charging five per cent interest on the total investment, the cost was some \$73,026 per year. The receipts from sheep were \$78,890; from wool, \$71,222. The sheep averaged 7.04 pounds of wool. For the wethers they received only \$1.50 each. They were not very fat. It is not a type of sheep producing a wether of the highest class. Counting interest on investment the wool cost to produce 16 cents per pound. It sold for a little more than 18 cents.

Samuel and I stayed two nights at the Tide-mann estancia. The place was a delight, with its trees and flowers, the life of its pastures, the orderly and business-like administration of its affairs, far excelling anything that I have seen in North America, and the quaint, rambling old house with its great corridors in which I got lost. I loved its sunny porches, bath, books and beds. Here one could not but reflect what a paradise Uruguay might be when revolutions ceased and men went

there to upbuild and beautify. Some months later in Germany, at Oschatz in Saxony, I saw on the farm of Otto Gadegast the source whence came some of these splendid German Merinos of the Tidemann estancia. The type is excellent, where the object is to produce exquisitely fine, soft, wool for clothing women and children. Unhappily, it does not seem to pay very well to produce the finest wools, they are not grown on the backs of big, robust, easily-fattened sheep and the hungry world demands fat mutton and coarser wools, paying nearly as much for the one as for the other.

OVER URUGUAYAN PASTURES.

It was with real regret that we left the hospitable Tidemann estancia with its teeming pastures. Our host sped us on our way in an American two-wheeled sulky, very comfortable indeed, with all our baggage. Two hours ahead of us were sent two spare horses to await our arrival along the road. Manager Steinich mounted on a fine, big horse, accompanied us for many miles pointing out interesting features, until at last we reached the limits of the estancia and were on the broad but little traveled highway that led in a general direction westward.

We had as a guide a swarthy peon who had a look of trustworthiness, and our horse was a good one, so we were content. Frost lay over the earth and a skim of ice was over the tiny pools. A strange land is Uruguay. It is not hilly, yet it undulates

nicely; the earth is black and seems rich, and yet here and there the granite rocks stick up through the soil, maybe in little points, half concealed by the grass and again in great rounded masses. Between the lines of stone there is usually a good depth of soil.

Hour after hour we jogged along, the distance some forty miles, more or less. Always on either hand were the far-reaching pastures of green, dotted with sheep or cattle or with both classes of animals in the one field. Very wide were the pastures, usually, with 200, 400 or more acres in one enclosure. Occasionally we would pass a farm with its maize and winter oats, lush and green, and its wheat just coming up. Once we passed some sort of country store and drinking place, near which lounged swarthy men, their horses saddled close by. Birds flitted along the way; little flowers hugging the earth bloomed bravely.

WHERE HEREFORDS THRIVE.

The homes of estancieros are wide apart; only two or three did we pass on the way. These places belonged to Basques or small proprietors only. At last, as the shadows lengthened, in the short winter day of late June, we reached a puesto, where the guide secured a gate key. We turned in to the pasture lands of Los Altos. Ahead of us was the array of gleaming white buildings at the headquarters, and an hour or so more of steady jogging across the pastures brought us to our destination.

Along the way fine Lincoln sheep came into view, as also did grand old Hereford cows, with splendid lusty calves. I could win fame if I could show photographs of those sheep as they stood, heads erect, watching our approach, or scampering off, fleeces flying, as we drew too near to please them.

Manager C. Francisco Gepp met us smiling. "I had been hoping you would get over our way. Won't you join us for a cup of tea?" We joined. Forty miles in the crisp air of Uruguay gives one an appetite. Some neighbors had dropped in—a young wife and mother and her husband—bright, interesting native-born folk of English blood. It was a shock to discover that the children did not speak English. They learn Spanish first because it is the easiest of languages to learn (so they tell me) especially for children. I wish I were a child; maybe I should then have better success with my tongue.

After tea we inspected the Herefords. There were some sappy youngsters in sheds, knee-deep in bright straw, munching oat hay. Unhappily this is not yet an alfalfa country but oats grow well. When they plow very deep it may be found that alfalfa will grow also. It is pre-eminently a Hereford country. Mr. Gepp loves the "white-faces" and breeds them with good judgment. He has at Los Altos 25,000 acres on which there are 4,000 Herefords and 9,000 Lincoln sheep. Of the cattle nearly all are practically pure-bred, though only about 200 of them are registered. He breeds the

low, thick, beefy kind, that we so much admire in North America.

Dinner enjoyed, we sat by a blazing wood fire, though to my amusement the outer door was wide open, frost crystals forming on the grass. South America is no place for cold-blooded North Americans to visit for pleasure in winter.

We got up with the lark the next day and drove over wide pastures, again looking at glorious Lincoln ewes. All were neatly shorn on their udders and about the places where wool is easily soiled, ready for their lambing, which was soon to come. Just before lambing time, Mr. Gepp kills a few sheep and strychnines their carcasses for the foxes. He has good lambings because his sheep are never crowded. He averages about 90 per cent. He does not dip. He learned the art of shepherding from the Tidemann place and absorbed the idea that it is a disgrace to have scab and need forever to be dipping. Therefore he dipped so thoroughly one year that his sheep have been clean ever since. He is careful that they do not get too near to neighbors' flocks; usually there is a pasture between them.

His steer calves are carefully dehorned at an early age. He gives them wide room and they are always fat, locusts and drouth permitting. The estancia is not overstocked and yields a good profit. Yet it must end; the edict has gone forth, "Sell the place." Last year the half was sold and yielded \$32 per acre, going chiefly to Swiss dairymen. Now

the rest of it is to be divided and sold. The land yields good interest on that valuation, but the owners wish to cash in while they can secure what they consider large profits.

AN ATTRACTIVE WHITEWASH.

At Los Altos I learned how to make whitewash of lime nearly as durable as oil paint. Take leaves of cactus plants, cut them in slices and pound them a little; pour water over the mass and let it stand for twenty-four hours. The whitewash is then made with lime, using this water, much in the usual manner. The result is a brilliant white coating that will neither rub nor wash off. It adheres perfectly to galvanized iron, that ubiquitous building material of South America, and protects it from corrosion by the elements. It makes all it touches a dazzling and permanent white. Our ranchers in the Southwest are surrounded by wild cacti; there is a hint here for them. Dwellers in our southern states can grow the large species of cacti in waste corners and make their whitewashes durable.

I strolled into the garden where I plucked a few violets and a Japanese quince, looked at the apple blooms and medlars, the orange trees and the ombus, and reflected that they say that here the nights are usually too cool in summer to perfect the maize of our cornbelt. Perhaps also the climate is a little too dry for it at times. Then I strolled across a pasture thick with grass and young bur clovers,

just springing, and saw the fine, matronly Herefords and their dazzlingly white-headed babies. Then I entered a plowed field, a new breaking, that was just getting its cross-plowing. This was done with two yokes of great criollo or Hereford oxen, each attached to an American riding plow. Swarthy peons, each one having a knife with a sixteen-inch blade thrust through his belt, guided and encouraged the "bueys" with long prod poles of bamboo, although these well-fed oxen needed little prodding and received little. They went along nearly as rapidly as draught horses. Mr. Gepp prefers the Hereford ox. Most men think the native criollo more enduring, but the Hereford is probably the more tractable. It was interesting to hear the drivers address their beasts in Spanish, which evidently was well understood, yet they were but dumb oxen; and I, with a man's brain had labored almost in vain for months to grasp the tongue. Some of the plowmen were almost as black as negroes, yet with no trace of negro features or blood. They descend from Canary Islanders, I presume.

THE RICH SOIL OF URUGUAY.

The soil, rich, black and full of humus, has been increasing in fertility since the days of Noah. Great, fat earthworms were turned up, just as one sees in the best soils of North America or Europe. They astonished me more than anything that I had seen, convincing me that this land was made

for civilized, cultivating, boy-rearing man. Given a black, rich soil, full of earthworms, a man with his feet on the earth and his head full of good purpose, while his hands are busy, and a woman fit for him—one hand rocking the cradle while the other kneads the bread—and her soul up among the stars—given that combination and the greatest events possible can occur. “Wanted!” cry these prairies, “wanted! men, and women, and trees.”

The sun streams in as I write this late winter's afternoon. The birds call, children's voices are heard in the garden outside, and from the field comes the cry of the ox-drivers, “vamos, vamos, vamos bueys!”

And so you see a place in South America is not a tumbledown, ramshackle affair, with rotting, leaning buildings, broken gate, disorder and confusion reigning everywhere. Maybe there are such places, but at Los Altos, as at Tidemann's, the picture is far different. The fences are splendidly strong, all the posts in exact line and all the wires taut as fiddlestrings. All the gates are strong and swing easily. On all the camp there are neither dead animals nor bleaching bones. The buildings, while of simple design and comparatively inexpensive construction, are each in perfect order and all gleam white with lime wash. Not a tool is out of place. I have seen no finer order or neatness in Europe or North America. I should rather seek for a neater, better-kept place in Argentina or Uruguay than in North America.

From sun to sun the peons work cheerfully, for their wage of \$12 to \$15 per month, with food. The bell rings to call them to work and to signal when to cease, as in our southern states. It is all very interesting to see the Anglo-Saxon brain working energetically south of the equator, accomplishing splendid results, just as it accomplishes in North America. It is interesting to see the cattle, sheep and men retain their quality and virtues under the Southern Cross, just as under the North Star.

MEMORIES OF SANTA ANA.

Of all the memories of South America that linger in my mind, those of Santa Ana are the pleasantest. We reached Santa Ana by coach from Los Altos, a happy drive full of interest and pleasant anticipation. I recall vividly that the roads were incredibly wide with much grass growing in them. Often they would be like narrow pastures, so that traveling sheep or cattle could get food. Occasionally we dipped down into a hollow where there were trees and a little brook, like one would see in our own land, but quite different from what one would expect or find in Argentina. I recall that we passed a herd of rather thin cattle being driven along the highway. They were hurried nearly as fast as they could be hurried and perspiring and panting for breath. I remarked the unwisdom and cruelty of this, and received the astonishing information that it was done purposely for the good of the cattle; that in winter time when they are in

thin flesh and must eat much coarse, hard grass, there is danger that they will become constipated; that the cattle receiving occasional vigorous stirrings-up of this sort come through in far better condition than those that do not. As this is confirmed by practical English and Uruguayan estancieros alike, there must be truth in it. Possibly here is a hint for some of our southwestern ranchers.

We scared flocks of small green parrots from the trees that overshadowed the brook, saw many doves, much like our North American turtle doves, but smaller, and occasionally in paddocks or pastures we saw ostriches. My boy interpreter Samuel was as happy as a lark; every detail of the glad, free life of the camp was a joy to him. I quote from my journal:

“I am sitting in the sunshine under the back porch of the estancia house. A grave old green and gold parrot is at my side; he surveys me philosophically. I have just moved him into the sun and he seems half to smile. There was another, smaller native parrot here by me, but he scolded so that Miss Gepp came gravely to take him away. There was also a nice little native dove. The woods are full of doves and they coo deliciously in the mornings. The long, low, homey, English-built estancia house is set down in a grove of giant eucalypts and the trees are as full of parrots, oven birds, palomas (doves) and other birds as they can well be. I wish I could have time to write of all the delightful things that tempt me. We have had a

ripping time since leaving Montevideo. This morning, which was a bit frosty, Samuel took a cold bath and was afterward chilly; in fact, I myself am wearing my fur coat, so he asked me if he could take a run. 'Certainly; the best thing you can do; just bring me a nice tail feather from that ostrich yonder.' The field is dotted with ostriches and in the cool mornings they run with their wings lifted, just for exercise, I have no doubt; but Samuel did not overtake an ostrich.

HOME LIFE ON AN ESTANCIA.

"I am writing with my gloves on for the reason that my fingers are tender and the cold keys hurt them. I have awful chilblains on my fingers. Did you ever hear of such a thing? It seems common here. But what fine fires we have evenings in two fireplaces at this estancia. Henry Gepp is a type of the old English gentleman. His father was a clergyman and headmaster in a big school in Derbyshire. He has been many years in South America. He has had ten sons; eight are living, and seven of them are managers of estancias. One is at home, a young man, and two daughters are with him. An aunt keeps the house: the mother is dead.

"My coming here was quite accidental. I had not heard of Mr. Gepp at all, but I had a letter to his son whom we visited at Los Altos. He told me that his father hoped to meet me; so he put us into a coach drawn by four good horses and we came, journeyed thither, some thirty-two miles. To our

astonishment they were looking for us and luncheon was ready. The son had sent a courier ahead to warn them. My last days in the camp are my happiest ones. The house is much like a gardener's cottage in England with its low walls, tiled roof, casement windows and tiled floors. It is cozy and rather spacious. It is full of books and papers and has the best country library that I have ever seen. Among the volumes are my own books, which Mr. Gepp honors me by reading.

“Unluckily the magnificent eucalyptus trees have worked havoc with the orchard; there is left but one orange tree and its oranges are small. The eucalypts sap the moisture. Away from the trees, however, he has a beautiful garden of half an acre, and so beautifully tilled that it is quite weedless. Although the nights are frosty, yet the hardy things grow well. The soil is a rich, black loam that is easily tilled. In the spring he will plant melons and all sorts of summer-growing crops. Just now the aunt came with a great basket of biscuits, the sort they buy ready made; they come in big gunny sacks and are hard as iron, almost, but awfully good, if one has strong teeth. She came with a basketful of them that she was selling to a boy on horseback, a son of one of the pasture-tenders. The aunt said: ‘See what a lot of these one gets for 20 cents.’ They also sell mutton to the peons and perhaps to some others of the neighbors.

“This morning I had a happy experience. The sun was just lighting up the frosty camp, and all

the trees were full of birds, singing. One bird sang almost precisely like a robin. I wonder how he learned the song. If I hear it again, I will try to jump up and see which one it is. There is one bird that looks a wee bit like a robin.

“ ‘Auntie’ had brought me a kettleful of hot water for my bath and I had that big wide English tub affair of tin, so I gaily bathed and then in the keen, frosty air afterwards, rubbing myself and jumping to get warm. Then I came out to my breakfast, with Samuel Aguirre. I ate uncooked rolled Quaker oats with milk. I had asked for them in that form. The family had breakfast much earlier, but one señorita sat down to pour the coffee and play hostess. She and ‘Sammie’ talked, mostly in Español, but I could understand some of their words. I ought to talk it more than I do. Then we went out to see Mr. Gepp, who was in his garden working, taking out some salsify, and so I helped him, and we talked gardening. He says that he is able to keep the garden always weedless. He has the finest collection of American gardening tools that ever I have seen, and all were polished and shining. In the afternoon we drove over the camp. It is a little place of about 5,400 acres with some 7,000 sheep. Great ledges of rough, rounded granite rocks stick up through the soil and then there are wide stretches of smooth pasture lands between. He took us to see where there was soft limestone; he is eager to get it crushed for his garden and for the alfalfa, which has not been a

success. While we were driving we came to a school, the only one in leagues and leagues around. The children were just going home, mostly on ponies, and I asked that we be allowed to visit the school. The building was a long, low wooden shed, unpainted, with a roof of thatch and a floor of black earth, quite hard and very clean. The señorita lives in the school, with her mother and younger brother. They have a few little trees and some flowers near the house and a fine caladium in a tub inside, safe from the frost. There were no ceilings to the rooms, so they must be practically as cold as out of doors. The señorita was very pretty and intelligent. She asked us to have tea, which we did, in her neat dining-room with its roof ceiling and wooden sides, which were hung with some good pictures. As we sat at tea I told her some things about the teachers in our own land, and especially that we could not keep them long, for they married. She laughingly replied that here they seldom married but remain teaching till they were 50. I doubt it. Then we went into the school-room. The desks were good, much like ours in North America; the earthen floor was very clean and the books good, furnished by the State. I noticed a wall map of Uruguay and one of North America, each of the same size.

“How the hundreds of parrots in the trees chatter. I wonder what it is all about. We go today to drive over a neighbor’s estancia, a very great place belonging to Alejandro Gallinell. This morning

I arose late, so breakfasted alone; but the young daughter sat beside me and talked; she had been shy before. She has never been in school even for one day. Auntie taught her. She reads and loves 'Little Women' and good American books. The library is excellent.

"My host has gone through many revolutions—those sad and sinister happenings that prevent Uruguay's development and constantly menace its happiness. Because of revolutions he keeps no horses, hiring men who own their own mounts. He has bred cattle and sheep in thousands. 'It is a very different world, Mr. Wing, from that with which we are familiar in England, and no doubt it is as different from what you know in America,' he said. 'We make many mistakes coming down here and undertaking to do things. For example, the owner of this place had a delightful garden just above the house, with also an orchard. About thirty-five years ago he planted small eucalypts about it. They looked lovely when they were young; they broke the wind and all that. Now they are near 100 feet high and the garden and orchard are totally ruined; the trees have sapped every bit of the moisture and life from the soil. Then the great trees have attracted the parrots, as you note, which do a lot of damage, and the neighbors complain of them. I have shot many, but when one dies a hundred come to its funeral. I love gardening. Come see the beginning that we have. As you say, it is a glorious

soil, still it is not very far down to the rock. We ought to have it half full of growing things by now—cabbages, English beans, lettuce, turnips, carrots and spinach, but it has been too dry to get all planted, so you see the land half bare. We have another chance; in the spring we can plant corn, squashes, watermelons and many things that you grow in North America. Then if the rains come fairly well, and the locusts do not come we shall be living from our garden nearly all the year. We can grow potatoes, and sweet potatoes, too, if the season is right. What we lack is any regularity in seasons. And then we have terrific rains that wash the soil, and winds that blow away both soil and seed, so that gardening is not so simple a thing as in England or America. I love all forms of animal and bird life. These ostriches are wild and yet one of the old cocks will eat from my hand. When I am working in my garden, little birds come to gather the worms that I turn up. I observe that one sort of worm is eaten by one bird and another sort by a different bird.

“I purchase many of my seeds from North America and have grown fine American maize here, the Leaming and the Golden Wonder. Did you observe the little black skunks on the camp? You see how tame they are. I once did not allow them to be killed and they grew very common about the place. One day the maid in the kitchen heard something moving about in a pot that was under the stove; investigation showed it to be one of these

skunks. We carried it carefully out and down across the stream before letting it go, but in no time it was back again and in the same warm spot. It had to be killed. Later we learned that the skunks would kill chickens, so now we do not encourage them to come about. They have no odor, when undisturbed. The fur buyers here do not pay much for them.

“I hardly know what is to come to this country; it is changing fast. Time was when we had many English families in this neighborhood; now they are nearly all gone and the few remaining English owners are selling their places. We had a church once, not far away. Now our family is the one remaining to attend. Land is worth about \$32 per acre; that tempts the owners to let it go, although I do not see what they will do with their funds that would be better than leaving them here. Some are going to Brazil, where lands are said to be good and cheap, but there are many difficulties up that way, I understand. Be it as it may, agriculture is coming in and many estancias will go in that way. And the native farmer is very bad; he cultivates very little indeed, and lets the land grow up in weeds. He does not understand the principles of moisture conservation by cultivation. The original farmers here were many of them from the Canary Islands. They are dark people and not negroes; they make capital ox-drivers and fairly good agricultural labor. There is great danger that under careless farming with the deluges of rain

that come the soil will some day be washed from the slopes and the land practically ruined. Only the level places on the hill summits and the little valleys should be plowed.”

A happy evening followed. The old living-room had a fine fireplace. We piled it full of eucalyptus wood, and the quebracho of the north, wood as hard and heavy as anthracite coal. We sat by the cheery fire and talked. Beside the blazing fire was a pile of good literature.

CROSSING OF BREEDS OF SHEEP.

Mr. Gepp believes in cross-breeding. He uses Shropshire and Romney rams, pure-bred rams and cross-bred ewes, assorting the ewes at the beginning of each breeding season and putting them to rams most suitable. I was much interested in seeing how he keeps the sheep from his neighbors' fences. He builds low, parallel fences distant about six feet and the cattle can eat over them or step over them to get the grass, while the sheep do not jump over. The height is about thirty-three inches. It is a great object lesson for South America. It teaches that there is no excuse for a man's having scab in his flock even although the neighbors may have it.

Santa Ana, Henry Alleyn Gepp, the aunt, the daughters and the fireside linger in my memory. Ever faithful, since my coming home to America Mr. Gepp has been a good correspondent. He has kept me posted as to the news. The rains came; the year followed good; there was a wealth of grass;

it was a "fat year," and he sold his wool for the top price in Liverpool. The household kept well, the melons throve in the garden, and while he did not write it to me, I know well that the forest of giant eucalypts behind the house is yet musical with the tongues of myriads of birds. Mr. Gepp escaped terrible losses when there were revolutions, because he was beloved of all the countryside. His was a manner of perfect courtesy and kindness to all whom he met, and it came from a good heart. One finds men of this type in odd places.

Time did not permit me to go farther afield in Uruguay. There were native estancieros all around me; I did not try to take account of what they were doing because as a rule they were not doing things very well, and I was informed that it was doubtful whether they could tell me what it cost to do what they did. They were not, as a rule, making much money; that was evident. Their cattle were usually ill-bred, although to their credit they are buying better bred bulls as fast as their means will allow. Their sheep were almost always scabby and of mixed breeding. I had secured in Montevideo from large estancieros, exact costs of wool and mutton production. I had seen enough estancias to give me a mental picture of what they were like. My work was done, and the good steamer *Ionic* was nearing port to take me to England.

I left Mr. Gepp and his household at Santa Ana with sincerest regret, for it was a place where one could happily spend weeks or months.

MARKET STOCK VALUES IN URUGUAY.

“What,” the practical American stockman will ask, “in a nutshell is there in owning and operating these great estancias in Uruguay?” To those men who bought their land cheap many years ago there is the largest profit in operating estancias today, and the profit increases year by year, as prices for meats advance. With the advent of the North American packers and their up-to-date methods, I look to see fat cattle and sheep sell for much more money than they do today. Market quotations for August, 1912, in Montevideo, are as follows: Oxen, “especiales,” \$40 to \$45; fat and heavy, \$32 to \$34; common to fat, \$28 to \$30. Steers, “mestizos” (of improved breeding), “especiales,” \$32 to \$34; fat and of good weight, \$26 to \$30; fat, \$20 to \$24. Calves, “especiales,” \$12 to \$14; fat, \$10 to \$12; common, \$6 to 8. Steers, natives (“criollas”), “especiales,” \$24 to \$26; fat and heavy, \$20 to \$22; common, \$18 to \$20; inferior, \$24 to \$16.

I think it safe to say that these cattle would have brought about double these prices, perhaps more, in Chicago. Prices for sheep show even a greater discrepancy, selling at the estancias as low as \$1.50 each, and ranging up to several times that price for the best fat wethers delivered at the frigorificos, but always below prices in the United States. Europe is the market for the enormous surplus produced in this country. There seems now an enormous margin between what the estanciero receives for his fat steer or wether and what the consumer

must pay for it in England. I surmise that the killers and exporters of Uruguayan meats are making large fortunes in the process.

The Uruguayan government with what seems commendable wisdom is endeavoring to move the European consumers to Uruguay, by means of a protective tariff designed to stimulate Uruguayan industries. Let us hope they may have a fair measure of success.

As to wools, in April, 1912, market quotations in Montevideo were, for fine Merinos, 17 to 18 cents, ranging thence down to 15 cents for "common, good," while cross-bred wools sold for 15 to 17 cents. I quote from my journal:

"July 5: Yesterday was a busy Fourth and there were enough Americans in Montevideo to celebrate it right well, albeit quietly. Our minister, Mr. Morgan, gave us a reception for one thing and we met many who were great, some who were good and possibly one or two who were both good and great. I walked in the old town then to where I could see the sea and the waves dancing in the winter's sunlight. They looked friendly to me, seeming to say, 'I am your way home.' I had never before seen the sea when it had to me a friendly look. I saw ships out at sea and wished devoutly that my own good Ionic might speedily come to bear me away northward, toward loved ones and familiar scenes and toward warmth.

"It is midwinter here now. A peon was in the plane trees of the park, plucking off one by one the

remaining leaves that had not sense enough to fall. At the great park, the Prado, it looks wintry; the geraniums, although not killed, are ill, but still the strange eucalypts bloom, unreal and unearthly trees. There has been a chilling fog all day; to-night the cheery fire in the English Club will be like a bit of heaven. There is in this town the best restaurant, all things considered, that I have ever seen. It is quite large, and kept of course by Italians. The food is of the best, the prices are moderate, the service is good and there is excellent music every evening."

A GOVERNMENT DINNER.

My work in Uruguay was ended; I was ready to go as soon as the steamer came, but before I went a happy surprise awaited me. The Government gave a dinner in honor of my Government, our President Mr. Taft, whom I represented, and myself. The dinner was in the best hotel in the town and in the finest dining-room. A long table was piled with flowers, great luscious roses, violets, ferns and waxy camellia Japonica in many sorts, assuredly the loveliest lot of flowers that I had ever seen on a table. There were present a number of high Government officials, including the very helpful Minister of Industries, many great estancieros and a few Americans and Englishmen; but, following a Latin custom, there were no women present. It deeply touched me to see what had been done in honor of the United States, a country doubly dear

to me from my long absence. It was a good dinner, for I remember it. That is a test.

Afterward there were speeches. At the end there was a general call that I should speak. I tried to beg off, for my Spanish was lame, but they insisted that I might speak in English and that it would be translated by a young man who had come especially for that purpose, so with many misgivings I accepted the honor. I began by telling them how beautiful a land I had found Uruguay; how from granitic soils had come the strongest men; how, in fact, the men of Uruguay had impressed me as being well-born, brave, manly and intelligent. I praised their cattle, sheep and horses, and then I did a very daring act. "Will you pardon me, señors, if I now speak of another matter? It is this: I had for some days driven from one estancia to another. I had admired the beautiful white-walled estancia houses, the fine wool sheds and shearing sheds. On a hill at last I espied a long, low building with brown, unpainted walls and a roof of straw. I drew near to this building. Many children emerged therefrom, and behold, it was a school. I entered the school. I found a beautiful and lovely señorita, the teacher of the school. Her building had walls of rough boards, ceiling of straw and a floor of earth. It was in the midst of the winter season and the air was very cold, yet there was no place for fire, and no place where the niños or the señorita could warm their chilled hands. They were fine niños. Tell me, señors, is it fair

to the niños, is it fair to the señorita, that the sheep should be better housed than they?"

As I spoke I could see a rising tide of anger and resentment among my hearers. I grew more and more frightened at the unkind and almost uncourteous thing that I had done. However, the Minister of Industries had been before the Minister of Education and he followed me with keen interest. When I had finished, he sprang to his feet. "Let me speak, señors; let me answer Mr. Wing. I am glad that he has told you this. He has done us a service. Let me tell him that the fault is with my countrymen who would rather spend money for cannon and powder with which to kill one another, than to spend it for the education of their children. This condition will not endure forever: You have not seen all, Mr. Wing. If I could have directed you, if I could have known that schools were of interest to you, I could have shown you twenty fine, new schools erected this year, each one with stone walls and floors of marble or of tile. Education is coming to our camps, Mr. Wing, as well as to our cities, but we lag; we need awakening; therefore, I thank you for telling us this."

CLIMATIC CONTRASTS.

I quote from my journal: "Down here no sun, no cheer; in the United States, too much sun, too much heat, baking clods, ruined harvests, and many dying of heat, while the same condition prevails in Europe. What a strange world it is. The Ionic is

in touch with us by wireless; my South American visit draws to a close."

BOUND FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

I fear my readers can not understand the fever of impatience that possesses one who has for some months been in a strange land and at last finds himself turned homeward. He is like the bird at the time of migration; he can not be still an instant; he longs to stretch his wings and fly and fly and fly—until at last he can drop down in fields that he knows. The *Ionic* is a good ship that runs from London to New Zealand, thence by way of Cape Horn and Montevideo to London again. She had for her commander Captain E. C. Roberts, one of the finest captains of the big White Star fleet, and one of the most interesting men I have ever known. Our consul at Montevideo, F. W. Goding, was a chum of Capt. Roberts' and received a wireless message from him asking him to come aboard for a day at Montevideo. This he was happy to do and those two men spent a hard day of earnest conversation, ranging from the atomic theory and old Egyptian civilization down to socialism and the Mendelian laws. Two more evenly matched men I never knew. Mr. Goding was of great help to me in Montevideo. He is one of the newer type of consuls—educated, tremendously in earnest, with a big brain and a big fund of common-sense. I found the passenger list a small one; there were only some seventy-five people beside those of the second and third-class, but

there were many interesting ones among them. Some were from New Zealand, some from Australia and others who took the ship with me and coming from Argentina or Uruguay. On the whole, we made a companionable ship's company and if I ever was unhappy rest assured that it was my own fault.

As we left Montevideo and plunged out into the big ocean, we were met by a tremendous storm. Huge seas drenched the decks, but we were all old sailors and did not much care. The next day after sailing, the air grew warmer; the second day saw a very comfortable atmosphere indeed. We approached Rio de Janeiro and all was delightful anticipation. We were coming so quickly up from winter into warmth, not into summer exactly, nor even spring, but at least into warmth. It was a supremely happy day. I quote from my journal:

AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

“What a happy day it has been. We were up early and had an eager, excited breakfast. What a lovely ride it was ashore on the launch, dancing over the blue waves past the bright and gay buildings on the islands of the harbor. When ashore, we walked a little way, and after posting letters, we began to inquire where ran the tram lines that led to a suburb called Tijuca. It is high up in the mountains. We found that the Portuguese understood our Spanish quite well. Then we boarded a trolley car and set off. We admired as we went along one thing after another—the palms, the tree

ferns on the mountain sides and the quaint and sometimes pretty houses with their pretty gables and tiled roofs. There is but little Spanish architecture; there are only a few of the typical square buildings with patios that one sees in Argentina. The tendency is to set buildings in gardens and to give them roofs, almost Swiss sometimes.

“It was almost too cool. To make it worse, it showered, gently, from time to time. But we were under roof. How beautifully green were the wonderful mountains, how the tree-tops lifted in the wind and the bamboos swayed. There were not so many flowers as in mid-winter, yet great masses of poinsettias flamed out here and there. The tramway climbed up and up the narrow mountain valley, past hamlets and villas set on mountain sides and past a roaring mountain stream, and here and there we caught sight of marvelous waterfalls, hundreds of feet over cliffs. At last we reached the end of the journey, at the hamlet or village of Tijuca (ti-huca). It was like being in some marvelous greenhouse. Bamboos actually arched across the perfect road for a long way; it was all lovely as heaven. We met a man coming along with a great Hindu humped ox and a cart; it was big, fat and a somewhat wilful ox; the man led him with a small rope, and they seemed rather jovial companions. I asked him if the ox was a ‘buey nuevo’ and he replied yes, that he was that, and contrary. I think well of these Indian cattle for the tropics. The only thing that marred our joy was that rain continually

threatened, and when we consulted the watch we were overjoyed to find it past twelve and we were all hungry. So we walked back to a small hotel in some very interesting grounds that were full of rare trees, spices, coffee, giant bamboos that are as yellow as gold and shine as though varnished, and many strange and adorable things.

“The dinner amused us. There was no soup, but fish, a big fish for each of us; good mutton chops and macaroni (for one; they explained that there was not enough for three, which further amused us), and ending up with fruits. There was a new fruit, like a little melon in shape, an orange in size and a Japan persimmon in taste, only there was no astringency. I rather enjoyed it and so did the ladies. We got the seeds for them to take to Tucuman. We ended with black Brazilian coffee. I drank coffee nowhere else, but always here. As we were drinking the coffee, the waiter told us of the strange sugar that they furnished us and how it was made. It is an unrefined sugar, very white, sweet and delicious. He used fluent Spanish, and that was pleasant; he knew the peculiarities of the tongue as spoken in Cordoba, Tucuman, Buenos Aires, Paraguay, Texas, California and Spain as well. He was very interesting to talk with and to my joy, I could understand nearly all that he said. When they brought the bill our joy was complete. It had not been a sumptuous repast, but the bill was for 15,000 reis. I did not have that much money in Brazilian currency, but we managed to pay all

right, and it seemed to be a fitting end. We argued that it was the highest dinner we had eaten in many a day, far up the mountain, and high in all ways. (1,000 reis = nearly thirty-five cents.)

“We walked in the garden a while and the waiter, who was not busy and who was interested in us (and in hopes of a further tip), walked with us, and told us of the things. Then we caught a car and came coasting down the mountain, around the curves and all, really exciting at times and hard to keep from swaying over against our companions. In the city we walked a way along the wonderful Avenida or wide street where there are fine shops. We walked and admired the fine things and smiled at the curious types of people (and they smiled at us, no doubt), and saw the curious fruits. We then came back to the wharf. The swell from yesterday's storm was terrific and some lads were having such a game. Back some way from the wharf there was a round hole in the stone pavement, like a coal hole in a sidewalk, and with an iron cover to it. This connected with the sea and now and then the waves would imprison and compress air in such a way that it would make a geyser there that would throw up the lid and a stream of water twelve feet high. The lads would watch their chance, hurriedly pull the lid on again and then pile stones on it as fast as they could pile them, but sooner or later, ‘gee-wash!’ and up would go the lid, stones and all, and a deluge of water all about. It was hard getting on the launch, as the boat rose and fell so,

and I had a time with one of our passengers, who was cross and unhappy, weary and disappointed. The women were brave and we all got to the ship safely."

Capt. Roberts and I soon learned that we were kindred spirits. Neither one of us was good for much at light talk with the women; we were both awkward, more or less, and far too serious to be good company with the light-hearted. Therefore, we used to get together and take interminable hard, swift walks on deck, one of us doing all the talking always, the other only commenting or objecting. Now he would give me a lecture on Egyptology or I would tell him the history of the Mormon church. Poor old captain; if his Egyptology is no more accurate than his present knowledge of Mormonism, there is not much hope from history. Curiously enough the captain could read the old Egyptian hieroglyphics like print. He was also an artist of distinction, but withal a sea captain who never neglected for an instant his great ship. The life of a sea captain makes a man strangely cynical; he sees all sides of human nature, and not all of them are pleasant sides. Capt. Roberts is an American by birth. He told me what a long, weary way it was from New Zealand to Cape Horn, down in the twilight and the dismal cold. "I simply have to have something to study, Mr. Wing," was his explanation of his Egyptology.

There were more interesting people, perhaps, forward in second cabin than in the first.

There were New Zealand sheep farmers going "home" for visits, or because they had sold their lands and flocks and were going home for good; there were artisans and artists, actresses and singers, and most interesting of them all, perhaps, a young man of good birth and Oxford training, Mr. Sedgewick. He is devoting some years of his life to helping the poor of London. He does it by forming in that town boys' clubs, where he gathers together the most worthy and helps them in various ways, ending by taking many of them to Australia and New Zealand, and putting them in good places on farms. Each boy is farmed out by himself, so that he may the sooner shed off certain unpleasant mannerisms of London and the sooner take on the newer and brighter optimistic outlook of the new civilization. These lads do finely in their new environment.

Among the Ionic's passengers were a few Uruguay men and women. I liked them. They were always kind, considerate and courteous. This could scarcely be said of some of the English-speaking people. What a pity it is that we allow the Latin people to excel us in courtesy, when we think that we excel them in some other things.

We came steadily northeastward, passing the equator in great comfort. In fact, there was hardly an uncomfortable day. The sun is no such terrific monster in the tropics as I had supposed. When one is at sea, it is very comfortable indeed except during occasional hours of mist or humid weather,

when one becomes sticky with perspiration that does not evaporate. We passed only a few ships. Our wireless man got some fragments of news, a part of which he gave out and a part he concealed, with true British reticence. We neared Tenerife, one of the Canary Islands. I quote:

THE PEAK OF TENERIFE.

“July 25: Early this morning we came in sight of the peak of Tenerife; thereafter, it was difficult to stay in one’s cabin and work. The peak is 12,090 feet high and it was wreathed in fleecy clouds. The sides of the mountain are rather barren, but there are pine forests high up. Along the barren, cliff-walled coast the waves break hard. Up on little table lands and in the edges of great ravines or canyons, there are visible white-walled villages, very high upon the mountainside. It is a lovely sight. We can see white roads and houses with gleaming white walls, but as it is the dry season and it is a semi-arid land, we see no green trees or fields. It is a large island; we were until one o’clock coming along its shores before we made harbor and dropped our anchor to take on coal.

“The Canary Islands are in the latitude of Southern Florida, and are as near to being a sunny paradise as one can find. Many English people come here to escape British winters. The islands produce tomatoes, bananas and other fruits for London. If these islands had only been settled by the right people. The original islanders were very

dark, but not negroes; later came Spanish and Moorish folk. We went ashore soon after casting our anchor, finding the old town half asleep, for it was the time of the noonday siesta—probably a wise thing to observe if one is to live long in the tropics. The narrow streets struggled up the mountain-side a little way. In the quaint old houses were wooden shutters, tight-closed, all but little squares in their centers, as large as a moderate-sized picture frame. These little squares were open and señoras or señoritas in considerable negligee gazed out. In the market we bought figs, peaches, apricots and other fruits. In the cool patio of a hotel we had tea and gossiped with the passengers. Then with an athletic English girl I climbed clear up to the top of the town and out a little way into the surrounding barren fields, which were terraced. The view was magnificent down over the sleepy town, with its little green gardens and prized trees, the very blue water of the harbor and the sea beyond.

“We found a marvelous tree—some sort of acacia covered with crimson bloom. We bribed a lad to climb and secure for us a pod with seeds, these for Tucuman. Then, laden with flowers, fruit and the treasured seeds, we came back, very happy, to the ship. In the clear, blue water of the harbor the lads of the place were diving for silver; they would not do it for copper coins. The sun blazed finely, just a fine corn day in the Ohio Valley, and a tiny field of maize near the town made me more homesick than I had yet been. The capital of the

islands is a little city high up in the mountains, reached by an electric railway; in fact, here is a curious mingling of old and new. The city seems incredibly ancient, yet it is the terminus of a new network of electric lines that will develop the horticultural resources of the island. Incidentally, as is usual in the tropics, the place was lousy with beggars. Four more days of quiet steaming ahead brought us to the English coast. Our excitement grew, ships and birds increased in numbers, the sea was alive now and populous. We beheld it all with mixed feelings of gladness and trouble, for soon the Philistines would be upon us, and we would need to take up the burden of the daily task, shunted off during the weeks afloat. Many of us decided to go ashore at Plymouth to save time."

LANDING AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Coming into the harbor was a happy time; we could see with our glasses the fields with grain in shock, with white sheep grazing, with cattle, and the dense forest on the hillsides, vividly green. But all the fields were parched and brown—something that I never before saw in England. The adieus were said, and we boarded the tender and went flying in to the dock with tons and tons of mail and our baggage. Many passengers disembarked, and yet as we left the great ship it seemed black with people waving handkerchiefs to us, and as soon as we cast off, the ship started grimly on the last leg of her voyage to London.

At Plymouth, customs regulations were easy; only one of my things was opened. It was hot weather and I was astonishingly weary, so at the hotel I lay down to rest. Later, I sallied out to explore Plymouth; a tram car came along and I made a mess of it, trying to board it on the wrong side and then on the wrong end; the motorman courteously awaited me and as I crawled in said, "Take a seat here by me, sir." I did. "I have not learned your English trolleys yet," I remarked. "No, but you will very soon, sir," he courteously replied. So he told me of things as we rode by them and I observed how courteously he helped people on and off and waited for them to come when a little way off. At last we came to the brink of a little hill and started down it. "Are you afraid, sir?" "Oh, no, I am not afraid when you have hold of the wheel," I laughingly replied. "Well, sir, you need not fear; I will take care of us," he replied seriously. That was the end of his run; beyond began the pasture lands, and I went up to look at the good sheep cropping the sun-dried grass; then walked a mile or more in the suburbs seeing now a queer row of houses, or street with two rows, thrust up into a pasture, but fenced off with an unscalable iron fence and with signs "trespassers will be prosecuted." The street was perfectly paved and finished as though in the middle of a city. Unhappily, too often all the houses were alike, what they call "Jerry Builded," I believe.

I saw charming red Devon cattle in a pasture

right in the city, and a fine old country place, surrounded by the city and yet retaining acres of land, with its park and trees. I rode on a two-storied trolley, then came back to town and went to the old church. It was late, but I slipped in and found a choir boy at practice. How he did sing, that lad-die. I listened to him with joy.

The church looked very old, though as a matter of fact it was a new church when the Mayflower sailed, as it was built, or rebuilt, in 1600. The original church was of 1100 and something or other. I found a doorway, though, in what must have been once a parish house and on the doorcap, of granite, was cut the date 1539. Then I strolled on up to a great promenade that they call "The Hoe," where thousands of folk were walking backward and forward, for what purpose I could not discover. There were many fine hotels thereabouts and these were no doubt largely summer people. The Hoe overlooks the lovely bay; it was pretty quiet, so far as commerce goes.

Coming back, I strolled into the hotel sitting-room and to my astonishment there sat writing a very pretty girl, plainly of part negro blood. She proved to be the daughter of the landlady, and really the daughter is the manageress of the place. She was English-born, only dusky enough to be fine looking, and with a beautiful voice and charming manners, evidently of good education, too, and altogether interesting from an American point of view. As first impressions are valuable, let me record

mine. English common people in the mass seem singularly lacking in force of character or force of any sort. They seem very good-natured, kindly, industrious and respectable, but not very interesting, lacking physical vigor and virility. It always so impresses me. I wonder whether it is in part because they live behind closed windows. It was a hot afternoon and evening and yet I was astonished as I walked to see them nearly always behind tightly closed windows and doors, in their homes.

THROUGH DEVONSHIRE.

On a train in Devonshire, Monday, July 31, I wrote: "Just now we are passing through indescribably lovely scenes; I feel I must write of them. The little fields, all hedge-enclosed; the red-coated sheep in them, sometimes on the poorer hillsides, grazing among big ferns; the big red cows and the bits of deep, rich, dark forests, of beech and oak, with ferns beneath and gorse on the outskirts—all these things far too lovely for mere words. A valley of deep shadows leads off; hedges run up hillsides green with gorse and heather; hillsides which at the head of the valley become so high that the clouds come down to meet them. Clouds hang very low. The ancient farmhouses of stone with their gay little flower gardens and their few mossy old apple trees and their prim patches of potatoes are captivating. Here is a narrow, sweet, country lane; red cows, driven by a boy are passing. It is all so good and so lovely that it warms my heart

and makes me long to make Woodland Farm even more lovely than it now is. See the rye in prim, old-maiden shocks, the center of the field yet uncut. I have all the compartment to myself; the others go first-class or second-class; I am in third. One of my friends is in the first-class, in the same car as mine. I examined with interest his compartment; the sole difference that I can see is that there is a sort of division between the seats. I love to be alone this morning.

“The red cows look good to me. I think that when my laddies go to farming, we will have South Devon cattle for one thing. The naughty rooks in the grainfields; the high earthen banks with hedges on their crests; the small blooming red clover, bespeaking drouth (now happily broken); the nicely thatched ricks of hay, small, but doubtless of perfect quality; the great draught mares and foals at pasture—these things interest me. It is as though I had died and was come to life again. Oh, what’s the use writing? No one who has not been in exile for a long time can understand what it all means. Now we are in a nice, cool, damp tunnel, with a fine, earthy odor and no smoke; there is an orchard of cider apples with sheep lying in its shade. I see now a hillside covered with bracken.”

NOTES FROM ENGLAND’S SUNNY ISLE.

Two previous years I had seen England. The island was a picture in greens, a damp, cool, moist, dripping island, a land where one wore winter flan-

nels all summer and rejoiced in a fire at evening. I learned, though, that there is but one thing certain about weather: it will never again be as it was yesterday. Now it was as hot and dry as is Kansas.

I met in London my old friend A. J. Hickman. "Come down with me to a sale of Hackneys at Reigate this afternoon," he said, "They are some of R. P. Evans' at Wood Hatch, very famous horses; the train goes at 12:50." "I can not go that soon, I fear," I replied. "I should be glad to go if I could, and possibly I can get ready." "Well, meet me at Charing Cross at 12:50 if you can; if not, come down to my place by the 4:30," was his reply.

I rushed around, using taxicabs, and made the 12:50 train all right, but at the train did not see Mr. Hickman. At Reigate I alighted alone from the train; evidently, he had missed it. However, I went on to the sale. Reigate is a very picturesque village, old and new. Wood Hatch is a fine farm indeed with glorious Hackneys selling. There was a small crowd of buyers, but they were good buyers. One horse sold for 800 guineas, and others as low as 200. After admiring the horses and the environment for a time, I set out again for the station, for I was a bit uneasy about getting on to Pluckley on the same train as Mr. Hickman. At the village, I dropped in at an inn for a glass of ginger ale. That sin cost me dear. As I sipped the ale, Mr. Hickman passed, on his way to the sale. I went to the station and secured a ticket to Pluckley via Tunbridge. I had made a careful note

in London that such would be Mr. Hickman's programme, so it was evident that it should be mine.

What happened afterward I could not explain without diagrams. No one at the station seemed at all sure what I was to do to reach Pluckley, but they put me aboard a train headed toward London, which was quite proper, but they did not tell me to change at Red Hill, and I proceeded northward. After a time, forebodings of evil seized me and I diligently studied a diagram on the wall of the compartment. When at last I found the village amid the maze of other villages and network of lines I was aghast; I had gone much too far. I alighted, at the suggestion of a passing porter, at a pretty station in Surrey, but its beauty was quite lost on me. I asked the stationmaster what I should do; he pondered the situation for a long time and looked up his schedules. "I am not quite clear, sir, as Pluckley is beyond our schedules, but I advise you to take the 4:50." I took it and scudded back down the line, getting off at a place that he had suggested. There they were cheery and advised me to try a train that would leave in a few minutes on another branch. I do not remember where that train went. A bricklayer who got in my compartment comforted me. He was bound for Dover and clearly Dover was out past Pluckley. We were both turned out midway and waited anxiously for another train, on another branch I assume. Meanwhile, long trains whizzed by laden with happy mortals, booked to some safe and sure conclusion, not like me



plucked in such an untimely way from my voyage to Pluckley. I envied those people; they knew England; they spoke and understood the English language, which I had forgotten in my four years of absence. The guards and porters, for instance, spoke often in a strange tongue that I could not comprehend. At last I boarded another train, assured by all that this one would deposit me at Pluckley, and it did. My journey was in shape like the lightning flashes seen on a hot midsummer night in the cornbelt, but I was there, at last. Away back I had sent by *télegraph* an imploring and frantic appeal to Mr. Hickman, to rescue me from the perils of English travel by land, and soon after I set foot on the soil of Pluckley, Mr. Hickman's pony cart and groom came driving up and I was saved. There was another reason for profound thankfulness. All of that long afternoon's riding to and fro had been free; no one had asked to see my ticket in all that time; I had paid one fare and ridden 325 miles, more or less.

I wonder now why any one buys a railway ticket in England? Come to think of it, they did ask me for it at Pluckley. Are they mind-readers?

Sitting at a good supper with my genial host and smiling hostess soon after I exclaimed, "Mr. Hickman, how far in goodness' name are you from London?"

"Just forty-eight miles," was his smiling reply. "A little more than an hour's ride." And there is no change of cars, if you get on the right train.

Well, there is a lot in knowing how to do a thing, and I hope I have learned to ask questions by this time.

At Court Lodge I tramped over the farm. It is in Kent. The upper fields are on high, breezy plateaus, whence one looks down across glorious vistas of valley, woodland and farmstead, over fields of ripening wheat and barley, over flocks of Romney sheep and little herds of red cows. We tramped after the binders cutting the wheat. They were American binders made for England with short cutter bars, for the grain was thick and heavy, drawn by great, strong, Shire mares. About some of the fields a man was cutting away with his cradle, his wife binding the sheaves after him. Women cut the broad beans and laid them in little heaps on the ground. Children came along the footpaths through the nodding grain, bearing armfuls of flowers for a flower show down by Edgerton church. Their mothers followed, all in their holiday attire. There were 800 Romneys on the upland farm of 400 acres. They were mostly on the yellow burned pastures, for the drouth had been severe; they were fat, though, as Romneys are wont to be, with half a chance. The cattle were mostly milking Short-horns. I marveled at them and marveled the more that men so strictly let them alone in America.

Down in the village, below the church, was a little green and there was a tent pitched. In the tent were tables and on the tables all manner of

vegetable products of the laborers' gardens, and of other gardens as well, and flowers. There were many prizes given, for there were many classes, so that the gardener at the gentleman's place does not compete against the laborers. The children, too, had prizes for their work and for bouquets of wild flowers that they had gathered. The prizes were not large—from \$1.25 to \$2.50 or thereabouts, but they were none the less valued because much honor is attached to winning them. To me the big gooseberries were most interesting; there were even tomatoes and melons from under glass.

There were sports on the green, with music and all sorts of sweets and light refreshments. The best of the show to me was the sight of the fresh-complexioned people, young and old, in holiday attire, the girls in white. How innocent, how kindly, how good it all was. One old bent man, with a strong face and lines that denoted years of willing toil was with his wife, who was older and more bent. They leaned heavily on their canes, and asked in merry tones "When will the dancing begin?" He, I learned, drew an old age pension and in addition was yet able to break stone on the highway.

All this is humble, but perhaps worth describing; it is from such sources as this that come the beauty and orderliness of old England. The cottager or the laborer, hoeing in his garden, training up his roses and his gooseberries, is a better man and citizen than if he were to be loafing around some ale house. The money for the prizes, by the

way, was contributed by the farmers and others who in the community can afford to give.

AN ENGLISH RURAL COMMUNITY.

I am always struck in an English rural community with the thought that the farm laborers are not so big and rugged a class as they ought to be; this is noticeable in Kent. They are not at all bold, brawny men. What is the reason? Is it that the stronger and more courageous sons go into the army or navy or emigrate to foreign lands, leaving behind the fearful, the impotent?

I quote from my journal:

“I am learning the most astonishing things about land values in Kent, and about taxation and other matters. Taxation is an intricate affair. There are ‘tithes,’ which are taxes on the land, and date from the time when the church owned all the land. Tithes go to the church. Then there are ‘rates,’ which are taxes levied for the ordinary purposes of the parish, and there also are taxes levied on the buildings on a farm and on the carts, wagons and carriages. Moreover, there are other special taxes, so that one finds it a complicated matter. The landlord pays most of the land tax; this may amount to as much as \$2.50 per acre; usually it is less. As he rents the land for about \$5 per acre, he does not get very much out of it, as he must also keep the buildings in repair and occasionally erect new ones.

“This must be the reason why one can buy in

Kent a fine farm for \$75 per acre, or even a good farm for \$50, of as good a quality of land as would cost double that sum in Indiana or Ohio. It is yet quite a mystery to me. I am not at all sure that the British farmer has not the best of it when it comes to chances for money-making. His labor costs him much less than ours in America, as very good men work faithfully for less than \$4 per week with a cottage furnished, a garden and perhaps fuel. With Mr. Hickman I drove to see a farmer born and bred in New Zealand. He had come to England to take up sheep-farming, much as I should like to do. He had sold his sheep run in New Zealand for \$35 per acre and bought 340 acres of land that he says has as great a carrying capacity for \$50 per acre. I asked him what he found the most difficult problem in the new environment compared with New Zealand. To my astonishment, he replied that it was the labor. He said that if he set a man to do anything he must have a second man to attend him and perhaps a boy to attend the second man. In New Zealand laboring men have the self-reliance that is bred in men in all new countries, where men must "go it alone" or not go. However, our New Zealand friend felt sure that opportunities for money-making were better in Kent than in New Zealand, because being at the threshold of great markets, prices for fat lambs were about double what they were in his old land. It was interesting to see that this New Zealander had taken away a lot of fences and walls, and made about

his house a sort of wide lawn, all open to the highway, much as we do in America. He had thrown the little fields into large enclosures and was busy grubbing out ancient hedgerows and removing prehistoric bushes and other landmarks. Perhaps it is well for the picturesqueness of Kent that few "colonials" return to uproot old traditional practices and ways. Mr. Hickman did not approve of this; it looked so strange to him, although he admitted that it looked well, but he liked the privacy that the wall gave. After all, this man was more like an Englishman than an American in manner, although he had the American way of doing things, and that comes from his having had to attack problems similar to ours and solve them in a similar manner.

THE PRACTICE OF CHALKING LAND.

Yesterday we went to see a rich and lovely farm situated in a valley, but running up on a hill at one side. There were great crops of wheat and oats in shock, heavier than we grow in America, and fine Romney sheep in pasture. The great square house had been once rather fine, and it had a pleasant garden and an orchard. The place lay on a main highway to London, a splendid road over which dashed at least 500 automobiles daily, which is no great advantage to the farm, one would think. This farm I was told could be bought for \$70 per acre. It is indeed a temptation to go to Kent, if one wishes to raise sheep. Think of the abundant

and faithful labor and the ease with which one can have maids in the house and all that. On this farm was a great scar on the hillside, whence had in days past been taken thousands of cartloads of chalk. This material sweetened the land and thus made clovers to grow. The beginning of this practice may have been a thousand years ago. Now the chalk is no more used and the land begins to need it again. The advent of commercial fertilizers, they told me, had superseded the use of chalk, and "dearer labor" had made it expensive to get it out.

Kent is a beautiful, fertile, finished and livable land, if there is one anywhere in the world. Driving with Mr. Hickman, we passed a wee hamlet, composed nearly altogether of laborers' cottages. A deep trench beside the road attracted my attention. Mr. Hickman told me that it was for the new sewers that were being laid; that there was in each parish an inspector of sanitation, and when he found need, he ordered both sewers and water works laid down, even if it may be in so humble a hamlet as this. The cost was in part assessed on the land-owner and in part on the parish. Thus, although the laborer had not a large sum to spend, a large amount was spent for him in giving him a sanitary living place, and in giving him a more perfect road on which to walk, than has many an American city.

On the whole the English agricultural laborer has as happy a time as his American cousin. He

is an opportunist, in the kindly sense of the word; he makes the most of the present, spades his garden, grows his vegetables and flowers, competes for prizes at the parish flower show, glories in his success with pansies or mangel-wurzels and works faithfully, but his worst enemy never charged him with overworking. He goes to church and believes solemnly in heaven and hell, marries and rears a large family somehow or other on his \$4 per week. His wife helps all she can by doing piece work, thinning turnips or binding grain. The man grows old at last; there is, however, always some old man's job to be done until he is quite beyond that; then he goes to live with a married son or daughter—rarely, I think very rarely, in this part of the Kingdom to the parish workhouse to end his days. He can not earn enough ever to rise from being a laborer. Perhaps, therefore, he is happier because it relieves him of strenuous ambitions and the unhappiness that follow these, be they fulfilled or unfulfilled.

FERTILE FIELDS IN KENT.

In Kent, some of the fields remain marvelously fertile after long use. Once nearly all the land was in hops; now hops are grown more cheaply in Oregon and Washington, so many old hop-kilns are used for other things. I saw oats that made 90 bushels to the acre. The people conserve manures, but they do not do this more faithfully than some American farmers today. They use fertilizers more

freely, though, and rotate their fields with care. Clovers come often in the rotation and alfalfa occasionally. Alfalfa grows well in many Kentish soils. All these old countries seem, however, full of bad weeds, as quack grass, Canada thistles and docks. Women cut the thistles, while men by hoeing turnips eradicate the quack grass fairly well. I am told that many tenant-farmers are so in debt that they can never repay their landlords, and yet they are not turned out of the farms where they have lived many years—perhaps all their lives. Confidentially, I feel sure that this condition arises from the fact that the farmers do not look intelligently and energetically after their affairs. With fat lambs selling at from \$7.50 to \$10 each, as has been current here, and other things (except grain) more or less in proportion, it would seem that farming should pay well.

I observed the most puzzling attitude toward the soil. Farmers argue with me that they do not care to own their land; that it does not pay to tie up capital; that the thing to do is to rent land and put the capital into working it. Mr. Hickman thinks that one ought to have at least \$40 per acre as working capital before one attempts to farm. I feel sure that we try in America to work with far too little financial capital. Were I in England, however, I could not escape buying land; the American instinct sets strongly towards land-ownership. I learn that there are many farms for sale in Kent.

Early one Sunday morning I went into the clov-

er meadows, where with sharp scythes the men were cutting enough clover for the work horses. I enjoyed helping them, for the scythe was sharp; then, after chatting pleasantly with them for a time, I went back to the house. On the hill a little way off was the old church, with a great tower, whence I think perhaps watchmen once espied to see if the French were coming. The chimes rang in the old tower. After listening a little while, I went to see the ringing, but reached there too late. Not long afterward, however, they rang again, and I ran to see the deed performed. I climbed the narrow, winding stone stairs up into the old tower, where there were six men, each one grimly grasping a rope and looking with intentness at a board in front of him on which were chalked the directions for making the music. One by one, they swung their big bells; the stirring chimes, sadly sweet, swept out and over all the land. They curiously affected me; it was as a call from the best of the old past to the new and restless present and the uncertain future—a sort of pleading that we heed the spiritual things, recall our most precious memories and not forget. Several tunes were played; it was hard work. The ringers were brawny men; in full action they were in shirt sleeves and Sunday clothes. I was interested to know that they play several times each week; that they never expect or receive pay for this service. As a service of the true sort is its own reward, I think they come out all right, but where in America could we find a counterpart of this? I went then

to church. There was an interesting boy choir, but neither vestment nor processional. Mr. Hickman told me that would be considered too "high church" for this parish.

A VILLAGE INN.

The village or country inn is a characteristic thing of southern England. Inns are not usually hotels and do not always, in fact, serve food; but they are drinking places where ales and beers are sold, and more ardent spirits when desired. It is astonishing what a number of inns one finds throughout the thickly-peopled country-side, and they all seem to do a good business. Once I stepped off a train in Kent, just at nightfall, having had a hard and trying day, with little chance for food. A beautiful and picturesque old inn stood near, ivy-covered and neatly kept. With joy I made to it and asked for supper. The landlord seemed puzzled. "See here, now, it is late like; the missus has gone out; we have had our supper and there is nothing in the house to eat." I pleaded that if there was a loaf of bread and a scrap of bacon they would make a feast. He assented; he had them in store. Then he called to a passing lassie, daughter of a neighbor, who cheerfully consented to come in and cook the bacon. The man could not leave his bar. The bar-room was well filled, mostly with farm laborers, who were a quiet, orderly lot, none of them drinking too much. One might think it all well if one did not reflect that there would go sixpence

of each man's \$4 weekly wage. The drink habit in England consumes an incredible sum of the earnings of labor.

The way the country people manage to get on is for all of the family to work, so far as possible. The wife will go out and cut thistles or beans. For this labor she receives about 40 cents a day. It helps out the earnings of her husband and seems to do the woman no harm. They dress respectably and wear strong shoes that last a long time.

What impresses an American is the great number and variety of buildings on an English farm. There is, first of all, the dwelling of the farmer; the house at Court Lodge is rather large, well built and would cost in America about \$7,000 to construct. Surrounding the master's residence is a company of lesser buildings; for his private driving and saddle horses, for the fowls, the dogs, pigeons and the gardener's tools, and then about ten or twelve small structures the original use of which has perhaps been forgotten. There are the large barns in which are stored grains and some hay, although hay is usually built in stacks, and the barns are never so great in capacity as one sees in eastern America. Then there are hop-kilns, now unused, and byres where cows are kept, sheds for show rams and sheep, and granaries. All of these structures are solidly built of brick or stone and roofed usually with red tiles and kept in repair at the expense of the landlord.

There are twelve cottages at Court Lodge in

which the laborers of the farm live. It once had a larger population than it has today, and fewer sheep. That was when hops were grown and grain was cradled by hand, or, more likely, cut with picturesque reaping hooks. Now the farm carries many Romney sheep, sometimes as many as 800, with Short-horn cows of the milking type, and of course big Shire horses. Mr. Hickman was troubled because of the failure of his turnip crop. Here the Swede turnip is a great reliance for winter feeding of sheep. Mangels are grown also for cattle. The year was one of terrific heat and drouth, rather worse than one sees even in the cornbelt of America, and it seemed impossible that the roots could come to anything.

PROFITS FROM FARMING IN KENT.

Mr. Hickman was very kind in giving me freely access to his books and accounts. I know more of his business affairs than he himself knew before. Suffice to say that I conclude that the farmer in Kent, because of his good markets, his fertile soil, his usually genial climate and his abundance of reliable and fairly efficient labor, is in a much better position to make money than is the American farmer facing a severer climate, a soil no more fertile and usually less so, a deficiency of labor, and markets very much inferior, as a rule, to those of England. I judged that my host was making money and I was glad. He is a stirring man, and goes about over the farm giving close personal di-

rection to every detail of the work—much closer attention, I think, than is customary among British farmers. He does not, however, take hold to do things with his own hands, as would a farmer in Ohio or Illinois; that is not necessary with labor in such good supply.

We went one day to visit the father, a rugged old man of tremendous vitality and force of character. He had been among the greatest sheep-owners of England, having had at one time as many as 8,000 Romney sheep and having still a great number. These he kept on Romney Marsh during most of the year; in fact, a lot of them never left the marsh until they came away fat. Only in winter the lambs come to the farms to be fed; their mothers remained on the bleak marsh. We went down on to the marsh to look at the sheep there. The marsh was once in part below the level of the sea, and I think that the high tides would still cover it if it were not protected by dykes. It is intersected with canals that drain it, and is nearly all in pasture. There are few trees; it is very wide, level, green and grassy. It is not now a wet country, for the canals drain it as dry as any part of Illinois; but men do not farm the land because it pays better to graze it and because they learn that, once plowed, the land does not again soon set to so good a grass as is native there.

My chief memory of the marsh is of the old, faithful shepherd who had charge of Mr. Hickman's hundreds of sheep. He knew the conditions of

every pasture and of each lot of sheep—whether there was a lame one or a sick one anywhere. The marsh carries a heavy stocking of sheep, as many as ten or even twenty to the acre, when the season is good, for the soil is exceedingly rich. For some reason no other breed thrives so well as Romneys on the marsh. They have the ability to withstand the cold and wet and short pickings of winter, and to make quick recovery and get fat when the good grass of summer comes.

We went also to a market at Ashford, where we saw hundreds of small pens filled with sheep or lambs; some were fat for the butchers and some were in store condition only and needing to go to grass. The sheep are sold by auction one at a time. As the drouth had been severe and feed was scarce, the prices realized for the sheep were much lower than normal. Lambs sold as low as \$3.00 to \$7.50 each and sheep at prices ranging from \$6 to \$15 each. These prices, however, do not represent a normal season, when prices on the average would be considerably higher.

The wool market at Ashford is worth studying. There is none of that custom of lumping all the wools of a county together and paying the same price to each man, as is seen commonly in the United States. The farmers bring their wools in to be sold at auction, according to its quality and value. Thus the man who breeds good wool and presents it in good condition gets the benefit of his care in solid pounds, shillings and pence.

THE KEW GARDENS IN LONDON.

August 7 was bank holiday in London. I improved it by going to Kew Gardens—a most interesting place to me, because there one sees so many trees from all parts of the world. Although I had been twice before to Kew, I saw on this occasion a new sight, for the place is so large that one does not find it all at one time. With consummate art, they have made a long, winding lagoon or bayou, and along its shores planted among other things, some American cypress trees (*Taxodium distichum*.) These have grown beautifully and the hot summer favored them. They were aspiring towers of green. I did not suppose that this, the finest of American trees, would thrive in so northern a latitude.

In my London hotel two men sat down at a table with me and we exchanged pleasant greetings. “Is this what you call London weather?” asked one.

“Well, no; we do not usually have it so hot as this,” I replied. Then I asked; “Are you gentlemen newly come to London?”

“Yes, we are just landed from Canada; this is our first day in London.”

“I am much interested,” I exclaimed. “Tell me about Canada. It must be a wonderful country.”

They told me of the glories of Canada, and I asked them also about the United States and reciprocity, which was then under consideration. They were strenuously opposed to reciprocity because

they thought it would result in Canadians doing most of their buying in the United States. "We are loyal to the Mother Country," they declared. "We wish to see a closer relation between our country and yours." As they assumed me to be an Englishman I merely nodded. "We wish to thwart reciprocity and foster trade relations between England and Canada. In fact, our mission here is to see what we can do to help bring about the preferential tariff duties. It seems to me you ought here in England to impose duties on Yankee grain and meats, while continuing to let in free ours and those from your other colonies. Then we would lower our duties on your manufactured goods and shut out the Yankee goods, and we would draw together. The trouble with our people is that the Yankees make things that look so good and sell them so cheap that our people will buy them, in spite of all that we can do; whereas the Yankee manufactures are not nearly so good as yours." "Of course they are not," I assented.

What a fine argument that was for the reciprocity treaty of President Taft. Nothing could have done more to unite the two American nations; nothing would have more benefited each country. However, from a British viewpoint, I marvel that they do not at once go in for the preferential tariff, giving the favors to their own colonies.

England was all in a fever of unrest. Men cried "hard times," and perhaps there were hard times. Assuredly there were the usual slums filled

with the unemployables, but the country as a whole looked to an American, very prosperous. There was an outcry by one party for a protective tariff. "Why should we buy cheap things of Germany?" was asked. But the effort to inaugurate even in small degree a policy of protective duties is met with fierce and unrelenting opposition. It seems hardly possible that tariff duties on foodstuffs will ever again be tolerated in England, because the labor vote and even the vote of the middle classes, farmers excepted, would probably be against that policy. They admit free of duty Argentine, Australian and New Zealand meats, but they discriminate against them in buying as much as they can, giving the preference to their home-grown mutton and beef and paying much higher prices for English beef and mutton.

I had a letter of introduction to a farmer in the lowlands of Scotland, William Henderson of Perthshire. My duties done in Kent and London, I asked my hotel porter to see to having reserved for me a sleeping car ticket to Coupar Angus in Perthshire, and went about various errands in the city with a light heart, sure of a fine night's rest, as the train sped northward. As I paid my bill and tipped the hotel servants preparatory to taking my departure for the station, my porter surprised me by saying, "Pardon me, sir, but I did not reserve for you that sleeping car berth."

"No; and why did you not?"

"Because, sir, it would cost so much that I

thought you would not wish it," was his reply. Then he told me that in order to ride in a sleeping car I must have first a first-class ticket and then the berth, making an extra charge for the night of about \$9.50. I hurried to the station and sought there to buy the berth; but I was too late. Travel north was heavy and all berths were sold. "I do not think you will mind, sir," said the attentive railway porter. "I will try to get you in a compartment that is not crowded." I had my rug and hired a pillow. We were pretty closely crowded in until we had passed Rugby.

ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAVEL.

English railway seats are dreadfully uncomfortable things in which to sit; the backs are straight and there is nothing against which to put one's feet. Finally the crowd thinned out; there remained only a young man, a young woman with her baby and myself. I slept a long time, awakening to see the young mother yet sitting bolt upright holding her baby clasped in her arms. I insisted that she should lie down and use my pillow and rug, which at last she consented to do. I do not remember the station at which she wished to alight, but at dawn she seemed troubled. "The way was never so long before, sir," she said. Then at Stirling I made inquiries and learned that she should have alighted three hours before. She was aghast and frightened, but hastily alighted. I was furious. We had paid a penny a mile, the usual rate of first-class travel in

our own land, yet we were denied sleeping car privileges and, to cap the climax the management was so inefficient that in a corridor train it did not take the trouble to send a man through to look at the tickets and tell people where they should get off. But all English railways are not so badly managed as this one; on some lines they now have the American system of tickets and conductors.

To finish the tale of the British managed railway, I changed cars once or twice and at last alighted at my destination. No one was astir about the station; no one since I had purchased it had looked at my ticket. In disgust I refused to search for any official to now receive it and walked away with that useless bit of pasteboard in my pocket, as I imagine many others do under such a system. The fact is that travel in the United States rather spoils one for railway travel in other lands. There are in England, however, splendid roadbeds, and splendid swift trains run on them. They are equipped with modern corridor compartment cars, which are very comfortable indeed, and on the better managed roads they have attendants who go through the train to collect tickets and to inform the passenger when he has arrived at his destination. Travel is nowhere else so cheap, however, all things considered, as in the United States.

Well, the nightmare of a night was over at last, and a glorious morning had succeeded. The dry, hot summer was drawing to a close and while England was well browned and burned by the heat

and drouth, Scotland was deliciously green in its grass lands. Its wheatfields were golden; its oats had a soft, creamy yellow tinge, and its fields of potatoes were richly green. Then there were the forests deeply, richly green, and back of all loomed up the mountains, the heather-clad mountains, in bloom in great patches of purple, acres in extent.

In Kent I had left picturesque little fields of irregular shapes, surrounded by hedges and often with trees along the borders; picturesque, certainly, yet they were rather difficult to farm, one would say. Here I had come to fields, almost American, large, square, divided often by fences, sometimes by stone walls, neat, tidy, pictures of agricultural thrift and orderliness. There were other notable differences. In Kent the villages were most picturesque; the cottages were draped with ivies, with flower gardens in front. Here the village cottages were of square stone, solid, everlasting, rather grim, with no ivies and usually with no flowers. I could not but think that the difference typified somewhat the differences in the English and the Scottish types of mind, the English loving a bit of pleasure, a bit of beauty, and the Scottish serious, building well and strong, fearing vanities, maybe, or thinking it a waste to spend time on mere adornments. However, there were also points of resemblance; the roads of Kent and of Perthshire were near perfect and evidently had been thoroughly well looked after, in contrast with our roads in America.

My destination was the farm of William Hen-

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derson, of Lawton, at Coupar Angus. I found that Mr. Henderson was at Edinboro, but his sister received me with that warm Scottish hospitality that makes rightly-directed travel so delightful over there. The brother would be at home in the evening; would I not content myself in her care in the meantime? Indeed I would.

The old Lawton farmhouse is stone-built, with floors of stone and quaint passages and comfortable and home-like rooms. There was a dear old white-capped mother, and soon after my arrival she took me out to the garden to see the flowers, the wondrous sweet peas, millions of them, in long rows, the pansies and poppies, the American golden rod, and many things that I can not take the time to set down. In the large garden were strawberries, raspberries and gooseberries—such gooseberries as no one in America ever saw or dreamed of. The bushes fairly drooped to the earth with their burdens of fruit. In the great lawn in front stood big trees of California, which were once much planted in Great Britain, growing splendidly, and also enormous lindens. In the enclosure was a mound, for all the world like the mounds one sees in America made by our “mound builders,” this mound was crowned by a huge tree. It is interesting to think that some day many ages ago there may have lived in Scotland men who made these earthen monuments or possibly temples, and that their ideas seemed so much like the men who dwelt in the corn belt of America.

A BRITISH STOCK FARM.

We drove over to Carston to see Thomas Buttar and his Shropshires. The way lay through interesting fields, rich with grain, being harvested with self-binders made at Blairgowrie. We passed great Clydesdales, hitched tandem, and drawing carts of hay or earth. The horses were fat and fine and evidently well bred. I asked one of the farmers why they did not hitch them side by side, as we do in America. He replied that it would not do at all; that their way was much better. What a curious thing is this world, with its habits and prejudices. And how do I know that our own way is best? But imagine our trying to get our laborers to drive our horses tandem. It impresses me though that in Scotland horses are not worked at all hard; that the bulk of them is almost ridiculously more than adequate to move the weights behind them. In America the burden is always greater, for wagon and horse and for man who labors; yes, and for housewife too; we all work up to the limit of our strength, while these wiser Scots leave always a comfortable margin for safety. Be that as it may, it is certain that the man who "does not like the Clydesdale horse" in America would be impressed if he should see them here, in their best estate. We must have made some early importations of a bad type of leggy, wasp-waisted Clydesdales; they breed them very different from that type now.

Mr. Buttar has a lovely old home in a perfect setting of green, and back of it are great stone

farmsteads. We found him in his working clothes, busily dipping his lambs to prevent attacks of blow flies. He had no ticks, lice or scab. He finds that dipping repels the flies, which seem more troublesome in Scotland than America. That is curious, for the house fly is so uncommon that I saw no houses provided with screens in the windows.

Mr. Buttar's lambs were beauties. They were not large because of the drouth, but were healthy and perfect. There seems, by the way, to be in Scotland little if any trouble from internal parasites; the climate is a bit too cool for the development of the stomach worm. The manner of dipping sheep in Scotland is unlike ours in America, and I am not sure that their way is not the better one. The dipping vats are not deep; they have twenty-four inches or a little more of liquid in them. The lambs are gently turned in on their backs and after a brief instant of lying in that posture are turned over and allowed to emerge to the draining pen. Two men can turn them into the dip about as rapidly as our men put them in the deep plunges. The Scottish and English method at least has the merit of gentle handling.

Mr. Buttar desisted long enough to show me his sheep, talking with me about breeds and type and systems of breeding. He is a strong believer in line-breeding; in no other way can one get a lot of good ones; in no other way can he secure uniformity. He has two types: one for Scotland, selling them rams for cross-breeding, and one for America,

for ram breeders. The type he breeds for us is the very compact sheep, thick and level, with a wonderful head covering. The type sold for cross-breeding is rather bigger, with not so much head wool. Mr. Buttar says he is sure that there has been no Merino blood put into the Shropshires in the past forty years, if ever there was any. This is an interesting point, since many of our people think that the wool on heads and legs came from an infusion of Merino blood. One can believe Mr. Buttar. He says, moreover, that it was not especially his wish to breed for head covering, but that the judges by giving so much attention to that point in the showring compelled the adoption of it by the breeder. He considers it rather a disadvantage to the sheep instead of an advantage. It does not mean more than at most a few ounces of additional wool.

We looked, rather hastily, at his bonny Shorthorns, too, for what visitor to a first-rate Scottish farm would wish to depart without seeing his cattle? As time pressed, we said "good bye," having received a happy impression at Mr. Buttar's. The fine, strong, happy personality of the man, the beautiful type of his sheep, the comfort of their environment and the beauty of his garden and grounds all conspired to make one wish that Mr. Buttar would move, bag and baggage, to the United States.

The Shropshire, by the way, is not at all a common sheep in Scotland. Nor is it in England, for

that matter. It is the fancier's sheep, the sheep of export to the United States and to some extent to other regions.

CROPS ON A SCOTCH FARM.

We drove back to Lawton, Mr. Henderson's farm. Every farm of any note in Scotland and England has its name, well known and recognized. Lawton lies close to the mountains, only one or two farms lying between; a great sheep pasture on one of the mountains is rented by Mr. Henderson. His is a productive farm and carefully managed. His land is a loam, mellow and easily tilled but somewhat lacking in lime. Once in every rotation, therefore, he applies fresh-burned ground lime, about half a ton to the acre. His system of rotation is more or less like this: grass for three years, sometimes mowed, sometimes pastured, but usually mown once and afterwards pastured each year; this is plowed and planted to oats or, if very rich, to potatoes. The grass would have been in maybe for three years, and on it would have been fed a great deal of cake and corn. Cake is either linseed or cottonseed cake, broken on the farm. Thus there is a lot of fertility stored, by the decaying grass roots and the droppings of the cattle and sheep. After the oats come turnips, and these also may be heavily manured, and when they are fed off cake will no doubt be fed along with them. Thus the land gets a second big boost.

Barley follows the turnips, and clover seed is

sown with the barley, though it may stand but one year. Potatoes follow the barley, perhaps, and after the potatoes comes the liming; then wheat, with which are laid down the grasses and clovers for a long "lay." I saw in the fields a lot of orchard grass. On the farm there is also some Kentucky bluegrass, which does not seem to monopolize things as it does in the limestone regions of our own country. This is approximately the grass mixture used on Lawton Farm: there were purchased for sowing twenty-seven acres, 288 pounds of perennial rye grass; 300 pounds of Italian rye grass; 27 pounds of meadow foxtail; 135 pounds of orchard grass; 108 pounds of meadow fescue; 27 pounds of evergreen grass; 108 pounds of timothy; 27 pounds of alsike; 81 pounds of red clover; 54 pounds of white; 21 pounds of yellow clover. Total cost, \$152.50.

It is interesting to note that Scottish farmers are liming their fields regularly; whereas in England liming is nearly a lost art. I saw in Kent enormous pits whence had been taken chalk in ancient days, but whence apparently none had been taken for many years. I asked the reason for the cessation of so sound an agricultural practice, and was told that now labor costs more than it once did, and that in consequence to haul chalk miles was expensive; that they now substitute artificial manures for the chalk and dung of earlier days. I suspect that the fathers in their enthusiasm used more chalk than they needed to use, and the sons drew for

some years on the unexhausted supply; now they really need lime and have forgotten the art of applying it.

Lawton Farm is so fertile and productive that I was curious to know its value. In Kent I had found farms selling for from \$50 to \$100 per acre, more or less, and of a quality better than could be had for nearly the same money in America; so I was eager to know how the prices compared in Scotland. This, a very fertile farm almost perfect in its improvement, with very good buildings, Mr. Henderson thought would bring on the market, \$150 per acre. In the United States it would readily bring \$200 per acre. There is something wrong somewhere with land values. The average yield of wheat per acre in Scotland is 35 bushels and the land furnishes grazing for animals nearly the year around. Labor is abundant and very good, and mutton brings about double what it brings us. To my way of thinking, the Scottish farmer, on a good farm, has the better end of it.

One afternoon at Lawton three women cycled up and after resting a while went with Miss Henderson to the splendidly kept tennis court for a game of tennis. I was asked to join, but pled age and infirmity, so I watched them play and chased errant balls. That game of tennis was instructive to me, telling me what right living and a Scottish climate would do for lassies. It was marvelous the way they chased the balls, and the vigor with which they played, for hours. Then after supper they

played again in the long evening twilight as long as light lasted. At tennis any one of those lassies would have tired me out two or three times over. When the game was concluded, or postponed, they cheerily cycled home, nine miles. I tell this not to shame our American girls, but just to show what a cool northern climate, with oats, cream and right living, will enable one to do.

OVER HEATHERY SLOPES.

The next morning Mr. Henderson and I rode before breakfast up the mountain to get the view and see the hill sheep. Early though it was, we met small cartloads of hay drawn by big, sleek, fat Clydesdales; we saw men in the fields beginning their harvest; the air was like wine or finer, and the sun bright. Fields reached a little way up the lower slopes of the mountain; then began the heather. Heather is a low shrub, growing in a dense mat about a foot high. It excludes all else when it gets possession. Now it was covered with the delicate pink and purple blooms, each one a little bell, all making great sheets of color, sometimes acres in extent. Then there were acres that were a brownish-green and acres of grass between which were vividly bright green. When a painter hands you a view in the Scottish mountains do not presume to criticise its colorings; he has found them all, and could have found more by looking at a different season, when there were acres of golden gorse and of yellow broom, for instance. We saw the Black-

faced ewes with their great cross-bred lambs, from Border Leicester rams. They looked larger than their mothers, and were industriously cropping the dewy grass or stopping now and then to nibble the purple honey-flavored heather blooms. Sheep eat a good deal of heather, on occasion; it is a mainstay in winter. Hives of bees set down in the heather were full of activity, and heather honey was rapidly being stored. As we rose higher and higher a glorious panorama outspread below us. The valley we had left lay at our feet, a checkerboard of fields, green or golden, with masses of dark forest, and with stone villages miles away. We gained the summit at last and looked over the other side at another marvelous valley, much like the one we had left. The great river Tay shone in the sun and striding across it was the giant bridge that leads to Dundee. It was all far too lovely and glorious for me to put into words. It explained a lot to me, too, of the reason for the passionate love of the Scots for their homeland; of the strange mixture in the Scot of stern practicality and sentiment. It told me something of how it is that Scotland has sent forth steady streams of good, strong, clean-living men and women—people with high ideals and noble resolves, who have done much to influence the world for good.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.

“Do you see that mountain a little way on, with the level top, Mr. Wing?” asked Mr. Henderson. I assented. “Did ever you hear of a man named

Macbeth then?" "Oh, the man in Shakspeare?" "Yes, the same. Well, Macbeth's castle stood on that hill; the ramparts are there today, and across the valley is Birnam Wood. Do you not see it on the farther slopes? You may recall that it was said that Macbeth's castle would stand until Birnam Wood should march across the valley. It was a sort of prophecy. Well, the soldiers took branches of the trees of Birnam Wood and carried them as living trees, and so hidden they marched across the plain to attack the castle and it fell."

Shakspeare had stood on this very mountain, maybe, and seen these things with his own eyes; had drunk in the scene and seen it in time of storm and darkness, too. Macbeth is no fairy tale; and here in this lovely valley beside the grim mountains, today gay with heather, was the scene of perhaps the most tremendous and terrible setting forth of the workings of the human ambitions and the most terrific lesson of the working of a guilty conscience ever conceived by man. What an old world is this bonnie Scotland. How stern and grim it can be, yet how sweet and smiling and flower-decked it was that day. No wonder the people love it. No wonder they hold fast to its soil, traditions and kindly tongue.

The Scots have a passion for fertility. They enrich their soils in every possible way. I could not but observe that the farm laborers in Scotland are larger, stronger and more efficient than in England. Is that the result of oats and milk, or is it

because they use less alcohol, or is there a combination of reasons difficult to unravel?

Mr. Henderson had turned over to me some of his farm account books, so that I could study his system, and a very perfect one it proved to be. He grazes and feeds a great many cattle and sheep, usually sheep, buying them in the market, fattening them on grass and cake, and selling them again. One of his books was of his own design. Two pages are given to each lot of cattle or sheep; the page to the left has columns for numbers of animals, weights, costs, dates bought and so on. The opposite page has columns for deaths, sales and prices received, with dates for all. Thus each lot of animals is fully accounted for in the one place. A glance shows what they cost, how many were lost, how long it took them to fatten and what they finally brought. The one deficiency seemed to be that no effort was made to estimate the amount of feed that they had consumed. However, the profits seemed often great, far in excess of what we hope to get in America.

THE GARDENS AT LAWTON.

Lawton is a well managed, orderly, fertile place. Two acres or more are given to lawn and garden; the old gardener is also the hostler, a common enough arrangement in that land, and a very capable gardener indeed. I was happy to note the kindness that existed between Miss Henderson and all the servants and laborers—a real deep consider-

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others back to the farms to be fed again. We had luncheon in a pleasant little room overlooking the street where a crowd of farmers had gathered to talk over the events of the day and compare notes as farmers do—a sort of clearing-house of farmer intelligences. Then we jogged home together, the sister and I, in a governess cart half full of parcels that we had bought. On the way we passed through old villages, one with a picturesque green or wide, grassy place between the houses and an ancient cross in its midst—a relic of Roman occupation. Some of the houses were unoccupied and going to decay; the population of the land was less than it was years ago. This no doubt is due to the occupation of our wide prairies and their exports of grain, and the advent in Scotland of the American self-binder, which makes necessary less labor than formerly was in use.

One day there came down from the West Highlands, in full Highland costume, a young barrister brother, J. S. Henderson, a fine, interesting, intelligent type of man, who gave me much information concerning the half-wild Black-face sheep and Highland cattle of the west. That, he told me, was a difficult land of mist and fog and cold, so that only the hardiest animals can endure it.

CROSS-BRED SHEEP IN SCOTLAND.

Scotland is the land of cross-bred sheep. The Black-face ewes come down to the lowland pastures and are put to Border-Leicester rams or to Oxford

rams. Sometimes the half-bred ewe lambs are saved and bred again to similar types of pure-bred rams, the result being a fine, strong lamb that is easily fattened, and its wool is much more desirable than that of the pure Black-face breed. In fact, the Black-face ewe is in existence only because no other breed is so useful as it is for the high, cold, wet, poorly-grassed mountains. Transplanted to other lands, the Black-faces have seldom succeeded. They are wild and almost as intractable as deer, but when brought down to the lowland farms and confined in feeding pens, they soon adapt themselves to their new environment.

Edinboro to me is a place of delights. Princess Street is so picturesque with its park-like cañon on one side, its fine and often interesting buildings on the other side, and the grim old castle looming high on its rock. In Edinboro live the McGregors, and that is distinction enough for one town. I first met Robert McGregor, who is a great artist and a member of the Royal Academy, years ago out at Wedderlie, where he was painting a picture of shepherd life. I was then studying Scottish sheep-farming, and photographing the sheep. Thus we each wearied of our work and rested, walking together in the evenings. Robert McGregor was a genial companion, and together we took long walks over the hills of Wedderlie, exploring old ruined towers where once border-guarding soldiers lay and watched. There was a young daughter, Sally, who, if I must confess it, painted the heads of some of

the figures that her father used in the larger work. Later I called at their home at Portobello, near to the sea, a few miles from Edinboro. There was a snug little stone cottage, a wee lawn in front, a big and unkempt garden at the back, and in the house a mother very full of motherliness. Also there were other daughters. Meaning to make a call of a few minutes only, I spent some exceedingly happy hours there, sitting beside the cheery grate fire, watching the kettle boil and later taking tea with the family. That was years ago.

Four years passed; again I found myself in Edinboro, and when evening came and my work was done, I hied me to the top of the little electric tram cars that go out to Portobello. I almost feared to do it. "All will be changed," said my dismal foreboding. "They will be moved to another part; some will be dead; it will not be as it was." Timidly I rung the bell, that evening in 1907. A rosy maid answered it and to my queries she made reply; "Yes, the McGregors live here; the ladies are at home; will you not step in?" In a few moments I was face to face with the dear little mother and then with Sally. We went to a little studio, all her own, built out in the garden, where I saw the beautiful heads that she was modeling in clay—sketches that she had made here and there in the world and the portraits of children. That night I sat by the cheerful fireside, and at the table shared a meal, and we grew very close together—the old artist with the head of a philosopher, the lovely daugh-

ters, the very good and comforting mother, and myself. Afterward I saw them again, and always they were unalloyed gold. Now was I come once more to Edinboro; again had four years passed over our heads; again timidly I knocked at the well-known door in Portobello.

It seems like a dream as I write it, but if I dreamed true nothing was changed; there still burned the fire upon the hearth; there sat the saintly mother in her accustomed place; there smiled cheery Robert McGregor and there still remained about the board three daughters. Their work went on as it always did; the father paints his fine pictures of still life, putting, it seems to me, more soul into his work than ever, and Sally has her garden studio, and her work is more interesting than ever. Happiness is a sort of vibration, scientists say; well, there was something about this household that awoke deeper, holier vibrations than one feels often in this world. I left the gate of the McGregors feeling as though I was leaving a sacred temple, as though I had been absolved and lifted to higher planes of life and thought.

I have mentioned the McGregor garden; while it was unkempt it nevertheless was a garden of delights. It had the strangest mixture of gooseberries, dwarf apple-trees, lilacs, raspberries, currants, potatoes and pansies, with a wee lawn-like spot in the midst of it, where Sally sometimes would set the table for breakfast. I used to long to get to work on that garden, it sorely needed it; but per-

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haps after I had pruned and digged and trained it would have lost half its charm. I did manage to dig up a place and plant lettuce, radishes and other hardy salad stuffs at the time of my last visit; they wonderingly came up a little before Thanksgiving time and that is all that I know of their ultimate attainment. Before I reached Edinboro I received a charming letter from the McGregors, in which was enclosed a pen sketch of Sally breakfasting in the garden. This seems altogether too good to be wasted, and while naturally the qualities of a girl like Sally can not be presented in a few pen strokes, yet the sketch is good.

IN THE COUNTY OF YORK.

Yorkshire has more acres of land than there are letters in the Bible. I tell this to take away something of the arrogance of my countrymen who imagine America to be all the world and other countries mere outlying fringes. Yorkshire has in its day been a kingdom. It is a great expanse of land that is mostly fertile and well farmed. Still in quest of sheep, I visited a sheep fair at Malton. There I met J. Lett, who showed me the market. He told me that land on the Yorkshire wolds was renting for about \$5 per acre, with "rates" (taxes to tenant) at about 60 cents per acre. The farms are large, averaging perhaps 800 acres (not counting small holdings). Many farmers were buying land at from \$55 to \$200 per acre. A farm of 800 acres would carry about 350 Leicester ewes.

These might be crossed with Hampshire or Lincoln rams. The Lincoln, pure-bred, does not, however, find favor in Yorkshire except in certain spots.

A Yorkshire shepherd has \$5 per week, with a cottage and garden. In the summer he cares for 500 or more sheep, going to them on horseback. In winter they are folded on the turnips; then a man is given 200 to care for, but he must clean and cut the "neeps" for the "hoggets" or coming-yearling lambs. The old ewes eat their neeps uncut. In summer they run on clover on the wolds or on crops sown for their use. They go fat to market in the spring when they are about a year old; some are kept at home to replace the ewes of the flock that are sent away. The ewes are not kept past four years. Leicester ewes give an increase of 125 lambs to 100 ewes. The fat yearlings usually bring \$6.30 each and upward, and their 11 pounds of wool is worth about \$2.40.

Farmers in Yorkshire are making money, thinks Mr. Lett, but not so rapidly as in the '60's. London imports about 82 per cent of its meats. Mr. Lett said that the usual wage scale of Yorkshire would be for a head wagoner \$140 per year, with board; for the second man, \$120 and so on down to about \$100. The foreman or "hind" boards the men and receives for this about \$1.90 to \$2.15 per week for such service. A boy begins at 14 years of age with \$45 per year, advancing to \$75 per year with board, by the time he is nearly grown. We discussed the breaking up of the large farms and the creation of

small holdings. Mr. Lett did not think there was much chance of profit in operating a fifty-acre farm, unless one were a market gardener.

At Fimber I saw Mr. M. His farm is high up on the chalk and of its 800 acres he plows 660. I had never before seen so thin a soil under the plow; go down six inches and one would be in clear white chalk over a large area. Shallow plowing is therefore the rule. Mr. M. keeps 330 Leicester ewes and sells from them yearly 400 lambs. He said that this soil would not be at all productive if it were not trodden down often by sheep. He gave me an inventory of the men and animals needed to operate his farm. There were 20 Shire work horses, sixteen men for the 800 acres. He paid his foreman \$210 per year with vegetables for him and his men, and beer for the men, and \$40 extra per man for boarding them. His married laborers each received about \$4.30 per week with a cottage and garden. Sometimes they were given piece-work so that they could make larger earnings. Each of twelve single men had from \$90 to \$150 per year, with board. Two shepherds received \$120 each, and one \$160 per year, and two cattlemen received each \$2.40 per week, with board. I was especially interested to know the number of men employed and the rates of their wages, because it gives one a basis for comparing conditions. One man is kept to each fifty acres. This surely is not an extravagant or excessive number. The wages are of course much lower than in the United States, as will be readily seen.

THE RETURNS FROM A FARM FLOCK.

To resume the account of the farm practices, the lambing is late in March and the ewes are shorn in May. As the sheep are on the wolds, in hurdles, during the winter their wool becomes so muddy it must be washed, or else suffer a dock of a shilling to the fleece. For two years the wool had brought about 20 cents a pound. The ewes clip an average weight of $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and the yearlings or "boggs" 10 to 12 pounds. Sometimes the ewes are mated with rams of some other breed. Bred to Oxford rams their lambs are big, growthy and shear finely; when mated with Hampshire rams the lambs are heavier and fatten more rapidly; when bred to Lincoln rams the lambs are larger. "This is Leicester ground, not Lincoln ground," said Mr. M., and added: "Providence put the sheep where we find them: Lincolns in Lincolnshire and Leicesters here; it is wrong to attempt to change them." The Lincolns do not thrive on the wolds, as they do on the level, flat, rich pastures of Lincolnshire to which they are so well adapted.

This is the land where American "cake" linseed and cottonseed is bought and fed. Mr. M. begins feeding cake in the fall and continues lightly to feed it until turnips are ready, when he may drop the cake for a time. Usually, however, he feeds it throughout the winter. Cake costs for cottonseed about \$30 per ton, with linseed cake as high as \$50. Mr. M. feeds more or less maize, mixed with broken cake. It has been found that the crops that

follow feeding cake on the land are very much better than those following maize feeding.

The way they manage the turnip feeding is to make small enclosures temporary and movable on the turnip field, holding about 150 lambs each. In these "nets" are placed troughs, and turnips are cut in the troughs for the lambs. They also eat what they please of the turnips on the ground. The lambs are but one day on the ground, going the next day to a fresh enclosure, and ewes follow them to clean up the turnips that they may have left. If then cake is fed with the turnips, the land rapidly is enriched, since the sheep carry away nothing except what may be added to their weight. It is one of the best turnip-growing regions in England. Mr. M. practices the following rotation of crops: Grass, which is plowed and sown to oats or wheat, followed by turnips; then oats or barley, again with grass seeds. Red clover, white clover, yellow trefoil and Italian rye grass are sown. The meadow clover lies but one year; then the land goes again to wheat or oats, this because the nature of the soil is such that it does not hold grasses well, being shallow and calcareous.

His yields were: wheat, 32; oats, 56; and barley 32 bushels per acre. He applies for grain about 480 pounds of basic slag or 420 pounds of bonemeal per acre, or sometimes acid phosphate 480 pounds, and for the turnips adds a complete fertilizer containing nitrogen. "If we do not get roots on this land we get poor corn," said Mr. M. "The land

must be trampled by sheep to give good crops. We plow only three inches deep, but then we plow three times. Our subsoil is practically entirely chalk. We must have the land solid for turnips here." Mr. M.'s great-grandfather was a tenant on this farm; in fact, it has been occupied by his family for more than 200 years. Rentals are less today than they were thirty years ago. During most years he lays by some money, but never any large sum. He has gone behind as much as \$5,000 in one bad year. It requires intense and anxious care on his part to keep the men usefully employed, the sheep thriving and to make money enough to pay his rent and have a surplus.

Mr. M. has a comfortable big brick farmhouse with a delightful old garden in front. I could not but observe how his expense is increased by custom. For instance, the men were hauling grain to the stacks, using large and powerful horses, but the wagons were equipped with such small beds that they held not half an American load. The wagons were stronger than ours, yet so clumsily equipped as to destroy half their efficiency. The forks that the men used were also clumsy, compared with American forks, and I felt that I could have organized the equipment, changed the procedure of the men and secured an efficiency a half greater.

From Mr. M.'s very complete and practical everyday farm I went to Beverly, a beautiful country town, driving out from there to Robert Fisher's farm, where a sale of Lincoln sheep was in progress.

My chief memories of that place are of the intelligent, good-humored people who assembled and the rather spirited bidding for the sheep. The prices paid were not so large as was expected, reaching \$150 to \$200, but there was an absence of Argentine buyers. Thence I went to Hull, where I crossed the wide estuary of the river Humber, to New Holland, thence down a little way to Great Grimsby, ending in a pleasant inn what had been a happy and busy day. Let me quote:

“It is midsummer. A purple haze shrouds the distant forests. The meadows wave on the slopes and the fields of wheat and barley are whitening to the harvest. Up through the thin barley of the chalky soil on the hillside masses of scarlet poppies thrust their shameless heads. Mowers rattle drowsily behind the hedge; up in the field men and boys busily cock the long-cut hay. It is the harvest moon, but the fickle rain god lingers near, and experimentally sprinkles the wilting grass to see if it cannot be revived again. Up on the swelling height a great windmill lifts its arms lazily above the trees and yawns and stretches itself as it deliberately turns the golden corn into snowy flour.

“The miller must be asleep just now, you avow; it is pleasing to think of his opportunities for rest and reflection. Young rabbits nibble the short grass beside the hedge. A wood-pigeon emits its harsh, hoarse note. Under the trees great Lincoln lambs recline, and others are out feeding. It is a time of rare delight—not hot, not cold, not wet, not dry—a

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time rich, ripe, ready, when all things seem to say: 'We are here; we are in our perfection; come see the depths and greenness and riotousness of my woodlands; come, lie on my sunny slopes; go where you will, you find me prepared for you.'

"And this is Lincolnshire, famous in song and story, rich in historic association; Lincolnshire of old Boston; Lincolnshire wrested from the sea in the fenlands; Lincolnshire famous as a cattle and sheep breeding country. And I am at historic old Grimsby town where the fishing boats make haven and the timber yards remind one of the forests of our own Northwest. Henry Dudding meets me in his hearty bluff way, and we go to the cattle market. It is Monday morning. Farmers have brought in to be sold some hundreds of sheep, fat from grass alone; lambs that have had some cake with their grass, and some dozen of fairly fleshed cattle, a few prime good ones. They are standing in the little pens of iron, on hard concrete floor. The auctioneers are working away; the cows and bullocks are sold separately at auction. It is a slow process, but there is time enough. Local butchers do the bidding and prices vary greatly, even more than they would with us for similar classes of cattle. Sheep were bringing as much as \$13.20 each; cattle as high as \$90.

"Mr. Dudding put me into his cart and bade me good-bye; he was off to the Lincoln show. The smart lad who drove me was dressed in immaculate knee breeches and gaiters—those wonderful

English knee breeches that have so much room where it may be most needed. The lad was very proud of those 'knickers,' and I was glad he wore them. It makes one rejoice that he lives to drive through an English country in summer-time and see all the richness and peace and tranquil beauty. We went a little out of our way to pass the farm where William Torr once lived and bred his cattle, and where he had his famous sale back in 1875, when he sold eighty-four Short-horns for \$214,595. All the Torrs are gone from here now; some are stock-farmers in Africa, Australia and America. There were fine red steers feeding across the road from the old Torr house; it seemed as though the spirit of the old cattle might have come back there, and so I photographed them as they stood. Many cattle are grazed there now—some are good ones, too.

AN HISTORIC FARM.

“Passing a beautiful and well cared-for old stone church, passing a finely forested bit of park, turning into well-kept fields, back a short distance from the road, to a great house set about with shrubs and flowers and trees, we were at Riby Grove. Mr. Abrams, the genial young factor, met me and we spent the day walking over the place, watching the sheep and cattle and the hay-making and the shepherds. There are about 700 acres in Riby Grove. It keeps 1,000 ewes and fattens each year about 200 cattle. There are some 140 Short-horns also. We know of the Dudding cattle right well,

but it is the fame of the sheep that chiefly has attracted me. Not that the cattle are not excellent; they have attained wide fame and honor; but the sheep have done wonderful things, and one wishes to see a flock that has produced a ram selling for \$5,000 and many selling for almost as much. I do not know that I was there long enough to 'catch on' to know how it was all done; but a study of the old shepherd told me a great deal. He is a man with a big brain, a big heart and a big lot of perseverance. He is a serious and almost a stern man. I have an idea bluff, willful Henry Dudding finds that shepherd fully his match, and that the shepherd has his way many a time. The shepherd, by the way, has his large pretty brick cottage better than many well-to-do land-owners have in America. He has his assistants; he is a fixture, as much so as the sheep. That is one of the secrets of this land of wonderful results in breeding. The men stay; they are devoted to their charges and to their masters' interests. Men with the caliber of Henry Dudding's shepherd would soon be independent land-owners and employers of others in America. How are we in America to unriddle this riddle?

"What a lot of cake these men feed. Pure-bred cattle on grass, lambs on grass and shearing rams on grass, all have their bite of cake (linseed or cottonseed meal pressed into thin sheets and broken at the farm). Hurdling is only a little practiced at Riby Grove. The yearling rams are in the hurdles on grass; they have sheds and get mangels and a

bit of cake. The ewes are away now on grass lands near the marshes. The lambs are on fresh grass pasture, white with clover. They raise sheep in Lincolnshire in such a way as would be impossible of imitation with us. We could not keep lambs healthy on such old grass, nor do they always succeed. Some years they too have losses from parasitism.

“The value of the Lincoln sheep lies in its size, its sturdiness, its good mutton form and its wonderful fleece. Lincoln wool is not so exceedingly valuable in its pure state; it ranks coarser than the Shropshire and finer than Cotswold wool, but when Lincoln sheep are crossed on Merino blood, the wool is wonderful, both in amount and quality. There are few breeds so well adapted to crossing on the Merino when wool and mutton are taken into consideration. This fact has caused the great importation of Lincoln rams into the Argentine. They have taken them down by the hundreds. They have taken enough of them down there so that Argentine mutton is far and away ahead of what we send to London. There is no doubt that a widespread infusion of Lincoln blood into our ranges would be worth much to our people.”

The foregoing was written during my first visit in 1903. And it is still true, only the skies have temporarily changed. Lincolnshire was hot and dry, as seemed all the northern world. Still was Henry Dudding, prince among sheep breeders, the same genial man whom I knew so many years ago. The old shepherd, a master of sheep indeed, was with

him. It is not a wonder that Englishmen can do such great things in the way of breeding when they can call to their command such men as this—men who in America would be their own masters and like as not millionaires in the bargain. Well, Henry Dudding had a bit of a grouch against the world in general. Mutton, he thought, was ruinously low; he had had to sell good “hogs” (yearlings) for from \$7.20 to \$9.60 each. Then he had paid for his corn 79 cents for our bushel of 56 pounds. There is not much profit in that, certainly. To grow turnips cost fully \$75 per acre, he said. Mr. Dudding rents altogether more than 2,200 acres; his average rental was slightly more than \$5 per acre.

They were cutting oats, a marvelously heavy cutting, and yet they had not lodged, as they would with us. The heads were full of plump grain, but in the stubble there were no young clovers. The drouth had killed them. Even the field peas had failed because of heat and drouth, but the wheat was rarely good. With the old shepherd, I made the rounds of some of the nearby pastures, seeing the behemoth “lambs,” each lot getting its bite of cake and corn in troughs on the grass. Mr. Dudding talked of the old days when his father was alive and soil-building work was vigorously going on. Then they took the chalk out from under the soil (great pits are left whence it came) and spread it over the fields at the rate of twenty or more cartloads to the acre. The frost made the chalk fall to pieces; it became mixed with the soil when it was plowed;

then clovers and grass would grow on land that was barren before. "Our lands needs chalking again, all of it," declared Mr. Dudding. "It does not grow clovers as it ought—not as it did in my father's day."

He buys ground lime and applies it to the land, a half-ton to the acre once in the rotation, doing this because it is easier than to take chalk out from under the fields. The Lincolnshire rotation is barley or oats with which will be sown "seeds;" that is, grass and clovers, usually rye-grass and alsike, red and white clovers; then wheat or oats, followed by turnips and then with good fertilization barley and seeds again. Manure is applied liberally when the land is laid down to grass. This is a lesson to us in America.

With Mr. Dudding I drove over breezy highlands, beside a noble bit of forest, to see a small farmer whose farm is all on the upland. As we drove along, I remarked a curious thing: the whole country was new. That is, nothing appeared to be older than, say fifty or sixty years. Farms, farmsteads, houses and churches—not one was old, and the fields were rather large and square. "Why, Mr. Dudding, this looks like a new piece of country." "Well, it is a new country, Mr. Wing. When I was a lad there was not a fence anywhere hereabout, nor a house, nor a cultivated field." "Why, what was the reason of that, I wonder?" "The land was too poor to support anyone, Mr. Wing. There were gorse bushes scattered about, and poor, thin grass

between them. Gypsies came here to camp and to pasture their ponies and donkeys. I came here when I was a lad to shoot wild rabbits. Only about fifty years ago did they begin the work of redeeming this land." "My! I am glad that you have told me this. Now please tell me how the land was made fertile."

"It was done with chalk, first of all," Mr. Dudding said. "Men mined it out from under the soil and put it on with wheelbarrows. I do not know how much they put on, but I should guess that it was at least forty tons to the acre. Before that, the soil was sour; that is why it was barren. After the chalking, it was plowed and given a heavy dressing of bonemeal—at least 1,000 pounds to the acre. Then clovers and grass and grain were grown, the fields were fenced, farmsteads built and men have gone on farming it as you see today."

It was an amazing story. It had every look of a prosperous, fertile land, teeming with grass and clover, with very good grain indeed if one could judge by the great stacks. I should say that there must be thousands of square miles of poor land in eastern America that could be redeemed in similar manner, but not so easily, because we do not often find chalk or soft limestone underlying our farms. We must buy the harder limestones ground, or use burned lime, but it is convincing to see that the whole problem of soil-building and maintaining fertility was understood fifty years ago in England and it is doubtful whether the present

generation of farmers is as thorough a one as that which preceded it.

On the hill we found W. H. Stanewell of Swallowmount. He keeps 210 Lincoln ewes and breeds them to Hampshire rams. He feeds the lambs a bit of cake all summer, about one-half pound a day to each one, and in January he sells them, getting many times \$15 per head for them, but he thinks he will now do well to get \$10. He was busy in his wheat-stacking, as were most of the neighboring farmers. We met Matthew Addison, a great tenant-farmer, renting 3,500 acres and keeping about 1,650 sheep.

IN SUNNY FRANCE.

“Sunny France” proved sunny indeed. Something had gone wrong with the weather; all Europe was burning with fierce heat and drouth. America suffered similarly, but there it was not felt so keenly, because in America one expects heat and drouth in summer. Along the railway to Paris, the wheat-fields were burning, the pastures yellow and short and when automobiles dashed along the highway, they raised great clouds of dust. All Europe seemed in a fever induced perhaps by sleepless nights in stifling chambers. All the railway employes in England had been called on strike; true, they dared not go out and did not go out, but there were frightful undercurrents of murmurings in nearly every land. In France, the housewives, enraged at the cost of bread and meat, gathered in mobs that

wrecked bakeries and sacked butchers' shops. The soldiers of France were called out to save the purveyors of foods from the Amazonian women of the land. In England, my sympathies were all with the railway strikers. I devoutly wished that they might all strike; then they would surely win. It was for so small a minimum wage that they asked—less than \$6.50 per week for the carters, if I remember correctly, and the press of Great Britain thundered at the poor fellows as though their striking had been a crime. I could not but think that to pay their labor more in Great Britain would at once prove a partial or complete cure for their "hard times," for then the men would have money with which to buy, and to keep factories running. Mainly because of fear that they would lose their service pensions, the men did not go out; the strike was a failure.

A FEW DAYS IN PARIS.

Paris was a veritable furnace. London had been terrible. In no American city have I ever suffered such exhaustion from heat as I did in Paris in August, 1911. For some reason, heat in Europe is more depressing in its effect than it is in America. I do not know why, unless there is in Europe more moisture in the air; one reason doubtless is that European rooms are not commonly so airy as are American. In Paris I lived for a few days with two American friends, artists—James and Edna Hopkins. I was lucky to find them living there, be-

cause James Hopkins was a farmer's son in Ohio before he became an artist of note, and he was glad to go with me to the country for a few days as my interpreter. Meanwhile, during my stay in their very charming studio home, I learned several things of interest. First let me mention that I learned the pleasure that comes from real simple living. The Hopkinses did not always keep a servant; while I was with them they were without one. In all household duties, each took part, with the result that little time was wasted in "housekeeping." Both are artists and both hard workers at their profession.

We used to get up early in the morning, while it was fairly cool, and I would sally out to find fruit for the morning meal. Paris has myriads of little shops, where one buys tomatoes, melons, peaches, butter and eggs. Some of these shops are better than others, and some of the women who keep them have reputations for greater honesty than do others.

One learns after a time where to buy. Here one can buy an egg, a tomato or a pear; I think he could even buy a cherry, although I never tried; but he evokes no smile if he buys one egg, one pear or one tomato. It is a land of retail dealing in minute quantities. I found prices much as they would be with us—perhaps a little dearer. A cantaloupe cost 40 cents, the dearest thing that I bought. A few tomatoes, weighed, of course, cost 20 cents. Bread was not dear, though dearer than with us; good butter was very dear. One morning I bought 20 cents worth for breakfast and ate nearly all of

it myself at that meal, and I am considered a small eater. One could get delicious unsalted butter at these little markets.

When I would return to the studio, I would find breakfast ready and awaiting me. It consisted of oatmeal, coffee, toast and fruit. We did a lot of talking between bites; for we had ideas to burn, aching to be aired. It took about fifteen minutes to do the breakfast things; then we were at liberty to do the real work of the day. Luncheon at mid-day was an ideal meal, it seemed to me. Mrs. Hopkins prepared it and it consisted usually of one thing only, with usually fruit as dessert. To prepare one dish is not dreadfully hard work, nor does it mean a great lot of utensils to clean up. In the evening we went to some restaurant. Thus the housekeeping did not much break into the Hopkins' time and they were free to work. I could never see why women ordinarily prepare so many varieties of food at one time; one, two, or at the most three, should do as well, varying from day to day. I suppose that James Hopkins' time was very valuable to himself, yet to get out into the country he consented to become again my interpreter. Once before he had acted in that capacity, years ago, and I must here tell of that experience.

IN LA PERCHE.

I had been for weeks traveling alone through Europe. For days I was in France, where I wandered about mostly by myself, unable to

speak with the people because of not understanding their language. I had been happy, but yet I was lonely. It suddenly occurred to me, "Why, here, I need not longer be lonely; in Paris, not far off, are two dear friends, James R. Hopkins and his wife. I will telegraph them; they shall come down and spend Sunday with me." The telegram was sent. The answer came back that they would be on the Sunday morning train. A thrill of joy went through me as I read their telegram. That night I slept well; my very dreams were happy ones; my sub-consciousness was possessed with the idea that only very good things were going to happen to me. I awoke early and lay awhile planning the day. Everything I planned was tinged with joy. I was resolved that this should be a red-letter day of my life. Bells called from the great church nearby. I got up and went out into the street. Women and a few men were hurrying along to early service—to some mass as I supposed. I followed them and going into the vast old church, dropped on my own knees and sought to attune my own soul to the universe, meanwhile remembering my loved ones in America.

After breakfast I was again in the street. There were many children, dressed alike, the little girls in long white veils, with wreaths of white flowers on their heads. The veils were like brides' veils. They were going towards the old church. It was evidently the great day of their first communion. I followed them and found a place in a great church

packed with people. The children were kneeling together at the front in the chancel. The service proceeded. The music was grand, reaching the soul; the words of the chanting I did not know. We remained constantly on our knees, on little foot-stools provided. The fatherly old priest did his mysterious acts at the altar where many candles blazed. The flock of white-veiled little girls and the quiet and subdued little boys kneeled in their places. The attitude of all that vast mass of people was one of love for those children. One could look back over one's own life and see the blotches in it and pray. But what is this happening? The old priest has taken a tall candle and lit it from the lights of the altar. He comes with it to the group of assembled children. He smiles tenderly and upon them. Now you see that each child has a candle, long and white; the good old priest holds his lighted one down and the little ones lean theirs toward his and seek to get a light. When once a few of theirs are lit the others lean theirs toward that one and seek to borrow each one his own light. Some little trembling hands fail to hold their candles still enough to catch the flame. Motherly women hovering near come to steady the little hands till they have secured their coveted lights. Some of the candles lose their fire and must be lit again by trembling hands.

The beauty and significance of it all overwhelmed me; tears came to my eyes. "Ah," I cried; "was it not always so? Do we not all take our light from one another? Is it not hard to get

our candles properly lit, and do they not go out oft-times and need to be lit again?" It was a scene of wonderful beauty—the vast, dim old church, with its histories of human life and human hopes and human suffering and human joy; the vast concourse of people, come together because of their love of children, and their desire to live better lives. The children, just as children are everywhere, were merry, innocent and mischievous. They were just at life's threshold, timidly entering, hesitant, shy, half afraid, helped as much as any one can be helped by those who had gone on years and years ago, but who, after all, may have been less wise than the little ones themselves.

I came away from the old church before the close of the service, because it was near train time, and with a heart stirred down well to its deepest depths I hastened to the railway station. The train drew in, on time, and at a window stood and beckoned to me Edna and James Hopkins. I pushed eagerly through the crowd and seized their hands. I should have liked well enough to hug them, so glad was I to see them. This gladness seemed something physical; all my nerves and muscles awakened, eager to do something to give my old friends joy.

We walked through the quaint streets of the old town of Nogent-le-Rotrou. It seemed to me that I owned the place, in a way; as though I had lived long there. What happiness it was to point out to my friends this old church and that old castle and this or that quaint street or market square.

We all went chatting along together, like happy children, asking questions, telling little incidents and revealing ourselves to one another as men and women rarely do save in times when they are very glad.

DRIVING IN RURAL FRANCE.

Then we secured two carriages and an interpreter and the interpreter's fat wife, and drove ten miles over a lovely road, over hills—like the hills that lie between my home and Urbana; only these hills were longer and the road incomparably fine. Along the way there were meadows and wheatfields, full of flowers, great masses of poppies in bloom, roses, violets, and many sorts of lovely flowers. Our carriages were drawn by sedate Percheron horses that walked slowly up the hills; we sprang out and gathered armloads of flowers and took them with us. We gathered other armloads of fresher ones, then regretfully lay those first gathered by the roadside. We passed through wonderful green, dense, shaded and mysterious woodlands, and by picturesque cottages. We came at last to a quaint old village, high upon the hills, a village where a horse fair was in progress. It was a great fete or holiday. The streets were decorated with little pine trees set as though growing, with flags and streamers; the people had come in donkey carts and fine carriages and afoot, till all the streets were full. We got seats in the little inn, where we talked more soberly of home and dear ones and of life in its new

aspects; and after a time enjoyed a dinner that was served by that best sauce, a ravenous appetite, for it was now about two o'clock. No marring incident befell us, and when that night I pressed the pillow with my face, it was with the consciousness that I had spent one of the happiest days of my life and that I was still happy, for my friends lay near me in the adjoining room.

I have heard that it was wicked to be happy. I do not believe it; I think that to be happy is to be good. Well do I recall the following day; all my life it will remain with me. James M. Fletcher had asked Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and me to go with him that day on his rounds among the Percheron breeders. We must start at daybreak. We had a good machine and a good chauffeur; the roads were perfect. From Nogent we sped up a long slope; below us the valleys lay stretched out, half hidden in the morning mist, like a bride behind her white veil—beautiful, smiling, verdant valleys, dotted with trees and studded with homesteads. We kept the wide, straight, white road, all perfectly clear to the extreme edges of the grass that bordered it, with no ditches along it, only grassy slopes and a little rise of turf, like a sweet potato ridge at the extreme edge, marking its boundary. These roads were designed by Napoleon, planning a hard, white center for his cavalry and artillery. The grassy sides were for his foot soldiers. Sometimes we flew along avenues of poplars and cottonwoods for miles; then we would come to a mile or more of apple trees,

planted by the roadside. They have a way there of putting apple and pear trees in nurseries and training them to grow with straight, upright stems about ten feet high, strong enough to resist cattle; then they are transplanted to pastures or roadsides for shade, and from their apples, both cider and brandy are made.

It was pleasant, this swift skimming along through the delightful green world. We passed by picturesque houses and farms and the old villages all too swiftly. One would like to linger at a thousand spots that we espied that day. Our chauffeur tried to be careful and considerate toward all the motorists and others whom met or passed, and it was interesting to see how differently our approach was taken by the various animals and humankind. Very sensibly the horses usually paid us no manner of attention. Donkeys (the old women were going to market in donkey carts by the scores), were more unruly, and some of them brought us to an abrupt stop, since they stubbornly refused to get out of the way. One donkey, with more than animal intelligence, backed his cart squarely crossways of the road and stood there, the personification of stubbornness, completely barring the way, while the woman, with much excited talking, made a hurried dismount with her precious eggs and butter. The things that she said to that donkey with her face close to his imperturbable ear would be interesting to read if they could be translated. Another donkey stood dreamily in the road, crossways, complete-

ly blocking it, and gazing at us with supercilious indifference, as though to say, "All right; come on; if you care to wreck a \$5,000 automobile on a \$20 donkey, I am willing to be the goat."

We paid heed to the cows, however, since one can never tell in which direction they may dodge at the last moment, and when we neared a flock of roadside sheep our chauffeur came fairly to a standstill, explaining that while sheep looked innocent they were, from his viewpoint, "the very devil."

AT A FRENCH FARMER'S HOME.

Village after village flew past us until at last we stopped at the farm of M. August Tacheau, where we inspected many splendid Percheron horses. Then M. Tacheau in his own automobile accompanied us, and we sped on past more tiny farming villages, until we reached the farm of M. Dejours. Here again we stopped, while stallion after stallion was brought out for our inspection. All of them were in perfect order, all perfectly groomed and all posed for us as though they had practiced posing since colthood, which, in truth, they had. Mr. Fletcher's eye soon noted the best ones; the others were returned to their stables. Then followed a season of dickering, after which certain of the best were booked for American pastures. While the men were dickering over the purchases, we three explored the farm. It was a place of about 400 acres, which is unusually large for the Perche country,

and also, which is unusual, it was a rented place. Beside the horses it had grand Normandy cows, full of milk and beef. There was a great courtyard of which the dwelling house and horse stables made one side and the cow stables another side, and a long building holding hay, carts, chickens, rabbits and farm laborers made the third side. Within this court there were chickens, newly hatched and not yet allowed to run (if they ever are, I do not know it); turkeys, ducks and an enormous pile of manure. A new barn was building. The roof was framed together just as are church roofs, tremendously strong, being of the trunks of trees hewn to a sort of shape, yet retaining the natural curves of the trees. On this roof tiles were being laid, and between posts it would be filled with other tiles, then given a coating of plaster. This barn will be in good repair 600 years from today.

We went into the house and into a fine old living room, which was also the kitchen. It was beautifully neat and clean, having the invariable immense fireplace where things were cooked. A small dining-room was probably used only when there were guests with the family, for the common dining table was in the room with the fireplace. Out on the upland meadows was sainfoin ("holy hay") in full bloom and all aglow with its red spikes of pea-like blooms, ready for the mower, and making the richest of hay. It was a beautiful field. We sped to the famous farm of A. Lefeuvre, and here we saw our ideal of what a country place ought to

be, in France or elsewhere. There was a great court, perhaps 300 feet in diameter, flanked by great stone barns on the sides, and the dwelling, occupying one side in the center, but not attached to the barns, though commanding all. Here was spread out before our eyes a wonderful array of horses, all blacks but one; he was a gray. Every horse was in perfect condition, in high flesh, with a shining coat, full of life and action. We went into the stables to see what they were fed, and learned that oats, bran, barley and green forage made their ration. Alfalfa or sainfoin, one or the other, the horses must have, and some men told us that one was the better; some that it was the other.

What a parade of horses that was. Their master was as much of a show to us as the horses. He was a man of splendid energy and activity. How he marshalled, commanded and disported them! America produces strong men, but I have never seen one quite the equal of A. Lefevre, fils. He is in earnest, full of tireless energy, intelligent and has the same sort of intuition that is given only to painters, sculptors and great breeders. At last the bargaining was done, or put off till another day, and the impatient madame ushered us into the dining-room to partake of our long-delayed breakfast. Indeed we were ready for it, seeing that it was now past one o'clock and we had fasted since the evening before. What a breakfast that was. Beginning with delicious soup, hard, crusty sweet bread, yellow butter that tasted like the sweetest cream, a

lobster as large as a groundhog, fresh asparagus and a peacock roasted in some miraculous manner that left a part of its glorious feathers unsinged—oh, what's the use trying to describe a meal like that, attended to by people with appetites like ours?

THROUGH A FRENCH FOREST.

Afterward we rode through more green and lovely country, and picturesque villages, and over great cool uplands, with too poor a soil to produce the greatest horses, for horses grow best from pastures rich in lime. The roads seemed to prefer to climb to the high ridges and keep there, and there also we found many little villages. We noted the smiling valleys stretched out below us, far as the eye could reach, all dotted with trees and picturesque gables of farms. In the poorer soil of the highlands grew beeches and birches, and all the vegetation was unlike that of the rich valleys. Gorse, broom and even heather appeared along the way, with all manner of blossoming things. The farms grew rye and oats, and colts were not much seen in the pastures. At last, with no warning, we wound about through a sleepy little village where men had an old sawmill; just beyond we entered a forest, vast, deep, solemn, ancient and honorable forest—a dim, shady, mysterious, temple-like forest, where one could look afar between straight and lofty stems of oak and beech. Not a fallen branch lay on the earth. It was a forest that one felt had always been there, made by the very spirit of the hills, of magic,

compelling wonder, love and half-fear, where to clear or despoil would indeed be sacrilege. At first, I dreaded lest we should, with our swift-running machine, dash hastily through and be done; but no fear; we sped on and on through the dim, silent aisle of the white road, straight as an arrow, little traversed yet perfect as a city street. Here and there we passed narrow intersecting wood roads that went into the further depths. We met teams coming out laden with spoil of logs and of wood, but for mile after mile the road stretched. In the very heart of the forest we came to a greater national highway, finer than one of our good park roads, with green and close-cropped grass along its edges. It was a wide, straight, white highway; along it streamed an endless procession of wagons and carriages, donkey carts and people on foot. There was a great spring in the green depths, walled ages ago with stone, and near by was a summer house where picnickers loitered, but did not mar nor deface. We drank at the fount and then passed on, as one passes from a dream into waking life again. We had seen a forest, a state forest, a well-managed, profitable, eternal forest that belonged to all the people of France—such, let us hope, as we may see in our own land some day. This was the forest of Belleme. I hope that it will endure for thousands of years, growing trees and silences and cool places and emotions that touch the heart of man and make him reverent and grateful and happy.

My friends went back to their work in Paris,

and with Mr. Fletcher and Ernest Perriot I went from farm to farm, looking at the colts at the sides of farmers' mares—one at this farm, two there, three at another place. Each colt had been sired by one of M. Perriot's horses; he therefore felt a special interest in it, as it was his right to purchase it if the colt showed quality. We saw the mares usually at work, some of them at hard work, and in thin flesh; more often they were gently worked, and were in fine order. The better the pastures the better the mares and their colts. At one farm a lad above a barn on a hillside was plowing. I went to turn a furrow for him. The soil was a stiff clay, like the soils of limestone in central Ohio, but so well manured that it was filled with earthworms. In an adjoining field was alfalfa. The mares took their work steadily and easily, and were never hurried. The land had already had one plowing, and this was the second, so often given in France. I observed the tranquil manners of the great mares and knew that they were quite unused to blows or sharp cries. Just below us in the stable the colts were munching green clovers and sound, dry oats. The men never forget their charges. At every opportunity there is a kind word, a rubbing of noses, a patting and caressing that the colts enjoyed. One could put one's hand on any part of the little animal, and it showed neither resentment nor fear.

* * *

There, that was written five years ago; it introduces us to France and to my friends, the Hopkinses.

We will go afield with them presently. I think the French farmer of the best type is the most successful in the world. He is close to his work, his soil, his animals and his men. Rich he may be, and highly educated, yet he never seems to leave off his personal touch with the soil itself. The British farmer is more or less of a "gentleman;" he delegates the work to foremen and himself goes driving off to the market, where he may spend many hours at the inn, while a bailiff wrestles feebly with the problem of pushing the farm work. It is not so with the French farmer; he is "on the job" all the time, sternly practical, and a devout lover of fertility, good crops and good animals. Usually, however, the Englishman excels in adorning the home grounds, planting lawns and parks and all that; the Frenchman is too sternly practical to do much along that line. The French farmer is a pastmaster of soils and leguminous crops.

GLIMPSES OF A FRENCH FARM.

It was in 1903 that I first secured a letter to M. E. Delacour of Gouzangrez. I recall with keen pleasure all the circumstances of that first visit. M. Delacour came himself to Paris to fetch me to his place. He was a stalwart, courtly, handsome man, and his clothes were not at all farmer-like. We went out together on the little train that runs out to Us; he did not speak English nor I French, yet we managed to converse all the way. We did it in sign language. I had lived once among the

Ute Indians. We would look out of the car windows and see a field all a-bloom with riotous clovers, or a field waving with glorious wheat; then we would point to it and smile and wave our hands appreciatively. We would see some sort of farm practice that did not look good to us; thereat we would frown and shake our fists. I had not the least idea when we should find an interpreter, knowing only that M. Delacour had asked that I should not take one with me. We alighted and entered a fine carriage, drawn by two beautiful horses, and drove out over the plain on a moisty, misty half-sunny morning. Soon M. Delacour with smiles and gestures told me that we had entered upon his domain. The first field that I recall was of wheat, being harvested by American binders, each one drawn by two yokes of splendid oxen. The wheat stood level with the backs of the oxen, a thick, shining, yellow mass of it and not fallen to earth. As the wheat was taken away, the stubble was green with young clovers and alfalfa. Beyond the wheatfield lay the meadow, and here eight men mowed the rich, rank grass and clovers, all a-bloom. They used scythes with wide, sharp blades and straight snathes. I got out of the carriage to try my skill with the scythes, and so sharp were they that I did quite good work, it seemed to me, until the old man laughingly took the tool away from me and showed me how much more skillfully he could use it than I. As fast as the grain was mown, it was raked together by women and tied up in tiny shocks, which were close-set, so that the

rain that fell frequently just then would not bleach it. Of this, I am sure, I had never before seen so great a burden of grass, clover and alfalfa together upon a piece of land.

SUGAR BEETS AND SHEEP.

Beyond the meadow we came to a field of sugar beets. Short, strong men worked in the beets, hoeing them with an abandon and a fury hard to comprehend until I learned that they were Belgian laborers, and that they all worked at piece work and not by the day. The beets were luxuriant; their dark green leaves covered the earth. We drove through the narrow streets of an old stone-built village; the houses were occupied by laborers who did the work of the farm, and in the midst of this quaint and picturesque village I marveled at the great castle where lived the Delacours themselves, surrounded by their cattle, sheep, horses and peasantry. We drove through a great archway into the court of the old castle, and at once there came to meet us a strong young woman who spoke English nearly as well as she spoke French. She was governess in the Delacour family, and was to be our interpreter, it seemed. At once my questions began to fly. We went first into the very large stone stables which housed 2,000 sheep, beautifully clean and fat and fine. All were Dishley Merinos, that curious cross-bred race of France. It is a combination of Leicester and Soissonnais Merino. They were bedded in clean yellow straw, stood nibbling green clov-

ers with the blossom on, and were as beautiful a sight of the kind as I had ever seen. There were more sheep, to be in perfect health, than I had ever seen together away from the western ranges. Presently a wise old shepherd, with a wise old dog, took the sheep away to the stubble-fields to glean, and we went to see the cows in their stalls. They were eating ravenously the delicious fresh-cut green clovers, sainfoin, alfalfa and red clover mixed. We saw the great Percheron horses coming and going with enormous loads of sheaves of wheat; we saw, in fact, much of the life of the farm. And then we went to luncheon. The interior of the house was elegant, with fine books, pictures and silver. The luncheon was of course a good one, and the talk, thanks to our interpreter, went far afield, crossing the Atlantic and going to South Africa, where M. Delacour had a son who had gone to introduce the Dishley sheep.

Later we roamed the place again, I in the lead, the others good-humoredly following to answer my questions, for I was like a child. We came to an enormous pile of manure, one of the greatest that I had ever seen east of Nebraska, and I stood for some time gazing at it. M. Delacour spoke rapidly to the interpreter; she turned to me with a smile.

“Ah, you gaze upon the pile of manure, Mr. Wing?”

“Yes, pardon me; it is such a big pile, is it not?”

“Indeed it is. M. Delacour asks me to say to you that Gouzangrez always has been famous for

its fine heaps of manure, but he thinks that this year he has perhaps a finer lot than ever before. He asks me to tell you that his father and his grandfather before him were noted for the manure heaps that the stock made, but he thinks that he has greater ones. And all this fertility that you see about these castle walls, all the wealth of grain and all the bloom of clover, come from the careful hoarding of manures. The manure feeds the land and the land feeds the sheep, cattle and horses; yes, and the men, too, who live about these castle walls." It is no wonder that they prize it and glory in its amount and nature. After a time I walked out a little way to a rise, whence I could look afar over the great farm. There were the meadows all pink and purple with bloom and the wheatfields rich and yellow; everywhere that I turned I was presented with a sight of a land teeming with fertility. I dug my foot down into the earth; the soil was loamy and filled with humus—a happy place indeed for plant roots. This thought came: "In Ohio we have lived scarcely one hundred years, and already we begin to talk of worn-out lands. Here are fields that one hundred years ago were old fields." Then I reflected a bit and added: "Yes, five hundred years ago these fields were old," and then a further thought came to me, almost making me shiver with the immensity of it, and I said, "Yes, yes, a thousand years ago these were old fields and yet today they are more fertile than any in America."

I examined then, with care, to see what it was

that these men were doing that resulted in such fertility. Wide were the fields of wheat, but wider were the fields of sainfoin, alfalfa and clovers. Legumes covered the land and reddened it with bloom. Their roots were laboratories that incessantly gathered nitrogen from the air. The crops grown were fed to good animals and the manures returned to the land. Some mineral fertilizers were added; then they just kept at it for some hundreds of years; that was all.

REVISITING A FRENCH FARMER.

M. Delacour was more than an acquaintance. In after years he wrote me letters telling of the practices and operations of the farm, and once, when he heard that I was in Paris, he came down to ask me again to visit Gouzangrez, but that day time forbade. Now again in France, I resolved to see the Delacours first of all. Thus it was that James Hopkins and I boarded the little train on the branch line that took us out to the old town of Us. Arriving, we were met with the big automobile that seems characteristic of advanced agriculture in many parts of the world, and dashed us to the farm, through quaint villages and past sunny meadows. We went straightway to see the flock of Dishley-Merino sheep for which Gouzangrez is famous. Out in the stubble-fields they were in care of the old shepherd, with his two dogs, a young one that he was training and kept close to him with a string, and an old Beauce dog that loved to work and did it willingly. It is

no less than marvelous what the shepherds and dogs of France do with sheep. For instance, the shepherd will walk through the alfalfa, telling the dog that the sheep may come thus far and no farther—the dog will patrol that line and not permit a sheep to step beyond it, thus making them eat the alfalfa clean as they go. The dogs seem to be absolutely tireless, always going up and down the line and never barking. If a sheep is unusually rebellious they give it a gentle nip as a warning to be good. The shepherd often carries a chair with him and sits out on the plain, or stands and watches his feeding flock. On the stubble-fields they moved slowly forward, picking up the fallen heads, the little weeds and the blades of grass.

Not far away were iron hurdles enclosing a little yard, where the flock stayed at night; the yard was moved once or twice a day to give the sheep clean lying ground and also constantly to enrich a fresh spot of earth. Near by was a little house on wheels, so small that the shepherd could himself move it. It was really only his bed in a big box. He slept out there with his sheep and his dogs were chained under the bed. When the sheep are on especially rich land, they may be changed again at midnight.

AMONG DISHLEY MERINO FLOCKS.

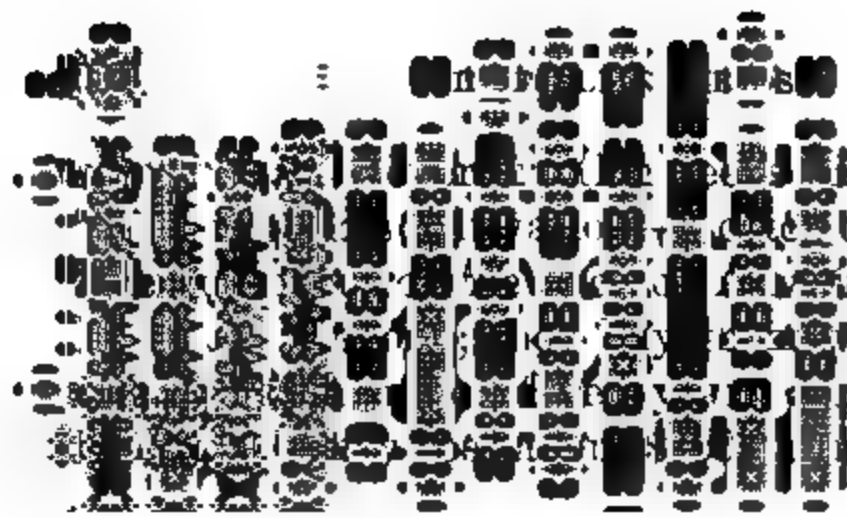
I had in my memory that Gouzangrez carried about 2,000 sheep and yet often my mind had been troubled, for I said, "I must remember incorrect-

ly; it is impossible to keep so many sheep as that on a farm and keep them in health," but when I asked, I learned that I was right; that for many years there were here 2,000 sheep, more or less, depending on the season, for they sell lambs fat to the butchers, and sell rams as well. Not a trace of disease could I detect in the flock, due no doubt to the fact that there was no fence on the farm and no permanent grass; the sheep shifted constantly.

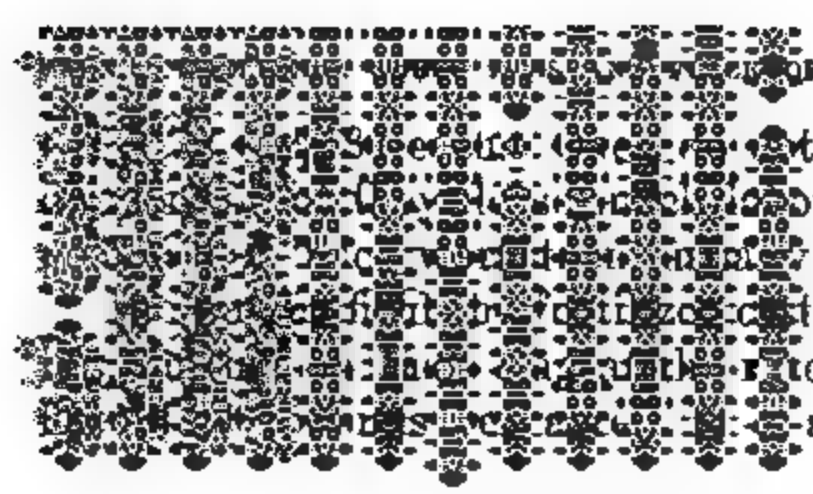
These Dishleys are wonderful sheep, too. They are nearly as good in form as Leicesters; perhaps I should say that they are fully as good. They are smaller in size, which is a good thing for the market at this time, and have a delightful cross-bred wool that sells for a high price. They shear about eleven pounds of wool per head in well-bred flocks. The lambs grow fast and fatten early. Fernand Delacour told me that he averaged about \$9 each for his fat lambs when they were six months or a little more of age. I saw afterward many flocks of them in France, and was told that the breed steadily spreads and displaces other breeds. The Dishley-Merino is made by fusing the bloods of the Merino and the Leicester. In America we have thought that no permanent fusion with Merino could be done, but these men prove that it is possible, and that the result is good indeed. I was told that about 25 per cent of Merino blood is in the sheep, though some breeders claimed to have as much as 40 per cent. From appearance I doubt their having so much as that.

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four years. They also used great amounts of plaster or gypsum on the manure heaps, and bonemeal in large amounts on the beet-fields, about 500 pounds per acre, and for the beets nitrate of soda, about 250 pounds per acre in several applications. All stable and yard manures are religiously saved and applied.

What is the result? In the drouth year of 1911 they got forty bushels of wheat and oats to the acre. The beets were hurt by drouth and the maize was also damaged as it was planted late and thick, to be cut green for cows.

The farm has 1,050 acres. It carries 2,000 sheep, sixty oxen, fifteen Normandy cows and twenty horses. It sells an enormous amount of grain. It sells fuel alcohol, distilled from the beets grown on the land. The land is worth, says M. Delacour, about \$240 per acre. That is not saying that one could buy such land, with such equipment, for that price, but occasionally similar land sells for that price. The land, then, is worth, say \$252,000, and M. Delacour tells me that one can make 10 per cent on this investment, if the land is properly farmed. He uses the sixty oxen and twenty horses on the land. He plows twenty inches deep once in the rotation, when he is ready to sow alfalfa. He limes the land thoroughly with unburned limestone or chalk, which he digs from his own farms and applies in large amounts. The more lime the better and more lasting his alfalfa and the sainfoin, which he sows with it. He employs all the year around

forty laborers and at harvest time seventy men and fifteen women. These laborers work ten hours daily and live in cottages furnished them in the village of old stone cottages around the walls of the old chateau. He pays his shepherd \$25 a month and extras for lambs raised and rams sold, his plowmen \$21 to \$22 per month with cottages. His labor bill must in the aggregate be enormous, yet the marvelous fertility that he and his fathers have accumulated pays all, feeds all and supports the Delacours in a beautiful way of living.

An electric thresher was threshing out the wheat and binding the straw into straight bundles again; wherever good machines would serve a useful purpose they had been installed; they were always housed in fine stone-built buildings. Everything was done so well that it would endure for hundreds of years. Naturally the Delacours inherit values that were achieved by their grandsires, and what they add is so well done that it will be used by their great-grandchildren.

A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GARDEN.

French people are almost cruelly practical, yet they have an innate love of beauty, too. There is always the walled garden. What a happy lot to be a child within the sheltering walls of an old French garden. There will be found there paths, beds of vegetables, borders of blooming things, and on the walls trained pear trees, grapes, figs, cherries, and apples. A kind old gardener putters around with

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his spade, wheelbarrow and watering pot, always ready, I hope, to give a child a little ride on the wheelbarrow or pluck for it a red rose or a ripe peach. The garden of Gouzangrez is charming, a little larger than common, a little better planted and a little more fruitful, but it has in it arbors and sheltered bowers where children play.

What Gouzangrez lacks is a forest. All the land is rich and tilled, so there could be no forested land reserved. However, some wise old ancestor had laid down about five acres to forest, right at the home place, adjoining the garden. What a dense bit of planting that is, with its oak, beech, hazel and whatever cares to come in of itself and grow wild. Two straight walks lead through the bit of copse-like forest, one in each direction. These walks are veritable leafy tunnels, kept neatly trimmed, very green, shady, cool, moist, and quiet, and are good and healing to the tired soul. One enters from a doorway in the garden and follows the walk to the beginning of a field. There are wild birds, rabbits and flowers in the wood. Each year a portion of it is cut down close to the ground, and every twig is saved for fuel for the farm houses of the Delacours. Some sticks are large enough to be saved for use on the farm. Afterward it is allowed to sprout and grow up again, which it does very rapidly. The little wood was all alive with wild rabbits, doing some damage to the young sprouting trees, so M. Delacour decided to come along in the evening with his gun and thin them out somewhat.

Why, I wonder, could we not have such a bit of woodland against the garden gate of every farm in America?

How I should like to have time to go there and stay for some months, to study the life of the farm and its fields, the story of the flocks and the herd, the lives, too, of the kind peasant folk who live there. Wheat, oats and alfalfa to lay for several years, with some fields devoted to beets—that is the rotation at Gouzangrez. Labor costs steadily advance; in the past ten years wages have increased 7 per cent.

The ewes lamb in December and January, and commonly the lambs are sold fat at about eight months of age, bringing often \$9 each. For some years prices for fat lambs have steadily increased. The shepherds shear the sheep, an average fleece being eleven pounds and worth eighteen cents per pound in its natural condition. The wool is of a cross-bred type that goes to make men's clothing. M. Delacour has had as much as twenty-two cents for the wool; it has declined in recent years. Sheep, he thinks, would pay even not considering them as soil-builders; in their dual capacity they pay largely. In the winter they receive alfalfa hay, with oats, "cake" and maize grain. However, when not suckling lambs, they get little but alfalfa hay and bright straw.

M. Delacour said that in his part of France intelligent farmers made ten per cent on the valuation of their lands, but despite this, land values de-

creased steadily because of the agitation for an income tax that would, it was feared, fall heavily on the large land-owners. Very little land ever changed hands, however, and the failure of a farmer was a thing almost unknown. I was interested to know that the Delacours occasionally use on their flock large Merino rams of the type called Soissonais. These are very large, smooth-bodied Merinos, with little oil in their fleeces; but they have a decided tendency to lay on fat. These sheep are common in the Department of Aisne; they should be introduced into America, where they would infuse into our Merinos the ability to fatten without appreciably taking away other desirable qualities.

Everywhere, excepting perhaps in England, there is the same cry, "Scarcity of labor," and M. Delacour finds labor for his farm so scarce that he must employ Belgians for beet culture and harvest. He had 275 acres in beets, which go to his own distillery to make crude fuel alcohol, the pulp being put into silos and fed to animals. His electric thresher has a capacity of nearly 300 bushels per hour; it also binds the straw into straight bundles.

Other farmers nearby make it a practice to buy old ewes, take from them one crop of lambs and then fatten both ewes and lambs and sell them in Paris. Such ewes would get linseed cake, oats and straw. His own ewes get also beet pulp, but the lambs get the beets, cut in slices. The farmers use land plaster on the manure heaps, to trap and hold ammonia. On this farm sainfoin is always

sown mixed with the alfalfa, and the two grow together very well indeed.

We said our "adieux" to the good Delacours and returned to Paris on an incredibly slow train, among the country people, happy as children, for we had done a good day's work. Emerson said: "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but whatsoever he may have done otherwise will bring him no joy." Well, we had seen a glorious farm again; I had pumped poor M. Delacour with interminable questions until I had a lot of facts about it. Thus we sleepily came down through the warm darkness to gay Paris again. Next we decided that it was best to visit the Beauce country, a rich plain below Paris where there are more sheep than elsewhere in France. The fascination of the flock and the fertility that it brings cast a spell over me—I could not see too many of them.

It was very hot, as hot as in the cornbelt, and as dry as it is in California. All France was burned yellow and bare and fires ran riot in fields and forest. I had always before seen the land when it was green and dripping with moisture; it was with wonder that I realized that there could be such a hot and yellow France.

A GREAT FRENCH PLAIN.

The region called La Beauce is a great plain southwest of Paris, reaching to La Perche. I had visited it once before when I went to see that great

breeder of Rambouillet sheep, M. Thirouin-Soreau, and at that time I had been impressed with its wonderful fertility, and had wished to see it again. To do this was easy; I dropped a line to M. Thirouin and the next day, as of old, his son came to me in my hotel in Paris to tell me how glad they would be to receive me. He was a big, straight, muscular man, with the glow of perfect health and nature's fine coloring in his face, and the clear eyes of the temperate, right-living man. He met us at the little station of Anneau, driving a big fine half-Percheron and half Demi-sang. We rode in one of the great carts that farmers use in Franc. They would be serviceable in America. They are strong enough to carry half a ton or more and easy to ride in, with high strong wheels that enable one to look over the landscape nicely and to go anywhere over the fields as well. We drove over the fine country roads and through unfenced fields, for the Beauce is a pastureless region, unfenced, treeless, unhedged and unwalled, past little farming villages till we reached Cherville, the farm village of the Thirouin-Soreaus, and went through the well remembered old archway to the farmyard. Only one thing was changed: the old chateau that had been half in ruins for centuries was being made habitable, newly roofed and newly floored, and provided with baths, gaslights and fine new windows. It was evident that farming in that part of France had paid well, as the elaborate process of making the chateau habitable must have cost a lot of money.

WING

WING IN THE BACK.

RAMBOUILLET SHEEP.

“Where are the sheep?” was my eager inquiry. They were afield, I was told, and so straightway we went out to see, through the leafy lane that I remembered well. There in the wheat stubble they were, some 400 of them, grazing the scatterings and nipping weeds and grasses; the shepherd was on one side with a dog; two Brie dogs on the opposite side were patrolling a straight line across which they would not permit a sheep to stray. I stood long silent and watched the scene. The dogs were well trained, with the heredity that made such training possible. Their humanlike intelligence, the shepherd a part of the landscape, the sheep obedient, coming slowly, steadily toward us, and the wide plain at my feet that stretched to the horizon, almost treeless, all spoke of antiquity of effort and thought on the part of man. The sheep steadily approached me. Now I could see clearly their character, the well-known character of the Thirouin Rambouillets—good bodies, the collars about their necks and their evenness and trueness to type. Many men breed good Rambouillet sheep, but none quite like M. Thirouin-Soreau. The blood of his flocks is in every land where good Rambouillets are bred; it is notorious that his sheep are better today than those of the government farm at Rambouillet itself.

Now and again one of the dogs would come running to me to put his nose against my hand. Taking up his endless patrol, he was eager, did not

bark nor dash at a sheep; he let them feed within four feet of the alfalfa edge yet restrained them from trespassing on it. Now and then he lifted his head high to listen for the low spoken counsels of the shepherd across the flock.

We went to the house to luncheon. M. Thirouin said that times had not been good for Rambouillet sheep breeders because of the closing of Argentine ports, but really perhaps because of the dominance of the Lincoln in Argentina, and because of hard times among American flockmasters.

Rambouillets are not now extensively bred in France. His flock has been in the family since 1785. It seems to him a duty to keep it going and to breed it well. His wife and children are equally interested; it is more than money that makes these people breed Rambouillets. All their neighbors breed Dishleys instead of Rambouillets. He said that recently lambs had sold very dear and as a result farmers had sold off their ewe lambs. I told him that at home men bought when sheep were dear and sold when they were cheap. He said that farming was not so profitable as it was fifty years ago, though now men produced more, due to better tools and more fertilizers, but that labor was much less efficient and dearer. He showed us old Beauce plows with wooden wheels and frames, and said that there were no better plows; that when he was young he would run one all day and only touch it occasionally with his hand. It balanced perfectly. Nowadays the men could not adjust such plows, so he bought

simpler ones, not so good, but easier to adjust by a man of limited intelligence and skill.

FARMING IN LA BEAUCE.

The Beauce is a wheat, oat and barley growing region, with much alfalfa as well. It had been M. Thirouin's practice to lime his land with the soft, unburned limestone or chalk, once in twenty years, using perhaps twenty tons to the acre. He thought that more frequent applications would be better. His alfalfa thrives best on land recently limed. His rotation is alfalfa, plowed for wheat or oats or possibly for a small area of beets or potatoes; then oats or wheat again; then alfalfa to stand for several years, sowing sainfoin with the alfalfa. It is not a natural grass soil. Along the roadsides one does not see the thick mats of bluegrass that one is used to seeing in the cornbelt; in fact, one sees no bluegrass at all. Labor, said M. Thirouin, drew wages every week, whereas once the men would hire for four or eight months and draw nothing till the end of that term. He paid \$20 per month with board. His shepherd receives \$200 per year and his board and some extras. M. Thirouin's farm contains 500 acres; that is a large farm for France, though there are many large farms on the Beauce. It is worth \$192 per acre, more or less. The buildings would cost that to build new, but some of them are 700 years old and yet serviceable. He uses twelve laborers the year around and six more at harvest. Practically all of his land is under culti-

vation. There are no fenced pastures and no woods. Occasionally he uses red clover in his rotation; it comes in between the sowings of alfalfa, and is often turned under. He plows eight to nine inches deep, and uses more than 500 pounds of phosphatic fertilizers per acre. He uses also nitrate of soda and sulphate of soda on beets and wheat. The yield of wheat is more than thirty-five bushels.

M. Thirouin has most of his lambs born in the fall. He feeds the ewes beets to make them milk well; he pushes the lambs with oats after weaning and then they get what bran they will eat. In 1911 his wool sold for 18 1-5 cents per pound. He has had a higher price than that. His grandfather sold wool for double that price, or 5 francs the kilo. One kilo (2.2 pounds) of his wool spun a yarn 77,000 meters long. His fat lambs bring from \$8 to \$10 each. His land tax is about \$1.60 an acre, and his other taxes considerable. Yet it is evident that he is prospering. He said that there was not much land changing hands in his neighborhood, and such a thing as a farmer failing was almost unknown. Farmers work, save, live to a ripe old age, and do not overwork as they go. He took us driving over the Beauce. It was a most interesting ride. We passed many little plots where peasant proprietors owned as little as one-half an acre. Some had plowed their little narrow land up in high, rounded ridges. "Why is that done? Is the land wet?" I asked. He laughed. "No, that is the sign of a bad neighbor—a man who hopes to steal, when plowing,

a little of your earth and turn it always toward the middle. You can be sure that is what it means when you see land farmed in that manner." Some of his neighbors were leisurely threshing with horsepower threshers, treadmill affairs, which were very slow. The attendants were not half busy. It was a wasteful way, I suggested, and he agreed. Then he told of the Credit Agricole which lends money to farmers. Men form an association or stock company and pay in not less than \$4 each. For each franc put in a man can again borrow twenty. He pays interest at varying rates, usually 3 1-2 to 4 per cent. The source of this money is, in part, the farmers themselves; they deposit and get interest at the rate of 3 per cent. If they have calls for more money than they have, the association gets a loan from the Bank of France, without interest, and re-lends to farmers at rates not exceeding 4 per cent. It seems like a fairy tale, but it is true, and it is working wonders in parts of France, giving farmers capital to do things well. He had never heard of a man failing to repay the money he had borrowed. While it usually is borrowed for six months or a year, it may be repaid at any time. The Bank of France is obliged by the government to lend this money in return for some other concessions.

A FARM CREDIT SOCIETY.

The Credit Agricole was started fifteen years ago for the purpose of helping the poorer farmers, but they at first neglected to use its opportunities.

They feared that should they borrow money their credit would be impaired. The way they get the money is this: the would-be borrower must have a little money; this he deposits with the Credit Agricole, taking stock in it. For this deposit he gets three per cent interest. He then makes a written application for what he desires, which may be twenty times what he has deposited. This written application states the amount and purpose of the desired loan, together with facts about the existing debts of the borrower. It is secretly examined by a committee of eight men. If they find the man industrious and with fair hopes of succeeding in his enterprise, whatever it may be, they grant him the money. Men were slow to take out funds because they were afraid of injuring their credit, so Albert Royneau and other rich men began borrowing money and telling of it publicly, just to encourage the timid; then they followed suit, and all went well. The fact is there seems greater kindness, one man toward another, in this land than we usually see in America.

We visited a "model farm" of 475 acres where the new buildings had cost \$120,000. They were good buildings, fairly well adapted to their uses, yet as the place carried but 600 sheep, it was clear that no dividends could be paid—at least not from the live stock end of it.

We went the next morning to Illiers to see its worthy mayor, M. Chapet, and his magnificent farm, Le Hayes. Here we saw wonderful Dishleys. Le

Hayes is a little farm of 300 acres, carrying 400 sheep, managed in the unfenced fields by the aid of the shepherd and the dogs. M. Chapet had moved to town and left the farm to his son, building him a good new house, which had cost \$12,000. As many of his farm buildings were nearly new, I learned that they would cost about \$30,000, though in America they would cost much more. "There is but one obstacle to agricultural happiness in this part of France," said M. Chapet; "it is the labor problem. It is increasingly difficult to get men enough, and to get good men. The bicycle takes men to the towns as soon as their work is done; they go to the cafes and drinking places, and it is not as it was in the olden days." When told of our freedom from drinking places, he heaved a sigh and wished it were so with him. M. Chapet breeds a fine type indeed of Dishley sheep, and wins many prizes at the shows. We dined with the worthy mayor, and, after seeing his marvelous garden in town, went with Albert Royneau in a fine automobile to his farm at Olle, near Bailliau. All this is in the department of Eure et Loire, near La Perche. M. Royneau keeps on his 425 acres about 800 sheep, besides fourteen working horses. Of course they are in the fields; they also are superb Dishleys. His ewe flock shears nine pounds. He received twenty cents for his wool, because he had kept his sheep nights in the barn, and there was no clay on the wool. He sometimes lets rams for \$25 each for a six weeks' season to farmers in the neighborhood. He is making plen-

ty of money. But he buys each year in order to maintain the extraordinary fertility of his farm fifty-five tons of superphosphate and thirty-three tons of kainit. This year (1911), he had forty-nine and one-third bushels of wheat per acre. As the result of feeding the land, and of the use of alfalfa, he says for the past ten years good farmers have made plenty of money.

Each man whom we visited took us to see his walled garden. The walls are about ten feet high, thus sheltering it from wind and making the season longer. These gardens are bowers of beauty, planted with rare trees, shrubs and flowers, and often with little artificial lakelets or canals or fountains in them. Fruits are trained on the walls and vegetables grow in their places. The Beauce is so level that it needs hills, so these men make them, in their gardens. M. Albert Royneau took us up a winding pathway to the summit of a little hill that seemed quite natural; at the crest we found ourselves at the level of the top of the wall right at the corner, and there was a shady nook with chairs whence one could look afar over the wondrous plain.

Nearly every farm had its rabbit hutches. These are usually built of brick or concrete; the little cubical rooms three by three feet and maybe two feet high, put in rows and perhaps two or three tiers high. They take little space, thus placed, in the barn or near the dwelling. Each little room has its grated door of metal, and in each room is a rabbit, or a pair, or a mother with ten babies. No yards

are required for exercise. The men feed them alfalfa, green or dry, cabbage leaves and all sorts of odds and ends. It is no rabbit craze, it is simply a business-like way of growing a lot of food for the table, and doing it very cheaply. Our farm boys could raise rabbits, thus managed, with an hour's attention a day for 100 of them.

THE USE OF CHALK.

I am certain that the Beauce has not what would in the United States be considered a very fertile soil. The small stones in it are of flint. Chalk underlies it, but sometimes it is deep down. Many years ago they mined the chalk out from under fifty feet of earth, as they would mine coal, to put on the land. Now some of them have ceased to lime their land at all. The result is their alfalfa does not last long. Others still use chalk and have better results. Perhaps I should say that most of them still use chalk; one sees it in great heaps ready to lay on, or the land white with it where applied. Albert Royneau asked me if I knew why they did not raise Percherons, as was done near by, and then told me that it was because in La Perche there was much more lime and phosphorus in the soil. These materials entering the grass roots, build the bones and muscles of the colts for America. He feeds his small pastures, and raises Percherons for America; he applies basic slag in large amounts (getting lime and phosphorus thereby). He also feeds the colts and his lambs calcined bone (burned bones). Why

did we never think of that? Burned bones are cheap, easily had and absolutely safe, as there can be no danger of communicating any infection from them. One can get them at a butcher's and easily burn them to whiteness. Nothing is lost but the nitrogen, which is of no use to the animal, and the fat, the lime and phosphorus remain and are more soluble than ever. He adds salt to the burned bone, which he pulverizes. This hint may be worth my trip to France. Henry Dudding used to lime his pastures, and he saw betterment in the lambs' bones.

I took especial pains to inquire of each man as to his neighbors—how they were thriving and so on. Never did I hear a disparaging word said, unless possibly it might be remarked that they did not keep any books and so did not know actually what it cost them to do this or the other thing.

A VISIT TO GERMANY.

In Paris I could get no definite information as to where in Germany to go to find what I was seeking, so, trusting to luck, I set out for the Rhine, where I knew Bolton Smith, a loyal American interested in all forms of agriculture. The pictures that remain in my mind of that rapid flight through France to Metz and Coblenz are of a parched land of yellow or brown fields; for it was the year of the great drouth. I saw hillsides with little farms running far up the slopes and patches of land belonging to peasants; cool depths of forests on hill-tops; interesting old towns here and there; cool,

calm lengths of winding canals, busy with boats. Coblenz I reached after nightfall, so I had really not seen any of Germany excepting glimpses about Metz.

In the morning when I awoke in my hotel at Coblenz it was with that feeling of happiness that comes to children, for was I not in Germany? Was I not near dear friends? What happy adventures might not happen the day?

Coblenz is such a city as I had never seen before. There were new buildings of concrete or cement plaster, with new and pleasing lines of architecture, gay tiled roofs and bright windows; at the windows were flowers—flowers in boxes, all red and gay. There were clean bright streets and trees along them. I ate a hasty breakfast. My room, a nice one, had cost seventy-five cents and my breakfast twenty-five cents. Tips of ten cents each made the servants my sincere friends.

The Rhine flows by Coblenz, and there are railways on either bank with flying trains. I was whirled up the valley to Boppard, the village where a friend of mine was staying. Before he had his breakfast I was at his delightful little hotel, which was enshrined in trees and flowers and cool lawns and summerhouses, the Rhine in front and a mountain behind. It is a joy to one to meet an old friend in a strange land. After chatting with Mr. Smith and his family a while, I proposed to him this: "I seek only to drag you out to farms, to explore regions where there may be sheep. In all your automobiling in

Germany, where have you seen the most sheep? Tell me, can you come with me to talk for me with the farmers?" Unhappily he could not; he was soon sailing for New York, and he had nowhere in Germany seen many sheep. I must go to Berlin and learn from the government where to go. I could not, he said, go to Berlin from his village; I must take a steamer to Cologne; there I would get a through train.

THE RIVER RHINE.

We walked along the Rhine and up a little side valley on a public footpath that led us under trees, and gradually climbed higher until at last it came out into the vineyards. The sides of the mountains were planted to grapes, trained up on stakes and standing as thick as they could stand. We followed on up through the rows of grapes. How nicely they were cultivated; there was not a weed or a blade of grass between the vines. They stood on land so steep that no horse could be worked there; the vines were too close-set for horses anyway. All the labor is done by hand, even to carrying up manure and sometimes soil in baskets. The vines had small leaves and small, white grapes, which perhaps made "Rhine wine." Workmen were digging among the vines, or training them up to stakes. We were doubtless trespassing, and soon we could see them ceasing work and staring at us in wonderment; in fact, the entire neighborhood was spellbound by the audacity of the trespassing strangers. I have no

idea how near we came to being jailed for trespass, but at last we emerged from the vines to a mountaintop through a fringe of tiny oaks and found on the level cherry trees and little grain fields, all harvested. Below the lovely winding valley of the Rhine were the old village and the very busy river with its endless fleets of barges, its great rafts of pine logs or its swift, gay little passenger steamers. Afar off in the distance were great cool-looking pine forests. It was evident that this was no land of farms or sheep.

We took a steamer and went down from Bingen to Cologne, taking nearly a day for the journey, and a restful day it was. We have no river like the Rhine. It seems most artificial; in fact, much wealth has been spent taking out its obstructions. They were still planing off the rocks of its bottom to make it flow as smoothly as water in a concrete horse trough. It is fed by mighty snow-clad mountains, so that it never gets too low for boats. In the day's ride I suppose we passed at least 500 boats and barges. Almost a continuous village stretches along the Rhine. In the villages live the women and men who work with the vines. The little cities are all quaint and picturesque, with their countless thousands of window boxes of bright geraniums and petunias, and everywhere were happy children. We passed steamer after steamer laden with people; always dozens of handkerchiefs were waving, and always on boat and ashore happy folk sought to increase our happiness by their smiles and salutations.

Old, damaged, worm and moth-eaten castles stood grim on giddy heights overlooking the Rhine. There also were rejuvenated castles and fine, modern castles with electric lights and bathrooms. There was a castle on every crag and on every mountaintop. What a fashion there was for castles in the old days along the Rhine. Many of them were inhabited by robber barons who exacted toll from each passing boat that ventured up or down the Rhine. Others were for defense against possible marauders who might seek the convenient passage of the Rhine. They say that a man would not dare live in the country unless he belonged to some lord who owned a castle and who in turn oppressed and protected him. Castles, legends, Lorelei and mermaids abounded and still abound along the Rhine. Men are still building castles. One architect and builder does nothing else. He has a regular scale of prices, running about like this: For a modern castle, in good repair, steam-heated, \$50,000, depending of course on its size and equipment; for a castle built in 1700, mossy and weatherworn, a half more; for a castle of the 1600's, with dungeons, drawbridge, keep, and ancient armor, partly in ruins, double that price; for a castle of uncertain age, going back into legendary times, half in very ancient, mossy ruins, half restored, with moat, portcullis, donjon, an echo, private chapel (in half ruins), three legends in good order, armorial bearings, ancient lights and manorial rights, with choice of ghost, mermaid or Lorelei, the price is a matter of arrangement, depending some-

what on where it is to be placed, but ranging from \$200,000 to \$1,000,000.

The Rhine emerged from its encircling mountains into a rich farming region, and I saw one small flock of sheep—the one flock that I saw along the Rhine. We reached Cologne, magnificent in cathedrals, and an interesting old city, evincing plenty of modern spirit. There I said a reluctant good-bye to my friends and took the night train for Berlin. That night I had the upper berth shelf and my good German neighbor below locked the door and saw that the window was tightly closed. I survived. I came out early to breathe; we were in a flat, poor, sandy region, given chiefly to pine forests. The Germans love trees, and there is no waste land; if it is too poor for rye, they plant pines. In Berlin I fortunately found a man who would accompany me and interpret, a German-American, Richard Ewers. With him, I visited the Deutsche Landwirthschaft Gesellschaft (German Agricultural Society), and was there advised where to go. Saxony, they said, would interest most a man studying sheep. There were not many sheep in Germany—only 7,703,000. In 1860, there were four times as many. They told me that Germans do not care to eat mutton, and that the influence of Australia had blighted the wool-growing industry; that population increased and must be fed, so that grain-growing paid better than sheep. With addresses of the principal men in Saxony, we set out.

Saxony is a picturesque land of plain and rising

slopes, and great rounded hills, forested on slopes and farmed again on summits, languid rivers, villages, big towns, cities, close-set, with farms between. "It is the most densely peopled region in the world," said Mr. Ewers, "if we except Belgium and China." On the edge of the pine forest of the sandy plain, in the early of the cool morning, lithe little red deer cropped the farmer's cabbage, although he had put out rows of small red flags to scare them away. The farmer must not shoot the deer unless they actually bite him and endanger his life. Little farms lay between dense pine forests; there were heathery slopes, all purple and new-set to young pines. Efficient fire guards were numerous. I saw wagons of our own sort, with tongues and hounds, fore and aft. Evidently the American wagon idea came from our German ancestors. Cows are sometimes used as draft animals; women work in the fields. Soldiers were seen in resplendent array and peasants without socks. Gorgeous big young men were in military uniforms and in splendid leisure, disdaining worn and callous old women whose labor in the fields makes the elegant leisure of the soldier possible. We saw a great barn in a farming village; there were two threshing floors in the barn, each floor was covered with sheaves of bright, yellow rye; two men facing two women, all with flails, beat the sheaves tremendously and in perfect time and accord. Old as I am I had never seen this before, though my father had flails, carefully preserved, when I was a boy. I should have

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time bell rings; I note their calm, strong, confident march. They are unashamed and unafraid; their bodies are so perfect in physique as to be a reproach even to many American men. A farm lass washes her feet in the watering trough. Women help vigorously to load carts with manure; a man superintends and aids a little. For their labor they receive twenty-five to forty cents a day, with food. Men are far better paid, they get as much as \$75 by the year, with food, and for harvest time or for shorter spells as much as sixty-four cents per day. Many of the laborers are Poles; labor is scarce in Germany. It costs a great deal more than it did twenty years ago and does not work so well. I have heard that song sung in all lands since my early childhood. Merino sheep of the Saxony Electoral type were rather inferior sometimes in size and conformation, but they had fleeces of fine Merino wool. The meadows were burned crisp. They did not have the fine, fat sheep I saw in France. The sheep were the remains of what once was on every farm and is now so rarely seen in Saxony: the old Merinos. They were retained because of the blueness of their blood and because there still exists some demand for the sheep for stud purposes in Australia, Africa or South America and in other parts of Germany.

I saw a splendid farm of 450 acres. Here is the census of this farm, near Pirna, which is not far from Dresden. 450 acres; 650 to 700 sheep; 130 cattle, of all ages; ten men the year around; twenty-six men from March till December; six to

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ten women. The man pays a cash rental of \$3,750 for the land. His taxes and labor cost him about \$8,385. He uses a four-year rotation of clover, wheat, oats or barley and clover, with potatoes occasionally thrown in. He uses all the manures he can and much commercial fertilizer and grows fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. He could make money—if “my labor did not cost too much.”

Germany is a fine land, with clean, bright cities, lovely parks, kindly people, many children, most of them carrying knapsacks on their backs and in the knapsacks were schoolbooks, bread and sausages. Germany has an air of youth and of growth that one does not see in France or in England. I like Germany. Ever after this when I see the sign on an article “made in Germany,” it will have for me a new meaning. I will remember the thousands of little manufacturing villages out in the fields, the absence of slums, the sky-piercing slender smokestacks that never smoke much, yet that make things hum just the same. I guess it is a good thing that so much of our genius and inspiration came, like our idea of wagon-building, from Germany.

THE GERMAN CHARACTER.

Obedience is the keynote of German character. It is begun in the little children. It is maintained by the family life at home; it is furthered by the compulsory military training that every boy must have. Not that the German is a whining weakling; he is the reverse—big and stout and often full of con-

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how would you like to live in one of these houses?" asked my friend. "Oh, well enough," I replied, "but they would not be in my class; these must be for the very rich." "On the contrary," he replied, "every house in this street is occupied by laboring men; these are model tenements." I was impressed, but the impression was deepened later. We visited the gardens where laboring men plant things. A tract of land of perhaps forty or eighty acres is divided into little squares, perhaps fifty feet or larger, and each one is the garden of some family. Little streets or alleys separate the gardens. Nearly every garden is equipped with a small summer-house where the gardener may keep his tools, a table and a few stools. After the man has done a fair and honest day's work, he goes, not tired out, to his pleasant house; there his wife meets him at the door with a big basket, and the children. Then they all go out to the garden; there unlocking the door of the little house, they take out the hoes, rakes and pruning knives. They dig and train and prune; they exclaim in sincere wonder at the growth of this plant or that flower; they dig a few potatoes, perhaps, or cull some flowers; then the table is brought out, and luncheon of bread and sausages and a bottle or two of beer is enjoyed. They sit there in the midst of their little garden, eat their very simple dinner, and then while the mother and two children do more things to the garden the father sits and smokes his big pipe as happy as a king. He is content; he does not go on

a strike; his wages are low, it is true, but he has so much enjoyment out of what he does earn that he is well off.

The good house for the man, the clean, orderly, beautiful environment, the little parks for the children, the garden, the habit of contentment with simple, natural, wholesome pleasures—these are what make the German workman a good man. And these perhaps are at the foundation of the great difference that exists between industrial Germany and industrial England. The fact is that Germany shows on her face a greater advance and prosperity along nearly all lines of human endeavor than any other country that I have seen, the United States not excepted. In fact, our towns and cities look dingy, old and cheap beside the new, orderly and beautiful towns and cities of Germany.

A GERMAN FARM.

One day my interpreter and I took a train for the province of Pommern, to visit Herr Ernest Schlange, Rittergut, who has a great farm at Schoningen, near Colbitzow. His fine carriage met us at the station; the driver was in good livery. Presently we were driving through a lane that led through the estate to the farmsteads and dwelling of Herr Schlange. It is a great place of 1,850 acres, some of it of rich soil. As we were going through a sandy part in the thin grass beside the fence, I saw something new and interesting to me—a wild-growing alfalfa with a yellow bloom, evidently the

true "sand lucern" of which I had read; but the flowers were truly of a bright canary yellow. That alfalfa gave me a thought—there is certainly a strain that will endure cold, poor soil and lime deficiency and that will grow in the sand. Herr Schlange received us with cordial welcome. I remember the enormous extent of roof, over feeding yards and barns for cows, sheep and horses. I know that I made a mental calculation and decided that there must be here at least two acres under roof. There is where we are so lacking in America; we have not shelter enough for our animals and crops. Herr Schlange breeds a magnificent type of Soissonais Merino, and is one of the men with a creative brain. "I have not one that has not a bad fault," he said to us; "I see always the fault when I look at an animal."

Herr Schlange talked of the decline in sheep breeding in Germany. Naturally the opening up of Australia had much to do with it. He thought that a strong factor also was the growth of cities, which enhanced the value of dairy products. He was sure that, had men used his type of Merino, which was easily fattened, hardy and healthy, it would have given them encouragement to keep their flocks. Now the English Oxfords, Hampshires and other breeds are coming in use to breed for mutton. The government had recently cooperated with the farmers to sell their wool at auction, and that had materially improved prices.

Pigs are greatly on the increase in Pommern,

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each man is given, if married, a piece of land, a cow and some money (just how much Herr Schlange forgot to tell me). A carter, unmarried, has, however, lodging, a garden place, firewood and \$60 to \$70 per year. I was immensely interested to see on this place the mingling of the old and the new. For instance, he was using great steam plows the day we were there, each gang drawn back and forth by two engines stationed at opposite sides of the field. He had fine threshing machines in his barn, but still was having a lot of grain threshed out either with flails by hand or with small horsepower machines. When asked about this, he said that it was to give employment to his thresher families; that it was an old custom; that he gave to each one a mark (about 25 cents) per day, kept a cow for him and in addition gave him 4 per cent of the grain that he threshed. Eight families were so employed on the place.

A GERMAN CROP ROTATION.

Herr Schlange told us that his land was so fertile that he could disregard a regular rotation, but more or less he would have about the following crops: two fields in clover or alfalfa, two in peas, four in winter wheat, as many in beets or potatoes, and four in oats and barley. He uses large amounts of basic slag, and limes with care. He uses also much acid phosphate and also nitrate of soda. He learns that on his soil kainit or crude potash salt is useful and uses it liberally, especially for beets.

Herr Schlange had a whole village full of people who were employed by him, all living in the center of his place in good brick houses. He feels a paternal or patriarchal pride in caring for these people in many little ways, so that their wages are by no means all that they receive. Farmers in his region were making money, especially in recent years when prices for farm products have been good. Here as in France there are money lending associations, and farmers get their needed capital for 4 per cent, giving mortgages, however, as security for the loans.

I nearly forget to tell of the white pigs, of which they had a great number; all were well cared for. In that part of Germany there are streaks of sand running through the farms, just as near Berlin there are wide stretches of sandy plain. Herr Schlange's farm had a sandy ridge, impossible of cultivation, and his pigs ran in part of it. What Herr Schlange has that would be of great benefit to our sheep breeders is a magnificent type of Soissonais Merino sheep. Some day I hope we can import them. At the time of my visit, Germany was reeking with foot-and-mouth disease, so much so that on some farms we were not allowed to go because the owners were seeking to prevent infection.

It was Sept. 6, my assigned work was done, although most imperfectly. I had spent the last day at the stock yards in Berlin, seeking there mainly white pigs and then more white pigs, for the sausage is the national bird of Germany. I had packed my bags once more, tipped again for the last time the

small army of hotel employes, and was ready to take a train for Vlissingen, where would await me a boat to England. I was sorry to go without having seen and studied more, yet I was so glad to start homeward that I quivered in every nerve. I recall that as usual I had the upper berth in the sleeping car, and that I endeavored long and faithfully to open one of the little transom windows in the roof of the car close to my head. My good German fellow-traveler had tightly closed the window and locked the door, the compartment as tiny as could be and containing two berths. At last, due to my strong knife, I got my little transom window opened and breathed a sigh of relief, but, what was wrong, no air came in. I examined once again and found that back of this transom was yet another pane of glass, solidly set in a fixed frame. It was a puzzler, but happily I had a copy of an American magazine at hand which I placed close to the pane that cut me off from the good, sweet air of night. I struck it one hard blow with an American fist, there was a splintering of glass, which fell outward, and a rush of cool, sweet air inward. I was saved. Laughing like a naughty boy I lay down then and slept the sleep of the man who breathes fresh air.

HOMeward BOUND.

In the morning we were in Holland, coming through quaint and picturesque villages and fields. At Vlissingen we took ship and crossed to Queensboro on the Thames. I remember that it was a

happy ride across the channel; the water was like glass. I was to sail the next day on the Minnewaska. The last entry in my journal reads thus: "It was a hot night in London; it is cool this morning (7:30 o'clock). My train leaves for Tilbury Docks at nine. I fear I shall miss the train. Can there be any mistake as to the station from which it leaves? Oh, I am so happy and excited. I think I will call a taxi and get started; the train may leave earlier than it is advertised." What a happy thing it was to find at the railway station the Americans assembled ready to go to ship. We sailed. The Minnewaska was a good ship. Her passengers were more than ordinarily interesting and agreeable, but still did time drag as we plowed the great waves that sprang up to try unsuccessfully to hold us back.

The Minnewaska passed Cape Race. Up to that time I had been able to restrain my mind from dwelling on the fact that I was coming home. I did not dare think of it. Then, next day, we passed Nantucket lightship. Even yet I managed to think of other things, to talk with pretended interest of Patagonia and Peru, of Macedonia, Madagascar and the other seaports that I had visited and pretended to enjoy. That night, however, all sleep fled from me. I lay hours in my upper berth, hearing good Scotch snores below me and opposite me, saying to myself, "I will not think of home; I will not; I will think of the cost of wool in Iceland and the problem of liming the peat bogs near Ben

Nevis." Even these entrancing subjects did not bring slumber. A sudden inspiration came to me; I slid silently off my perch, grabbed the covers and in my pajamas fled to the deck. The soft air of America was out there, coming from Long Island farms or New Jersey pine forests. I stood at the rail and looked at American stars and said over and over, "Thank God! Thank God!" Then I lay down on the soft white pine deck. "I don't care whether I sleep or not; we will see the lights of America before day," I cried to myself.

THE COMING OF THE PILOT.

Then it was that sleep came—sleep happier and more restful than I had had for a long time. It was American air out there, American and enough of it. We were so near to America that I could almost swim ashore. I was awakened by another American of the cornbelt who was prowling around the decks in his bath robe. "Get up, Wing; the pilot is coming aboard!" We leaned together over the rail; we saw the electric lights ashore, the great flashing lights of the lighthouses. The pilot boat was near by; the little dory rowing toward us over the long, glassy swell; we felt the warm, fragrant air of America. Heaven is no doubt a very good sort of place. America seemed good enough for me just then. "Is America all right?" we asked the pilot as he came clambering up the ladder over the ship's sides. "America is always all right," was his gruff but good-natured reply. The stars shone

warm, bright and friendly. What good shore scents came off to us. Below horses neighed in their stalls, thinking, perhaps, they were once more nearing France. I lay down and slept again a little nap. There was no need for more anxiety; the American pilot was in the wheelhouse; no disaster could happen now; all good events possible would happen in due course of time. When the stars paled we were near to the Jersey coast. How green the grass on the slopes, how beautiful the trees, how good the familiar architecture of the homes looked. Oh, what is the use? I cannot make you feel what I felt unless you will go first to Cape Horn, tarry a while in Patagonia, dally in Argentina and Uruguay and Brazil, live in London, Edinboro and Great Grimsby, exist in Paris, eat and sleep in Berlin, Dresden and Boppard—do all this continuously for nine weary months, then you will know whether you love America. Then ask yourself, as you see the statue of Liberty looming up before you, what you would ask to set your face in the opposite direction and go away from America rather than to land?

Just for the looks of things, though, and because critical Europeans who do not know us come along our railways in the East, I do wish that some one would buy up a lot of land along the Pennsylvania Railway in New Jersey and make farms there. Between New York and Philadelphia and Washington one sees so little of agriculture that one gets no hint of the meaning of the American continent.

How I luxuriated in an American sleeping car.

Early the next morning I was up; we were in eastern Ohio; the hills were beautifully green with grass; the forests were rich and glorious; the cornfields touched my heart. I had not known how tremendously true it is that I am an American; that all of these things, the bluegrass of the roadsides and the hills, the trees, the tall maize stalks, the orchard-surrounded country homes, were so much parts of me.

Corn in the shock! It startled me. "The summer is past, the harvest is ended and gone." I had existed away from my friends this weary time. "Never again," I declared. At the railway station my wife and two of my boys met me; the third was in college. A neighbor had lent his automobile. We drove a circuitous route home, just to be longer out in the glorious country of central Ohio. We crossed Darby Creek. We saw cattle on the bluegrass, corn in the shock, green lawns rich with fall flowers and the wild things along the fence rows. It was borne in on me with increasing wonder, in all the world there is but one America, in all America there is nothing quite like the cornbelt, and in all the cornbelt there is nothing quite like—there, I must not boast of the region that some of us chose in which to be born.

And yet my happiness of home-coming was not quite unalloyed. What a lot has been lost from my life. David had grown more than an inch since I saw him last, and little William had stretched appreciably. Think of all the days when, had I been

home, I could have enjoyed the companionship of wife, boys and friends. What good neighbors I have. And now, as I write, I have been at home for three days (incredible as it seems), and have only wandered around as I did when a boy, wandered in the old orchards, marveling at the wealth of fruit, and in the fields at the tall, heavily-eared maize, and marveling also at the alfalfa, the great oaks and walnut trees of Woodland Farm, and the love and kindness showered on me from every hand. I guess it is worth the cost, being so long away and getting home again. I do not know.

